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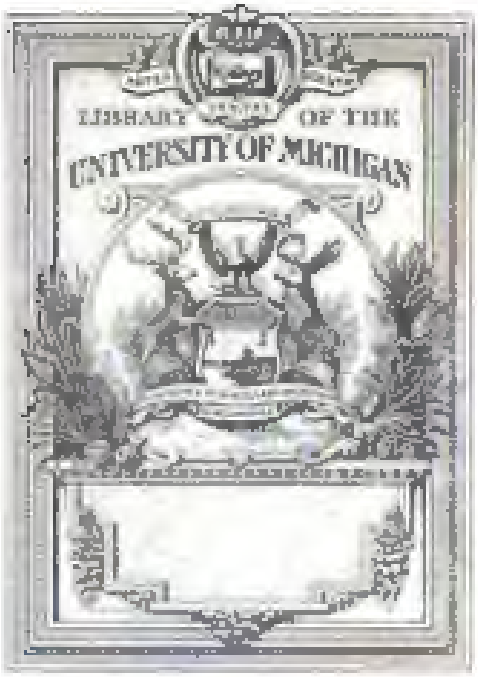

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THE MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY

CHARLES HANBURY-WILLIAMS

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IN THE CITY

IS it heaven and its city-porch,
Or a ceiling high-hung of old
With lacquer fumed and scrolled
Of many a festal torch?

High heaven it is, and the day
With its London doom of smoke
No storm can quite revoke,
No deluge wash away.

When their march and song grow mute
In the city's labyrinth trapped,
The storms themselves are wrapped
In draggled shrouds of soot.

Whirlwinds, by lightnings paced
To run their wild career,
With ragged gossamere
Of fine-spun carbon laced,

As soon as they quit the shires,
Are lost beyond all hail:
The mightiest tempests quail
In the midst of a million fires.

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But the heavens are clear to-day
Though their London doom of smoke
No storm can quite revoke,
No deluge wash away.

JOHN DAVIDSON.

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THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE RUSSIAN NATION

"Das empfängliche, eindrucksfähige Wesen der Russen, ihr Weiblicher Character, ihr Mangel an Spontaneität und ihre grosse Fähigkeit der Plasticitat und Aneignung machen aus ihm ein Volk, das die Hülfe anderer Völker nöthig hat. Sich selbst überlassen, schlafen sie leicht ein bei den Tönen ihrer ewigen Gesänge" wie der Chronikenschreiber der Porphyrogäneten sagt."—ALEX. HERZEN ("Memoiren," p. 16).

I

THE history of a people often appears to superficial observers to be nothing but a chaos of events governed by hazard or by that capricious goddess called Fate. But on closer investigation it becomes evident that it is a clear and regular, almost inevitable consequence of the racial mentality and temperament. Nations and races, like individuals, do not feel alike, do not think alike, do not conceive the same ideas, and are not equally impressed by the same external forces. They do not act and conduct themselves in the same manner under exactly similar circumstances.

"Each race possesses a mental constitution as unvarying as its anatomical constitution." The mental superiority of the white race over the yellow and black races is incontestable. But even the white race in itself contains many elements, distinguished by manifold mental characteristics. Englishmen and

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Frenchmen, Spaniards and Russians belong to the white race, but the divergence and differentiation existing between them are great. Not only in external appearance but also in mental constitution do they vary. This mentality is to be found at the basis of a nation's conduct. It models and shapes the course of its history, its past, its present, and its future. Race with its distinguishing features, physical, mental and moral, its temperament and character, established and consolidated by heredity, regulated also—to a certain extent only—by physical milieu or environment, determines the history and institutions, political and social, the civilisation and culture, the arts and sciences of a people. Historical events do not fashion a people's character, but, on the contrary, history in itself is a result engendered by the mentality of a race. Given the same opportunities, different races would obtain dissimilar results. With individuals as well as with nations the same cause does not lead up to an equal issue. The same motive, the idea of danger, the idea of honour and dishonour, will not produce the same effect upon differently constituted individuals as well as whole nations. In order, therefore, to understand the historical development and vicissitudes of a nation, and the reason, sometimes apparently mysterious, why it has not kept equal pace with others, one must seek for an explanation in the mental constitution of the race. I have tried to analyse, in the following pages, the psychological character of the Russian nation, which, to my mind, explains its national destinies in the past.

It is time that Western Europe should get a glimpse into the mentality of the race that forms the nucleus of the Russian Colossus and shape her steps and measures in future accordingly. It is advisable to know exactly the character of the Celto-Slav, and to judge of the extent to which he is an instrument in the hand of a reigning family of a German or Scandinavian origin.

I must point out that my analysis is based, first and foremost, upon personal observation, extending over many years,

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upon an intimate acquaintance with the popular character and with all sorts and conditions of men. It is further corroborated by testimony drawn not from second-hand sources but from eminent Russian authors who have analysed and described the character, the virtues and faults of the Celto-Slav in their minutest details, mirroring the national soul with a scrupulous fidelity. Only when one has lived among a people and had many opportunities to penetrate into that Sibyl-cave which the national soul represents, is one able to distinguish clearly, in spite of superficial contradictions, several general traits common to all the members of the race. Such dominant traits force themselves out in action and mould the nation's destinies to good or bad issues.

II

It is difficult to find a clear and precise formula by which it would be possible to label the psychological traits of a nation. A formula is too narrow to encompass even the psychology of a single individual. The moral portrait of a nation must therefore be minutely sketched if we wish to gain a clear and precise notion as to its mentality.

In the case of Russia the difficulty seems—according to many psychologists and sociologists—to be still enhanced. It has often been observed that in the presence of the Russian nation one cannot help experiencing a feeling of something vague, unfinished, and fluctuating. The Russian seems to be in a state of becoming and crystallisation. Being a young people, there is as yet no fixity, no permanent, fundamental trait in the Russian.

To my mind [says a prominent French author], the Russian somewhat resembles the soup he drinks. You know this national Russian soup and remember it with horror. You find in it everything: fish and vegetables, beer and cream, ice and mustard and I know not what else: excellent and disgusting things. You never know what the next spoonful might bring forth from the silent depths. Such is the Russian soul; it is a scalding tub where a great variety of ingredients ferment in perfect confusion: sadness and folly,

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heroism, weakness, mysticism and practical sense. You may fish up anything, according to your luck, but always that which you least expect.

These observations are but partially true. If the Russian nation impresses us as fluctuating and inconstant, as a psychological riddle baffling analysis and investigation, it is not the result of its still being in a state of becoming and development: neither is it a sign of youth. The inequality and inconstancy, the vagueness and chaos, are fundamental traits of the national soul and character which neither time nor historical events ever obliterate. The Russian nation has a fixed character and is perfectly constant in its inconstancy. If it were permitted to ascribe sex to races as well as to individuals, I would say that psychologically the Russians are a feminine race.

The psychology of woman, too, has somewhat baffled and perplexed the philosopher and sociologist. Hence the multitude of contradictions in judgments relating to woman. She is considered changeable, but her very changeableness is a fixed regular trait of her character. Man, anthropologists maintain, has been intended by nature for origination and creation, woman for conservation and integration. The creative faculty is therefore less, the imitative more developed, in woman than in man.

> The woman never, nowhere and in nothing can make a starting-point [says a lady author (Laura Marholm, "Psychology of Woman," p. 235), speaking of her own sex]. All she does, performs or suggests, represents always but a deviation, a connection with or continuation of something already produced, existing, done; in mental spheres she is subject to this law as well as in physical, and whether or no she succeeds in subjecting the physical side, the mental will not be altered.

Woman is thus less creative and less active than man, less inclined to invent and to innovate. But just because her creative faculty is small, her imitative and assimilative faculties are highly developed. She is more apt, in consequence of a certain feeling of inertia, to repeat and to copy. On account of her faculty of imitation and her promptitude to assimilate, woman adapts herself to environment, to changes of milieu and

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circumstances, much more quickly than man. On the other hand, however, imitation involves submission to customs, habits and prejudices, absence of personality, want of originality and depth. Just because of her feeling of inertia woman's adaptation to environment, her *apparent* inconstancy, are only true as far as outward versatility and pliability are concerned. In everything relating to the very essence of her being she is constant in her sentiments and conservative in her opinions and prejudices. She is misoneistic, *i.e.*, opposed to everything new, revolutionary and progressive. (*Cf.* Lombroso, "The Man of Genius," p. 188.) In revolutions (except in religion) women have always been in a small minority, not being found, for example, in the English Revolution, or in that of the Low Countries, or of the United States. They never created a new religion, nor were they ever at the head of great political, artistic, or scientific movements. On the contrary, women have often stood in the way of progressive movements. Like children, they are notoriously misoneistic: they preserve ancient habits and customs and religions. In America there are tribes in which women keep alive ancient languages which the men have lost. (Ibid.)

All that has been said with regard to woman is applicable to the Russian nation. Psychologically, the Russian has all the characteristics of the woman, all the faults and all the qualities: patience and submission, superficial love of novelty, but fear of radical change and innovation. He is outwardly imitative and assimilative, but fundamentally misoneistic and conservative; he is inert, indolent, indifferent, insensible and submissive. Fatalism and gregariousness, absence of individualism and personality, of initiative and individual genius, a lack of originality, of a sense of personal responsibility and independence of judgment, constitute the fundamental psychological traits of the Russian. Like a woman, the Russian nation receives and produces under the stimulus of a productive force, but alone it is barren. Prominent, however, is the Russian's lack of self-sufficiency and self-reliance. Like

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woman, children, and all weak natures, he never relies upon his own strength. He does not find the justification of his acts in himself, but he always looks for it to some one else.

This submissiveness is the determining factor in the life and actions of the Russian. It has manifested itself in Russian history, institutions and civilisation. It is the prime source whence all the other defects and qualities of the nation emanate and traverse, as so many currents, the national life in its economic, religious, social and political provinces. With this Ariadne thread in our hands, it is easy to find a way in the vast and complicated labyrinth which the Russian national character is supposed to be. Nearly all the defects, and even the apparent qualities of the Russian, are the result of that small quantity of self-sufficiency and self-reliance which he possesses, of his weakness of character, and his continual search for somebody upon whom he can cast his responsibilities. The Russian is thus elastic and changeable in his humour. He is at times melancholy, and at times of exuberant gaiety. Although he is hospitable, sociable, and familiar, one cannot rely upon his promise. His will-power being weak, he is impressionable and enthusiastic; this enthusiasm, however, which travellers have so often noticed, is very superficial and soon cools down. Concentration of the energetic faculties and *active* opposition are traits generally foreign to the Russian. His assimilation and adaptiveness are only superficial, and are a sign of a weak character. When strong and original personalities change, their change is complete and radical, whilst weak, pliable, reed-like natures change only superficially.

Another characteristic peculiar to the Russian, and indicative of his lack of individualism and of his weakness of character, is his sense of sinfulness and insignificance. "What am I? I am nothing," is a favourite Russian phrase. In this respect, as in many others, the Russian resembles the Buddhist, shunning self-assertion and aspiring to annihilation of his Ego.

It has further been pointed out by an eminent sociologist (Ferrero, "L'Europa giovane") that the two prominent and

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most original qualities of the Russian are his indifference to death, which naturally leads to general insensibility, and his spirit of resignation or fatalism. Such traits, the author admits, betoken the barbarian, but, united in a civilised race to other superior qualities, they will centuplicate its strength in the struggle against nature and men. This I do not deny. In the struggle for existence it is not the intellectual strength of the highly-cultured individual, but the brutal force of the barbarian that mostly prevails. It has become a truism that in the survival of the fittest, the fittest is not equivalent to the best. In the struggle for supremacy between nations it is not the highly-intellectual races that prevail in the end, but those who are superior in number, and with whom individual life counts for nothing. If, therefore, the barbarian traits of resignation and indifference to death, which are so prominent in the Russian, will in the end procure for Russian autocracy a paramount influence in Europe, it nevertheless remains a fact that, psychologically, the indifference to death and the sense of resignation to everything ordained by God, Nature and Tsar are part of the Russian's dependent character, and of his Buddhistic tendency towards annihilation and obliteration of personality. Like Oriental despots, like Djenghis Khan and Tamerlane, the Romanov family avails itself of these qualities for its own purpose. A prominent French author (Legras, "Au pays Russe," p. 85) seems, however, to consider this indifference and spirit of resignation as qualities of a high moral order.

> The Russian cares little for the morrow. For him the present hour is everything, the future is only a dream to which reality is not to be sacrificed. In the conduct of daily life, such a carelessness for the morrow is often cruelly punished; but in moral life it often produces admirable effects. What we call the resignation and fatalism of the Russian people is nothing else but the carelessness as far as the morrow is concerned. What is the use of exciting yourself? You cannot change the present: and as to the morrow, it is immaterial.

I cannot agree with these remarks, which are somewhat

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contradictory in themselves. Is not carelessness the *result* of fatalism and of lack of energy rather than their cause? Is the Buddhist, Nirvana-aspiring, superior to the energetic European? Is the Egyptian Fellah, with his *Kismet*, morally superior to the energetic, initiative Englishman?

Besides indifference, insensibility and resignation are due to either strength or weakness. Insensibility and resignation with the Russian are the result of a weak, submissive character, and not a sign of self-control and stoicism. What cannot be altered must be accepted. "You cannot break the wall with your forehead" is a favourite Russian proverb. The Russian is resigned because he is passive, and he is passive because he is not endowed with sufficient will-power, independence of character, and self-reliance, which enable men to object, oppose and revolt. It is this weakness and passivity that make the Russian bear not only the inclemency of the weather, but also the oppression of his political institutions, which he could change if he cared to make an effort. But passive resignation requires less strength and energy than active resistance. It must, however, be admitted that the characteristic traits of the nation, viz., submissiveness and lack of self-assertion, which constitute the Russian's inferiority from the point of view of civilisation, become qualities in the Russian soldier. The courage of the Russian is the result of resignation and fatalism, and never abates.

> The real hardships of war [says Ferrero ("Il Militarism")] consist in the long marches; in the long spells of hunger and thirst to be suffered; in the nights passed sleeping in the mud under the pouring rain; in the illness to be borne without doctors or medicines; in the discouragement at feeling one's self no longer master of one's own destiny, stripped of all human worth, deprived of the absolute and unconditional right to live.

For all these hardships the Russian soldier is exceedingly well prepared, not only by reason of his temperament, but also by his mode of living and his social and economic condition in times of peace. He never enjoys the luxuries of "human dignity" and "unconditional right to live." The basis of

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military organisation consists in blind submission and hierarchy, and the Russian soldier has too little individualism to revolt against them. He therefore never, or at least very rarely, loses his confidence in his superior officers. Russian history also shows—and the present war furnishes additional examples—that the Russian, on account of his resignation, is not easily discouraged when he meets with failures and even disaster. "Nitshevo" ("Never mind") is his consolation.

Russia's failures in the present war are not the fault of her soldiers, but are due to the incompetency of her generals and officers. And yet the disasters have had a comparatively small effect upon the army in general. In any other country Kuropatkin's repeated defeats, added to the unjust government, the despotic and violent administration and general wretched economic state of the country, would have led to a military insurrection and *general* revolution. In Russia, however, recent events have only tended to convince the lovers of liberty that salvation can only be gained by the individual assassination of the ruling despots and the oligarchy.

The Russian's indifference to death is also not a sign of strength but of weakness. In fact, all strong and powerful personalities love life. They cling to it "like children to their mother's breast." Very reluctantly they leave "the cheerful wontedness of being and action." When Odysseus, meeting Achilles as the leader of dead heroes in the nether world, extols his glory among the dead, the latter replies:

> "Rather would I in the field as daily labourer be toiling,
> Slave to the meanest of men, a pauper and lacking possessions,
> Than 'mid the infinite hosts of long-vanished mortals be ruler."

In further corroboration of the above statements I shall quote a Russian author, who, with critical scalpel in hand, has analysed the Russian soul, and who expressed similar views. Tshadaieff[1] wrote as follows in his famous letter (published 1886):

> Foreigners have counted among our virtues that reckless temerity and carelessness which is noticeable among the lower classes of the nation especially:

[1] Œuvres choisies. Paris, 1862.

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unable, however, to observe anything but isolated effects of the national character, they could not judge of the whole. They have not realised that this very trait which makes us so audacious has also made us incapable of depth and perseverance. They have not understood that this quality of being indifferent as to the hazards of life is also the cause of our indifference to every good and evil, to truth and falsehood. It is this very indifference that deprives us of all the powerful motives which, expressed in action, lead man up to mighty issues and to perfection. They have overlooked the sad and painful fact that this lasy and passive audacity is the cause of even our upper classes not being free from those vices which elsewhere are to be found among the lower strata only. They have not seen that, if we have some of the virtues of primitive peoples, we have none of those which are the appanage of highly advanced and civilised nations (p. 25).

III

Another trait of the Russian is his religiosity. Russia produces the impression of a vast temple full of holy images, ikons, and burning candles, before which men and women of all sorts and conditions, rich and poor, master and servant, prostrate themselves. "Moscow, the Holy City, the Mecca built after the model of London," is a vast oratory where a million people are continually praying, from morning till evening, in the temples, in the houses, in the taverns, in the streets and public squares. The inhabitants continually interrupt their daily occupations for a hastily-recited prayer, a sign of the Cross, a bow or a genuflexion before every church (and there are many in the old Russian capital) and every ikon. (*Cf.* Ferrero, "L'Europa giovane.")

Paris never goes to bed, and Moscow never ceases to pray. In spite, however, of outward religiosity, the Russian is lacking in religious sentiment. Christianity has not yet penetrated the Russian masses. Whilst accepting the ceremonies of Byzantium, the Russian people have learned little of the ethical teachings of Christianity. Russian authors themselves go so far as to deny the Russian religious sentiment. In spite of external devotion, of pilgrimages, holy images, miracle-working, crowds flocking to churches, candles given

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to patron saints, holy bones of saints dug up and worshipped by Tsar and peasant, there is no religious faith in Russia. External devotion does not necessarily suppose real religious sentiment. There is a great amount of religiousness among the Russians without that sense which Carlyle might have called religiosity. "There is a vast difference between the religion of the savage who models his fetish and the notions held by Hegel, Renan, and Max Muller, between the beliefs and creeds of barbarians and the etherealised religion of a Schleiermacher." The former is cradled in a sense of dependence and weakness, and is the *cause* of morality; the latter springs from the source of independence and strength, and is the *result* of a moral sentiment. The best proof for this statement is to be found in the many crimes and atrocities committed by religious people, crimes that had been sanctioned by their respective religions and thus relieved the criminals of the burden of personal responsibility. The famous missionary-traveller Baker, wishing to convert Commoro, the Latouka chief, said, "If one does not believe in a future life, why should a man be good if he finds his interest in being wicked?" To this Latouka replied, "The majority of people *are* bad: when they are strong they rob the weak. The good people are all feeble: they are good because they are not strong enough to be bad." One might imagine Commoro had read Nietzsche. With the Russian, therefore, the religion is not an inner conviction, but, as with primitive people, children, women, and all weak natures, the sign of a dependent character, lacking entirely in self-sufficiency and a sense of responsibility.

The first and foremost sign of weakness of character, of absence of personality and self-reliance is to look round for protection, for a power to whom one can cling, and upon whose shoulder the heavy burden of personal responsibility can be shifted. Weak natures feel free from guilt if some higher authority has absolved them, while strong personalities either find justification for their deeds in their own consciousness or

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not at all. The absolution of an authority, ecclesiastical or lay, can never eradicate the sense of responsibility from the mind of a strong nature if it is really there, while the mentally feeble reposes upon it as upon a soft cushion. Most people, in fact, require some outward power. They cannot be otherwise than heteronomous. They justify their actions and thoughts, either in words or in thought, before some one else, either a personal God or a beloved, honoured, or feared man. Few can stand the idea of being *alone* in the wide universe.

A child, for instance, is quite at ease if his mother assures him that his crime is no crime. It is for this very reason that confession brings so much consolation and comfort to weak natures, and appeals mostly to women. The Reformation, therefore, which was an attempt at an emancipation of personality, and a crystallisation and establishment of the Ego, did away with it. Unbridled individualism, opposition to ecclesiastical authority, led to an emancipation of the human spirit from restrictions, and liberated the mind from spiritual bondage and religious dependence.

Therefore repentance and confession with a view to obtaining absolution emanate from a source of weakness. Frankly to admit an error is often a sign of strength and independence, but to confess a sin with a view to obtaining absolution from another distinctly indicates a weak character. No external power except our own self can undo our acts or alter the essence of our nature.

The Russian's dependent character and his lack of self-sufficiency and self-reliance are perhaps still further manifested in his criminology. It has been pointed out that the statistics of criminality are smaller in Russia than in many countries of Western Europe. Comparing the number of suicides committed in various countries, one finds for a million inhabitants 311 in Saxony, 210 in France, 188 in Prussia, 180 in Austria, 90 in Bavaria, 66 in England, and only 30 in Russia. This low number of suicides committed in Russia is ascribed by Russian authors to moral strength. Again, the number of people

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condemned for homicide is as follows: For every million there are 96 in Italy, 55 in Spain, 22 in Austria, 15 in France, 10 in Russia, 9 in Germany, and 6 in England.

This has been attributed to the Russian's high moral sense and low state of civilisation. I venture, however, to think that in the case of the Russian the very small number of suicides is not due to moral sense but to that lack of self-sufficiency and self-reliance, to the absence of personal responsibility and energy, which I have already pointed out. If the small number of suicides and homicides committed by Russians were really due to a moral sense, then criminality in general ought to be low. This, however, is not the case. The number of thieves, for instance, is unlimited, and many murders are committed, mostly *in common*. This last fact in itself is of high psychological significance, and shows that if there are less passion crimes the fact does not at all bear testimony to a deeply moral nature but to a dependent character. It is not due to strength but to weakness. This gregariousness is somewhat akin to the nature of the child who fears to venture alone into the dark but who takes heart if there is some one else with him. Crimes committed in common are therefore more numerous in Russia than in other countries. The Russian's lack of self-sufficiency finds a justification for his murder and act of violence in the deed of his comrade and the possibility of shirking his individual responsibility. Returning to my comparison between the psychology of the Russian and that of the feminine sex, it is interesting to notice that the same facts can be observed with regard to woman. Less women than men are imprisoned. The criminality of woman, as compared to that of man, is 1·5. (*Cf.* Fouillée, "Tempérament," p. 253.) Is this really a proof—as some psychologists at once conclude—that woman is less criminal and cruel, more moral and better than man? Not at all. Such a conclusion is undoubtedly erroneous. A woman can be as cruel as man and even more so. When she has an opportunity of shifting her responsibility upon others, when she is sure that confession will absolve her or

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political and social circumstances assure her perfect impunity, she seldom shrinks from committing atrocious crimes.

It is historically known that in great social upheavals, as in the French Revolution, the women were much more passionate and cruel than the men. In the Arena of Rome they enjoyed the spectacle of prisoners torn by wild beasts. In the Middle Ages they enjoyed the sight of *autos-da-fé*, and deliciously inhaled the smell of roasted heretics, sorcerers, and atheists!

The comparatively smaller number of female prisoners is only due to the fact that woman is weaker in character, and not so self-reliant and self-sufficient as to take the responsibility upon herself. The low criminality of woman is not the *result* of her religious feelings, but, on the contrary, her very religiousness is due to a feeling of dependence, to a want of strength and power of personality.

Madame Necker says somewhere, speaking of the difference existing between the mentality of man and woman: "Their Ego is stronger than ours." Crime and genius, science, art, and politics, which are the feature of man, emanate from the same psychological source. "The lower criminality of woman," says Lombroso, "is a sign of her inferiority. Being morally and intellectually less powerful than man, she is also less criminal."

The Russian, too, like a woman, is not less inclined to commit a crime, but it is his lack of self-reliance that keeps him back. Not moral sense, not religious feelings, not strength but *weakness* is at the bottom of it. Give him an opportunity, an opportunity where he can commit crime with impunity, by order, and neither his moral sense nor his kindness will keep him back. A whole village will collectively perpetrate atrocities where individuals will hesitate. Responsibilities are much more easily shirked in the former case. One might say without exaggeration that the Russian, compared to the Western European, is a cowardly criminal. "In every Russian of our days," says Dostoievsky, "there is

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the germ of a hangman." This will explain another famous sentence of Dostoievsky. "The strongest and most valuable portion of the nation," he wrote, "is to be found among the criminals of Sakhalin." Dostoievsky, and later on Gorky, have both analysed the Russian soul, and laid bare its most hidden cells, and both, curiously enough, sing almost a hymn of praise to the Russian criminal. Is it because they admire crime and transgression? Of course not. But both these authors know their people well. They have grasped the springs that move the great wheel of national conduct, they felt the pulse of their nation, and knew how the blood throbbed in its veins.

With remarkable insight Dostoievsky and Gorky noticed the defects of their nation, and pointed them out unflinchingly. With pitiless hand they have torn away the curtain that concealed the hidden recesses of the national psychology. Strength and independence of character, self-assertion of individuality and of self-will, is what they miss in Russia. They find it, to a certain extent, among the criminals and transgressors. These at least manifest their self-will, and assert their Ego even in their very destruction. In a nation which is lacking in a sense of personal responsibility and individualism, which is composed of submission, obedience and blunted intelligence, where every affirmation of will and self-assertion is an exception, it must naturally follow that the most assertive characters are to be found among the transgressors and criminals.

Here we have the key-note to Dostoievsky's and Gorky's works. They both depict the incompleteness of the Russian soul.

IV

Russian apathy and resignation, visible in the daily life and conduct of the people, have further been pointed out by other Russian authors. Whenever it is a question of ameliorating his position, of settling a question of importance that would

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enable the peasant to live in a more respectable manner, he loses, as if through some fatality, his understanding and capacity. His powers of attention and observation, his perspicacity, and even the last shadow of his sense of justice suddenly disappear. Apathetically, in a brutal spirit of resignation, the peasant will see his children die without moving a step to save them. "In such matters," exclaims a famous Russian author (Glyeb Ouspensky, one of the greatest authorities on the Russian peasant), "the Russian peasant is of surprising helplessness and stupidity."

Chekhov, too, in his work, "The Moujiks," a work which Tolstoi declared one of the best sketches in modern Russian literature, and which is characterised by its veracity and minute portrayal and description of the peasant's life in modern Russia, shows how the causes of the misery of the Russian masses, although the immediate result of the material conditions of their existence, are to be sought much deeper and are due to the apathy and want of energy in the national character. A paralysing timidity, a complete lack of initiative and boldness, are what he notices everywhere. "Our individuality is weak," says one of his heroes.

Indolence and carelessness characterise the Russian. The fatalistic indifference is only more noticeable among the peasant who does not hide it, but the more refined classes are equally affected by it. "Why are we tired?" "Why, when we fall, do we not make an effort to rise?" "Why, having lost one thing, do we not look for another?" Dissatisfied with his lot, the Russian is proud of his resignation. Personal energy, effort and affirmation of individuality, which make life worth living, are missing in Russia. "Why hinder people from dying," says one of his types, "if death is the normal and lawful end of us all?" The renunciation of any desire to manifest will-power is his characteristic trait.

"We are weak, we are weak," says another of Chekhov's types. "It needed only the first touch of actuality to make me lose heart and surrender." ("Ward No. 6.")

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In a few words, placed in the mouth of Wiseacre, Chekhov traces the general Russian attitude. "I don't want anything"; or, "All lay down, the door opened before the wind, and snow-flakes whirled through the hut. But no one rose to shut it, all were too cold and lazy." ("In Exile.") Chekhov, too, loves energy and strength and individualism, which he misses in his people. Like most Russian authors, but still more so, he is pre-eminently national. He penetrated the Russian soul to its innermost recesses. They are not exceptional types who are affected by inertia and fatalistic paralysis; it is Russia, the Russian character, the Russian soul that is steeped in it. There is not enough energy to struggle for individual emancipation, there is not even the desire to do so. Those in whom the spirit, wishing for self-assertion, begins to move its wings suffer a little more than the others: that is all. They commit suicide when they have sufficient courage to do it, but mostly they resign themselves, lacking even the energy to assert their self-will in this last act of independence. "Everything is done against their will," says one of his heroines. According to Chekhov, the causes are not to be sought in external circumstances but in the very being, in the psychosis of those millions of individuals who form the Russian people. Indifference and resignation, psychical paralysis and torpor, are traits that characterise all classes, but they are more noticeable among the peasants.

A vivid description of the peasant's life given by Chekhov illustrates his statements. A hut (izba), consisting of one room, is inhabited by a family composed of the old moujik and his wife, two sons and their wives and eight or ten children. In this miserable room, which rarely has a window, and the walls of which are black from smoke, all these beings eat and drink and sleep. Here the women bear children and spin and weave. Here a lamb lies peacefully near a naked boy, and the suckling plays with a pig; here a cock accompanies with gay trills the bleating of the goat. The gleam of a paraffin-oil lamp, without a glass shade, sheds its light upon

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this picture of domestic felicity, patriarchal in its simplicity and peacefulness.

Food consists mostly of *shtshee—i.e.* of hot water in which a cabbage floats in solitary majesty surrounded by a few boiled potatoes. When the moujik discovers a piece of fat in this soup he feels a pleasurable sensation somewhat similar to that of Columbus when he perceived land on the vast ocean. This is the ordinary meal. Milk is kept for the children. Meat is only tasted on holidays, a chicken on Christmas and Easter. Sometimes there are even no potatoes.

"They ate their black bread with great avidity. The tea had a fishy taste, the sugar was very dirty, and the bread was covered with beetles.

"On Sunday a herring was bought in the public-house and boiled. At mid-day the herring-soup was eaten with bread, the herring itself being put aside by the old woman." Surely there must be something wrong and rotten in a nation if millions and millions of individuals can endure such a life with apathy and resignation.

A fire suddenly broke out in the village. A hut is burning—and a great bustle and noise ensue.

Women are crying, children are howling, sheep and fowls and cows are let out into the main street. What are the inhabitants doing? The moujiks, the majority of whom are drunk, stand round and look on sheepishly and brutally, not knowing what to do. None of them knows what to do, none of them *can* do anything. He is waiting for some help outside. Whole villages are thus burnt down. Thus the peasant often regrets the good old days when he was a serf, was beaten and maltreated, but had not the worry to care for himself, for his own sustenance. "They are rude, dishonest, dirty and quarrelsome, living more like brutes than human beings."

Instead of thinking of the morrow he will spend his last copper on drink. It is a well-known fact that in famine-stricken communities the public-houses are full. And when the peasant is asked why he spent his money on drink under such circumstances, he will say: "We have nothing to eat,

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we are going to die of hunger; let us, therefore, have at least a drop and drink oblivion: it is merrier thus." "Let us *hunger* and drink and be merry, for to-morrow we shall die." Typically characteristic of the Russian who endures oppression and suffering, and instead of making an effort to shake them off, submits and resigns himself.

The famous *mir*, that communal and municipal organisation, has often been quoted as an ancient institution showing the people's love of independence and self-government. The *mir*, however, is only a Tartar institution, and gives also proof of a lack of individual initiative rather than of a spirit of independence. Communism is a primitive tendency, the result of weakness and dependence. When civilisation advances, the individual competition becomes more developed and marked. The *mir* and the *artel* are only due to the Russian's feeling of gregariousness.

The inhabitants of a village, for instance, go forth in spring to work on the railway line at a distance of 500 versts, and return in autumn, and these workmen will not only work, but also play and drink together. Even the orderly and sober moujik that might be among them will contribute his equal share and return home as poor as the drunkard. It never enters his mind that it is quite unnatural, and that he has a right to protest.

"Germany is nothing, the individual German is everything," Goethe says somewhere. These words of the great individualist do not express the real state of affairs in Germany, but rather an ideal that Goethe wished for. In any case, they could never be applied to Russia. The individual Russian is nothing, the Government is everything, or a great unit, all the millions of Russians being so many noughts added to it.

Such are the mentality, the national character and psychosis of the Russian. The course the nation was destined to take during its past existence is the result of its characteristics, and it is upon these very same characteristics that its future destiny depends.

A. S. Rappoport.

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AVE ATQUE VALE, HONESTATES

WHEN the late Queen of venerated and respected memory died, when that long life of good example in all those ordinary, commonplace, everyday virtues which go to build up the national character drew to its appointed close, a friend of mine, a very critical foreigner who had lived many years in England, pointed out to me that we were at the end of a moral epoch, the period of respectability. The generation that was just entering on life with nervous eagerness would not, in his opinion, continue the staid traditions of an elder England. They would be more "continental" than their fathers in their manners and customs, and in their outlook on life. Not that my friend had any very high regard for the older school of British deportment; our cherished respectability he regarded as a stodgy pose. The influence of the new Sovereign, he thought, would brighten our national life; our new contact with France, which we owe so largely to him, would brush away our cobwebs and civilise us to some extent. Yet he looked to the future with some apprehension, for he saw that we would wear our rue with a difference; we would grow more avid for pleasure and more brutal in pursuit of it. The latent savagery of the British character would develop into an unlovely prominence once the old restrictions were gone. This "solution of the bonds of obligation" would be most evident among the lower classes, who were less accus-

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tomed to the exercise of self-restraint. He instanced the great and obvious change which had come in the temper of the average crowd, the great growth of nervous excitability, all the many symptoms of collective hysteria which marked the Mafficking epoch. The crowds in the streets had acquired quite a new physiognomy, the types seemed markedly different from those of a few years before. One curious feature of this moral change was the sudden increase in the statistics of a crime we regard as peculiarly French, the *crime passionel*. The Press, faithful index of the national temper, displayed an ever-growing restlessness; the old steady reserve of insular pride had given place to a blatancy of national self-assertion, a moral recklessness which seemed alien to our traditions. Everything seemed to point to a change in the national temperament.

Are we really at such a period of transition? The late war brought a time of intense excitement, England lived in a fever. Now that the cold fit of financial deficit and trade depression has succeeded the hot, we still find these symptoms persisting in a milder form. We have our Yellow Press still with us, and the public thirst for amusement has grown to a degree our fathers would have regarded as unwholesome. To find a parallel with our devotion to cricket and football, not to speak of racing, we must go back to Byzantium or old Rome, not in the days of their glory but of their decline. Never since those remote times has the mere spectator of the public games loomed so large in a nation's life. In the palmy days of the prize-ring we had something faintly similar, but on a much smaller scale. The giant crowds of to-day that follow football are a product of twentieth-century conditions. The cheapening of transit has made the working man a "sportsman," he can attend a Cup match with the best. The game is brief and thrilling, its points appeal alike to his sense of skill and his fighting instincts. It bears to cricket much the same relation that bridge does to chess. Bridge and football alike give to the tired the rest of a strong sensation, a rest that is not always healthful. At one end of the social scale the

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worker is agog for excitement, at the other the millionaire seeks new modes of titillating a palate jaded by excess.

Reserve has taken refuge among the mid-middle class, among those who are not of the Smart Set, who lack the wealth or impudence required to give them footing in the fashion columns, yet who hold their heads too high to relish the pleasures of the vulgar. This ever-decreasing body forms a social oasis where Mid-Victorian respectability still lingers. It is made up of quiet business folk, of steadygoing but unambitious professional men, of those families who form the bulk of the military, naval, and clerical castes, and of the smaller squirearchy. You will know them by the raiment of their women, by their grave and earnest demeanour, by their dignity and decorum in public places. However dowdy their wives and daughters may be, however homely their features, the least observant can see that they are gentlewomen. They keep alight the sacred fire of gentility, and carry into the twentieth century the traditions of Mansfield Park. Models of propriety and decorum, these survivors from the great Victorian Age include all that is dignified, all that is respectable, and much that is dull in England. But they are the very salt of the earth, and help to keep the body-politic fresh and sweet.

To be respectable is to possess the outward sign of an inward grace, the fine flower of humble worth. The word calls up no visions of rank or wealth; it is neither coroneted nor gilt-edged, but blandly plain and unadorned, save with the consciousness of rectitude. It deprecates envy and asserts integrity; it is a worthy word. Handmade and homespun, rich with all the sentiment of a sentimental age, it breathed a gentle melancholy from some Morland cottage. In the country gentle and retiring, in the towns it grew to strength, knowing itself, and fashioned life to its similitude, the Demiurge of a new world. In France sentiment brought revolution, in England respectability wrought reform. The townsfolk of England were no visionaries, they cut no throats

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for the love of humanity; it sufficed for them to assert their worthiness. No force can withstand the impact of modesty grown aggressive. Podsnap entered on his kingdom.

The Age of Victoria witnessed the rise and fall of the great British middle class, those Puritans of the nineteenth century. For two generations they moulded the land to their will, everywhere setting up the machine to hammer the souls of men into uniformity. England was one vast factory, her life the rhythmic rattle of the loom, the seismic throb of the engine. In the systole and diastole of that mighty mechanical heart the ruddy rustic was swept from the lungs of his village through the arteries and veins of mine and factory, to be flung at last, poor bleached corpuscle, into some fœtid cell of workhouse or jail. Not the man alone, but the gravid woman and the scarce-weaned child. And on the wings of steam the burgess soared upward towards the empyrean of the peerage, for he had learned to make others work for him, tending the machine he had made. From exploiting the toil of others he progressed towards finance, the hoards of others worked his will, and he tithed men's possessions as he taxed their bodies. He cultivated the arts on his dividends, and grew spiritually emancipated. The smoke and grime of the factory passed from out his life, his mental horizon grew broader. The facile philosophy of the machine no longer satisfied him. He sought a more spiritual conception of life, he could no longer picture the universe as a vast power-loom, so he abandoned the worship of Baal and sought other gods.

The worker remained perforce in the shadow of the machine. To him it was life, rigid, forceful, emphatic, unpitying, all-pervading. The burgess, the master of the machine, saved his soul alive by stern self-discipline, by an ordered existence based on worldly prudence tempered with religious fervour, and above all by the reasonable hope of ultimate retirement from business. But what hope has the toiler of ultimate retirement save to the workhouse? He must fight

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the machine still tied to it. To save himself from absorption, from utter brutalisation, he must fight armed with a sterner self-discipline, a larger respectability than his employer. If not, the machine will devour his soul as it uses up his body; it will own him here and hereafter.

It may well be that some dim perception of this verity prompts the workers to wrath whenever twitted by divines in easy circumstances under whom the emancipated middle-class sit attentive. Horny-handed toil is not pachydermatous. We have had an amazing gust of anger stirred by a casual commination smacking rank of the pulpit, the *obiter scriptum* of a well-known pastor. It is the acknowledged privilege of the preacher to correct his brethren, to deal faithfully with their backslidings. The incriminated matter did not notably exceed this customary licence, yet Labour from Battersea to Bermondsey was up in arms. Leviathan roared, and able editors enshrined his bellows in many columns. King Demos, like the Kaiser, takes a serious view of *lèse majesté*. Yet when kings of old had prophets to rebuke their failings, the old-time seers did not measure their curses with a micrometer screw. The king's jester, too, unwhipped could speak his mind, and in a rough age his bauble was as a rod of righteousness. With King Labour jester and prophet must walk delicately. Such at least is the surface moral of the late unpleasantness. But let us look deeper.

The Seraphic Doctor of Nonconformity has the strange gift, which he shares with Lord Rosebery, of rousing perfervid argument with the lightest of his winged words. He gives to pulpit platitude a weird genetic force; the somnolent rebuke hisses like Medusa's head, sadly vexing even to those who are proof against petrifaction. The people have been touched, and on the raw. The whip-lash descended at the psychological moment. Under the giant pressure of the machine myriads of toilers are coralled; it is the Age of the Herding of the Hands. In factory, workshop and union the labourers congregate, pushing, hustling, shoving. Needs must that they feel their

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fellows' elbows when elbow-room grows scant; the touch transforms the throng into a crowd with a new group-life quick and passionate, the avidity of the mob for good or ill. Salaried muscle has grown class-conscious by consolidation and class-proud as a consequence.

> The dewdrop merges in some slender rill,
> Yielding its own to win the torrent's pride;
> The stately stream the foaming freshets fill,
> To lose itself anew amid old ocean's tide.

No longer are the toilers disposed to order themselves lowly and reverently before their betters; rather will they ask, "Who are our betters?" Social stratification is a volcanic process; the middle classes did not win political power and worldly esteem without sundry eruptive splashes of mud and scoriæ. The worker with his hands now claims due rank and precedence, and fights, as the burgess fought, for his right. Between noble and roturier it was a strife of birth against wealth; between burgess and worker it is wealth against worth. The middle classes won by compelling respect, Labour would win by being respectable. What wonder, then, that the toilers are angered when their title-deeds to esteem were challenged? What can the pastors of the wealthy know of the trials of the poor? Can they dare to weigh the sins begot of boredom with those engendered by the soul-stamp of the machine? Could they be so certain of their own virtue where life was one drab weary grind? Could they even be sure of remaining respectable? For it cannot be questioned that the external order and decorum which constitute respectability are somewhat difficult of attainment under adverse conditions.

What though Factory Acts and Sanitary Statutes have contributed to make physical life possible and tolerable for the worker, the essential monotony of modern toil remains unchanged. In the old days of craftsmanship the artisan had an artist's joy in his work. He gave to it something of himself, it was an embodiment of variety in similitude. Now he is a machine-tender, an animate engine controlling inanimate

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force, with no personal influx on the mutual product. The hand of the craftsman "wrought in a sad sincerity"; the set design was interpreted, not copied; there was ever the personal note, however slight. Now the machine copies and the workman merely feeds it. Save for the very aristocracy of labour, the designers of the machine, the human spiritual element of toil has disappeared. Physical alertness and attention there must be, for mechanism is not yet infallible. Accidents occur in the best regulated factories, and the Man must be there to cope with Chance. Chance and the Casual alone call for the human operative; were the machine perfect the factory could be run by clockwork. As the hand of the dyer is subdued to that he works in, great industry has forged the souls of men into the likeness of its own engines, exacting from them a docile uniformity quite inhuman. Physiologically the process should involve hypertrophy of the nerve centres governing secondary reflex action with a growing atrophy of the centres of conscious human action, a steady brutalisation of the worker from the psychological and moral points of view. When the hours of toil close and for a brief space the worker owns himself, the reaction comes. The well-to-do can amuse themselves soberly and decently, but what opportunities has the working man? How expect him to take his pleasures sadly for whom work has no joy? His repressed self clamours for outward expression in modes not always seemly. Physically fatigued and mentally starved, he craves strong emotions and crude excitement—the horse-play of the soul. The force which drives the working man to excess in drink, to gambling and other unedifying methods of spending his leisure and his substance, has its origin not in class-depravity but in the soul-numbing conditions of his ordinary employment.

If such be the state of the skilled worker, what must be the fate of the unskilled casual labourer? His toil may perchance be less monotonous, but its very uncertainty breaks down character: from casual labour to permanent pauperism is but a step. The true proletariat in the ancient sense of

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that ill-used word is the mass of casual labour, the men who live, or rather exist, on odd jobs eked out with so-called charity and poor relief, an unassimilable fæcal element in the body-politic swollen by every succeeding industrial crisis. Modern industry has no use for the broken-down serf; to-day as of old Moloch loves young blood. By the age of forty the man is digested and what is left is but a Poor Law excrement.

Does it not savour of the humorous that the economically helpless should hold in the franchise the ultimate reason of government? Leviathan can make and unmake Ministries, he can change the coachman of State. What if he should take the whim to handle the ribbons himself? Up to the present it has been the political good fortune of the dirigent classes that they have omitted to educate their masters; the omission has left them in undisturbed possession of power. But there are signs, very evident for all who look beyond mere party warfare, that Labour is finding itself, to the ill-concealed discomfort of the Tadpoles and the Tapers. It is the conjunction of great organised industry with a popular franchise which makes for change: unhammered by the machine, Labour would have continued politically amorphous. Now our masters are educating themselves, and their growing class-consciousness gives furiously to think. As yet they have evolved no class-culture of their own, the machinery of the schools was devised on middle-class lines with an ideal of citizenship rooted in respectability, the ethical flower of unsectarianism. Perish all dogmas, save decorum!

We are at a period of transition. The influence of the oldstaid Victorian middle class is passing away. If it made life dull it rendered it at least decent. The present generation has no such care for propriety or for self-restraint. Life has grown richer, more full of colour, less correctly insular. We may not be worse than our fathers, but we are less reserved. What will it profit John Bull if he ceases to be a hypocrite only to become a brute? There lies the danger. We may laugh at respectability as the mere figleaf of national decency,

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the mere outer husk of good morals. When the hermit-crab finds his quarters too cramped and leaves them, he takes care that the larger shell is ready for immediate occupation lest he lies naked to his enemies. His abandoned shell becomes the habitation of some smaller crab, who is vastly proud of his new dwelling. So Labour crawls painfully, yet with exultation, into the discarded respectability of a hedonistic middle class, still, alas! seeking for itself a new moral integument.

JOHN HOWLEY.

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BEETHOVEN

I

THE foundation of Beethoven's art is, as Wagner pointed out, a great innocence. It is the unconscious innocence of the child and the instructed innocence of the saint. Beethoven is the most childlike of musicians, and of all artists it is most natural to the musician to be childlike. There is, in every artist, a return toward childhood; he must be led by the hand through the streets of the world, in which he wanders open-eyed and with heedless feet. Pious hands must rock him to sleep, comfort his tears, and labour with him in his playtime. He will speak the wisdom of the child, unconsciously, without translating it into the formal language of experience.

Beethoven's *naïveté* can be distinguished at every moment in his music; in his simplicities, trivialities, in his ready acceptance of things as they are, and, again, in his gravities and what may seem like over-emphasis. It does not occur to him that you will not take things as simply as he does. His music is "nature, heard through a temperament," and he hears the voices of nature with almost the credulity with which he hears the often deceiving voices of men.

Modern musicians are on their guard, even against nature. Wagner is never without the consciousness of so many things which his critical intelligence whispers to him that he must refrain from. What modern painter was it who said that

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"nature put him out"? Wagner takes elaborate precautions against being put out by nature, and, after that, against allowing any one to suppose that nature has put him out. But Beethoven surrenders. It is unthinkable to him that a sound could deceive him.

It is usual to compare Beethoven with Shakespeare; but is he, in any sense, a dramatist? Is he not rather, if we are to speak in terms of literature, an epic poet, nearer to Homer and to Milton than to Shakespeare? When Beethoven becomes tremendous, it is the sublime, not in action, but in being; his playfulness is a nobler *Comus*, a pastoral more deeply related to the innocence and ecstasy of nature. He has the heroic note of Homer, or of Milton's Satan, or of Dante, whom in some ways he most resembles; but I distinguish no Lear, no Hamlet, no Othello. Nor is his comedy Shakespearean, a playing with the pleasant humour of life on its surface; it is the gaiety which cries in the bird, rustles in leaves, shines in spray; it is a voice as immediate as sunlight. Some new epithet must be invented for this music which narrates nothing, yet is epic; sings no articulate message, yet is lyric; moves to no distinguishable action, yet is already awake in the void waters out of which a world is to awaken.

II

Music, as Schopenhauer has made clear to us, is not a representation of the world, but an immediate voice of the world. The musician, he tells us, "reveals the innermost essential being of the world, and expresses the highest wisdom in a language his reason does not understand." "We may take the perceptible world, or nature, and music, as two different expressions of the same thing." "Accordingly, we might call the world 'embodied music,'" music differing from all other arts in this, "that it is not an image of phenomena," but represents "the thing itself which lies behind all appearances." In the language of the Schoolmen, "concepts are *universalia post*

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rem, actuality *universalia in re*, whereas music gives *universalia ante rem*."

It is thus that the musician joins hands with the child and the saint, if, as we may believe, the child still remembers something of

That imperial palace whence we came,

and the saint lives always in such a house not made with hands. The musician, through what is active in his art, creates over again, translates for us, that whole essential part of things which is ended when we speak, and deformed when we begin labouring to make it visible in marble, or on canvas, or through any of the actual particles of the earth. All Beethoven's waking life was a kind of somnambulism, more literally so than that of any other man of genius; and not only when deafness dropped a soft enveloping veil between him and discords. "Must not his intercourse with the world," says Wagner, in his book on Beethoven, "resemble the condition of one who, awakening from deepest sleep, in vain endeavours to recall his blissful dream?" To Shakespeare, to Michelangelo, who are concerned with the phenomena of the world as well as with "the thing itself which lies behind all appearances," something is gained, some direct aid for art, by a continual awakening out of that trance in which they speak with nature. Beethoven alone, the musician gains nothing: he is concerned only with one world, the inner world; and it is well for him if he never awakens.

Why is it that music is not limited in regard to length, as a poem is, a lyrical poem, to which music is most akin? Is it not because the ecstasy of music can be maintained indefinitely and at its highest pitch, while the ecstasy of verse is shortened by what is definite in words? There are poems of Swinburne which attempt to compete with music on its own ground, "Tristram of Lyonesse," for example; and they tire the ear which the music of Wagner's "Tristan" keeps passionately alert for a whole evening. This is because we ask of words

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some more definite appeal to the mind than we ask of music, and an unsubstantial ecstasy wearies us like the hollow voice of a ghost, which we doubt while we hear it. Music comes speaking the highest wisdom in a language which our reason does not understand; because it is older and deeper and closer to us than our reason. Music can prolong, reiterate, and delicately vary the ecstasy itself: and its voice is all the while speaking to us out of our own hearts. To listen to music is a remembrance, and it is only of memory that men never grow weary.

Music, says Wagner profoundly, "blots out our entire civilisation as sunshine does lamplight." It is the only art which renders us completely unconscious of everything else but the ecstasy at the root of life; it is the only art which we can absorb with closed eyes, like an articulate perfume; it is the only divine drunkenness, the only Dionysiac art. Beethoven's Tenth Symphony was to have been a direct hymn to Dionysus. "In the Adagio," he noted in his sketch-book, "the text of a Greek myth, *cantique ecclésiastique*, in the Allegro feast of Bacchus." It was to do what Goethe had tried to do in the Second Part of *Faust*: reconcile the Pagan with the Christian world. But it was to do more than that, and would it not have taken us deeper even than the Hymn to Joy of the Ninth Symphony: to that immeasurable depth out of which the cry of suffering is a hymn of victory!

Music, then, being this voice of things in themselves, and the only magic against the present, it will be useless to search into Beethoven's life, and to ask of his music some correspondence between its colour and humour and the colour and humour of events. Let us take an instance. In the year 1802 Beethoven wrote that tragic confession known as the Testament of Heiligenstadt. The whole agony of his deafness has come upon him.

> I must live [he says] like an exile. . . . Such things brought me to the verge of desperation, and well-nigh caused me to put an end to my life. . . . I joyfully hasten to meet Death. If he comes before I have had the opportunity

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of developing all my artistic powers, then, notwithstanding my cruel fate, he will come too early for me, and I should wish for him at a more distant period; but even then I shall be content, for his advent will release me from a state of endless suffering.

And, on the outside of the sealed packet, to be opened only at his death, he writes: "Oh, Providence, vouchsafe me one day of pure felicity!" Now it was at this period that Beethoven wrote the Second Symphony. I turn to Berlioz's analysis of it in his "Etude critique des Symphonies de Beethoven," and I read:

Le *scherzo* est aussi franchement gai dans sa capricieuse fantaisie, que l'*andante* a été complètement heureux et calme; car tout est riant dans cette symphonie, les élans guerriers du premier *allegro* sont eux-mêmes tout à fait exempt de violence; on n'y saurait voir que l'ardeur juvénile d'un noble cœur dans lequel se sont conservées intactes les plus belles illusions de la vie.

"Les plus belles illusions de la vie!" "The fond hope I brought with me here," writes Beethoven at Heiligenstadt, "of being to a certain degree cured, now utterly forsakes me. As the autumn leaves fall and wither, so are my hopes blighted."

Twice in Beethoven's life there is an interruption in his unceasing labour at his work. The first time is during the three years from 1808 to 1811, when he was in love with Thérèse Malfatti; the second time is from 1815 to 1818, after his brother's death. During these two periods he wrote little of importance; personal emotion gripped him, and he could not loosen the grasp. During all the rest of his agitated and tormented life, nothing, neither the constant series of passionate and brief loves, nor constant bodily sickness, trouble about money, trouble about friends, relations, and the unspeakable nephew, meant anything vital to his deeper self. The nephew helped to kill him, but could not colour a note of his music. Not "his view of the world," but the world itself spoke through those sounds which could never shrink to the point at which these earthly discords were audible. Music is a refuge, and can speak with the same

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voice to the man who is suffering as to the man who is happy, and through him, with the same voice, when he is suffering or when he is happy. It is here that music is so different from literature; for instance, where the words mean things, and bring back emotions too clearly and in too personal a way. The musician is, after all, the one impersonal artist, who, having lived through joy and sorrow, has both in his hands; can use them like the right hand and the left.

And just as the musician can do without life, can be uncontaminated by life, so, in his relations with other arts, with the mechanism of words and the conditions of writing for the stage and such like, he will have his own touchstone, his own standard of values. During a great part of his life Beethoven was looking out for a libretto on which he could write an opera. His one opera, *Fidelio*, is written on a miserable libretto; but the subject, with its heroisms, was what he wanted, and he was probably little conscious of the form in which it was expressed; for with him the words meant nothing, but the nature of the emotion which these words expressed was everything. When he said, speaking as some have thought slightingly of Mozart, that he would never have written a *Don Giovanni* or a *Figaro*, he merely meant that the very nature of such subjects was antipathetic to him, and that he could never have induced himself to take them seriously. Mozart, with his divine nonchalance, snatched at any earthly happiness, any gaiety of the flesh or spirit, and changed it instantly into the immortal substance of his music. But Beethoven, with his peasant's seriousness, could not jest with virtue or the rhythmical order of the world. His art was his religion, and must be served with a devotion in which there was none of the easy pleasantness of the world.

And it was for this reason that he could find his own pasture in bad poets, like Klopstock, whom he carried about with him for years, like a Bible. Goethe, he admits later, had spoiled Klopstock for him. But still Klopstock was

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always "maestoso, D flat major"; he "exalted the mind." He brooded over Sturm's devotional work, "Considerations on the Works of God in Nature," because he found in it his own deep, strenuously unlimited, love of God. It was the fundamental idea that he cared for, always; and, for the most part, this drew him to the greatest writers: to Homer and Shakespeare for heroic poetry, to Plutarch for the lives of heroes. And he was incapable of unbending, of finding pleasure in work which seemed to come from a less noble impulse. During his last illness one of Scott's novels was brought to him, that he might read something which would not fatigue him too much. But after a few pages he tossed the book aside: "The man seems to be writing for money," he said.

There stood on Beethoven's writing-table, during most of his life, a sheet of paper, framed and under glass, on which he had written carefully three maxims, found by Champollion Figeac among the inscriptions of an Egyptian temple:

Je suis ce qui est.—Je suis tout ce qui est, ce qui a été, ce qui sera; nulle main mortelle n'a soulevé mon voile.—Il est par lui-même et c'est à lui que tout doit son existence.

When I said that Beethoven had the innocence of the saint as well as that of the child, I was thinking partly of that passionate love of nature which, in him, was like an instinct which becomes a religion. He wrote to Thérèse: "No man on earth can love the country as I do. It is trees, woods, and rocks that return to us the echo of our thought." He rushed into the open air, as into a home, out of one miserable lodging after another, in which the roofs and walls seemed to hedge him round. Klober the painter tells us how, when he was in the country, he "would stand still, as if listening, with a piece of music-paper in his hand, look up and down, and then write something." He liked to lie on his back, staring into the sky; in the fields he could give way to the intoxication of his delight; there, nothing came between him and the sun; which, said Turner, is God.

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The animal cry of desire is not in Beethoven's music. Its Bacchic leapings, when mirth abandons itself to the last ecstasy, have in them a sense of religious abandonment which belongs wholly to the Greeks, to whom this abandonment brought no suggestion of sin. With Christianity, the primitive orgy, the unloosing of the instincts, becomes sinful; and in the music of Wagner's "Venusberg" we hear the cry of nature turned evil. Pain, division of soul, reluctance, come into this once wholly innocent delight in the drunkenness of the senses; and a new music, all lascivious fever and tormented and unwilling joy, arises to be its voice. But to Beethoven nature was still healthy, and joy had not begun to be a subtle form of pain. His joy sometimes seems to us to lack poignancy, but that is because the gods, for him, have never gone into exile, and the wine-god is not "a Bacchus who has been in hell." Yet there is passion in his music, a passion so profound that it becomes universal. He loves love, rather than any of the images of love. He loves nature with the same, or with a more constant, passion. He loves God, whom he cannot name, whom he worships in no church built with hands, with an equal rapture. Virtue appears to him with the same loveliness as beauty. And out of all these adorations he has created for himself a great and abiding joy. The breadth of the rhythm of his joy extends beyond mortal joy and mortal sorrow. There are times when he despairs for himself, never for the world. Law, order, a faultless celestial music, alone existed for him; and these he believed to have been settled, before time was, in the heavens. Thus his music was neither revolt nor melancholy, each an atheism; the one being an arraignment of God and the other a denial of God.

III

Beethoven invented no new form; he expanded form to the measure of his intentions, making it contain what he wanted. Sometimes it broke in the expansion, yet without

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setting him on the search for some new form which would be indefinitely elastic. The *Missa Solennis*, for instance, grew beyond the proportions of a mass, and was finished with no thought of a service of the church; the music went its own way, and turned into a vast, shapeless oratorio, an anomaly of the concert-room. *Fidelio* is an opera which has not even the formal merits of the best operas produced on the Italian method; it lives a separate life in divine fragments, and is wholly expressive only in the two great overtures, of which only the second is properly speaking dramatic, while the third transcends and escapes drama. In the second overture, music speaks, in these profound and sombre voices, as in a drama in which powers and destinies contend in the air. The trumpet-call behind the scenes attaches it, by a deliberate externality, to the stage. But in the third overture, where music surges up out of some hell which is heaven, that it may make a new earth, there is hardly anything that we can limit or identify as drama; not even the trumpet-call behind the scenes, which has become wholly a part of the musical texture, and no longer calls off the mind from that deeper sense of things.

Yet, if we follow Beethoven through any series of his works, through the sonatas, for instance, or the symphonies, we shall see a steady development, almost wholly unexperimental, and for that all the more significant. Each of the symphonies develops out of the last, each is a step forward; not that each is literally greater than the last, but has something new in it, an acquirement in art, or a growth in personality. That this should be so is the only excuse for an artist's production; only secondary men repeat themselves; the great artist is incapable of turning back. As he goes forward, the public, naturally, which has come to accept him at a given moment of his progress, remains stationary; and when the public is not wholly dominated by a great name, so that it dares not rebel enough to choose after its own liking, there comes a time when the public ceases to comprehend, and begins to prefer, that is, to condemn.

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The public of Beethoven's day, like the public for which and against which every great artist has worked, forgot that its only duty is to receive blindly whatever a great artist, once recognised as such, has to give it; that its one virtue is gratitude, and its cardinal sin, an attempt at discrimination. Beethoven had not to wait for fame; his earliest compositions were admired, his first publication was well paid. "Publishers dispute one with another," he wrote early in life: "I fix my own price." Yet, at the same time, he was never, up to the very end of his career, taken entirely at his own valuation, and allowed to do what he liked in whatever way he liked. In 1816 the Philharmonic Society sent one of its members to ask for a new symphony, and to offer £100 for it. Beethoven, who had already written his Eighth Symphony, was about to accept the offer, when it was intimated to him that the new work must be in the style of his earlier symphonies. He refused with indignation, and London lost the honour of having "ordered" the Ninth Symphony. Ten years earlier he had begged for the post of composer to the Vienna opera, engaging to compose an opera and an opera-comique or ballet every year, in return for a very moderate salary. The letter of request was not even answered. Before that, *Fidelio* had failed, and the critics had assured one another that "the music was greatly inferior to the expectations of amateurs and connoisseurs." In other words, Beethoven, recognised from the first as a great artist, was never accepted in the only way in which public appreciation can be other than an insult: he was never wholly *hors concours*. Just before his death, one of his intimate friends took it upon him to say that he preferred a certain one of the last quartets to the others. "Each," said Beethoven, once and for all, "has its merit in its own way."

IV

Wagner has pointed out that it was bodily motion which first gave its beat to music; that is to say, that the articulate

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life of music comes from what is most instinctive in life itself. All instrumental music has its origin in the dance, and in the symphonies of Haydn we have little more than a succession of dances with variations. And Beethoven, in one movement, the Minuet or Scherzo, gives us, as Wagner says,

> A piece of real dance-music, which could very well be danced to. An instinctive need seems to have led the composer into quite immediate contact with the material basis of his work for once in its course, as though his foot were feeling for the ground that was to carry him.

Is it not here, in this solid and unshakable acceptance of what is simplest, most fundamental, in life itself and in the life of music, that Beethoven comes into deepest contact with humanity, and lays his musical foundations for eternity? And he is himself, first of all, and before he begins to write music, a part of nature, instinctive. In Beethoven, the peasant and the man of genius are in continual, fruitful conflict. A bodily vigour, as if rooted in the earth, is hourly shattered and built up again by the nerves in action and recoil. And, in the music itself, quite literally, and almost at its greatest, one hears this elemental peasant; as in the *Allegro con brio* of the Seventh Symphony, with its shattering humour. It is a big, frank, gross, great thing, wallowing in its mirth like a young Hercules. Often, as in the last movement of the *Trio* (Op. 97), he disconcerts you by his simplicity, his buoyant and almost empty gaiety. It is difficult to realise that a great man can be so homely a child. No one else accepts nature any longer on such confiding terms. And he has but just awakened out of an *Andante* in which music has been honey to the tongue and an ecstatic peace to the soul.

This simplicity, this naïve return to origins, to the dance-tune, to a rhythm which can swing from the village band in the *Scherzo* of the Pastoral Symphony to the vast elemental surge of the *Allegro* of the Choral Symphony (as of the morning stars singing together) leads, now and then, to what has been taken for something quite different from what it is: an apparent aim at realism, which is no more than apparent. In

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the whole of the Pastoral Symphony one certainly gets an atmosphere which is the musical equivalent of skies and air and country idleness and the delight of sunlight, not because a bird cries here and there, and a storm mutters obviously among the double basses, but because a feeling, constantly at the roots of his being, and present in some form in almost all his music, came for once to be concentrated a little deliberately, as if in a dedication, by way of gratitude. All through there is humour, and the realism is a form of it, the birds' notes on the instruments, the thunder and wind and the flowing of water, as certainly as the village band. Here, as everywhere, it was, as he said, "expression of feeling rather than painting" that he aimed at; and it would be curious if these humorous asides, done with childish good-humour, should have helped to lead the way to much serious modern music, in which natural sounds, and all the accidents of actual noise, have been solemnly and conscientiously imitated for their own sakes.

Is Beethoven's act in calling in the help of words and voices at the end of the Ninth Symphony necessarily to be taken as leading the way to Wagner, as Wagner held, and as at first sight seems unquestionable? Is it Beethoven's confession that there comes a moment when music can say no more, and words must step in to carry on the meaning of the sounds? If so, does not the whole theory of music, as the voice of nature itself, as an art which has arisen "from the immediate consciousness of the identity of our inner being with that of the outer world," as Wagner calls it, fall to the ground? It seems to me that in adding voices to the instruments, Beethoven did no more than add another exquisitely expressive instrument to the orchestra; in adding that instrument he added words also, because words support the voice, as the shoulder supports the violin. But I contend that the words of Schiller's "Hymn to Joy" might be replaced by meaningless vowels and consonants, and that the effect of the Choral Symphony would be identically the same. Beethoven's inspiration consisted in seeing that the effect of exultation at

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which he was aiming could best be rendered by a chorus of voices, voices considered as instruments; he was increasing his orchestra, that was all.

Wagner, it is true, realised this; but, having realised it, he goes on to conceive of a Shakespeare entering the world of light simultaneously with a Beethoven entering the world of sound, and a new, finer art arising out of that mingling. Here, of course, he becomes the apologist of his own music-drama; and it is in its claim to have done just this that it demands consideration. Has Wagner, in subordinating his music, if not to the words, at all events to the action, expressed partly by the words, really carried music further, or has he added another firmer link to the chain which holds music to the earth? Music-drama, since Wagner has existed, there will always be; but may there not be also a music more and more "absolute," of which voices may indeed form part, but voices without words, adding an incomparable instrument to the orchestra? Why need music, if it is the voice of something deeper than action, care to concern itself with drama, which is the ripple on the surface of a great depth? As it dispenses with the stage, or the conscious exercise of the eyes, so it will dispense with words, or the conscious exercise of the mind through the hearing, and, in an equal degree, with the intrusive reasonings of a programme, at the best but misleading footnotes to a misinterpreted text.

V

In the later works of Beethoven we see his attempt to express himself within a fixed form, and yet without losing anything of what he wanted to say, through the pressure of those limits. "From the time," says Wagner, "when, in accord with the moving sorrows of his life, there awoke in the artist a longing for distinct expression of specific, characteristically individual emotions—as though to unbosom himself to the intelligent sympathy of fellow-men—and this longing grew into an ever more compulsive force; from that time when he

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began to care less and less about merely making music, about expressing himself agreeably, enthrallingly or inspiritingly in general, within that music; and, instead thereof, was driven by the general necessity of his inner being to employ his art in bringing to sure and seizable expression a definite content that absorbed his thoughts and feelings," then, says Wagner, begins his agony.

And this agony is the effort, not so much to say in music things really or merely individual, but to force music to tell some of its own secrets, still secrets to Beethoven. The deepest poetry and the deepest philosophy in words have been for the most part questions to which no answer has been offered; like the soliloquies of Hamlet and the 88th chapter of Job. When Beethoven is greatest his music speaks in a voice which suggests no words, and is the outpouring of a heart or soul too full for speech, and says speechless things. And at last Beethoven cares only for the saying of these speechless things, and because he cares supremely for this he refines his form, through which alone they can be spoken, with a more and more jealous care, fastening upon the roots of sound.

In Beethoven's later work, and especially in the last quartets, he seems actually to rarefy sound itself. What is this new subtlety and poignancy which comes into the notes themselves, as they obey a master who has proceeded by one exclusion after another, until he has refined sound to its last shade, or sharpened it to its ultimate point? Already, in the Quartet in C major (Op. 59), in which a form is filled without excess and without default, a new colour comes into the harmonies, as they reach after an unlimited strength, seeking to avoid all merely formal or limiting sweetness. They have passed through fire, and come out changed, a new body which has found a new soul. Here there is drama, an ominous and mysterious drama, in which the instruments are the persons: tragic cries surge up and are quieted; one hears the death-drum beating, perhaps only in their veins. The discord has found its place, liberating harmony, and, in the final fugue, one

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sees the strictest of forms set dancing and hurrying, with a meaning not only in the notes, but in some not easily followed process of thinking in music, with an actual intellectual ecstasy.

In the last quartets form is so completely mastered that form, as limit, disappears, and something new, strange, incalculable, arises and exists. The purity of its harmony is so acute that it is at once joy and pain, harmony and discord. Beauty, brought to this intensity, at moments goes mad with delight. There is a gay, mysterious, entangling gravity, a kind of crabbed sweetness, in which sweetness becomes savour. At times, as in the *Allegro* of the Quartet in B flat major (Op. 130), sound passes into a fluttering of wings, as Psyche, the butterfly, soars at last into sunlight. The music began with elfin laughter, turned serious, and meditated with fine subtlety, and then, in the frank and childish return "alla danza tedesca," seemed to go back to the first things of the earth, as to one's roots for new sap. And then, in that *Cavatina* which Beethoven wrote weeping, one overhears a noble and not despairing sorrow, which can weep but not whimper; an imploring, sadly questioning, unresentful lament; the most reticent sorrow ever rendered in music. To have written this movement is as great a thing as to have built a cathedral, in which, not more truly, the soul shelters from its grief.

When I hear the Quartet in F major (Op. 135), it seems to me that music has done nothing since, that it contains the germ, and more than the germ, of all modern music. It was such things, no doubt, as the Walkyries' Ride of the second movement, the *Vivace*, which seemed unintelligible, insane, to the people who first heard them, even after hearing all the symphonies. With the first notes of the first movement we are in the heart of music, as if one awoke on board a ship, and was on the open sea, beyond sight of land. Here, and to the end, every note has its separate meaning, its individual life, and is more than the mere part of a whole. There is so much

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music which, because it is leading to something, does not stay by the way, conscious of itself, perfect as an end, though it is also perfect as the means to an end. In the *Lento* Beethoven prays; there is in it a peace so profound and yet acute that it is almost sad; yet it is neither joy nor sorrow, but a hymn to God out of sorrow, itself faith, resignation, and a sure and certain hope of the "rest that remaineth." Even Beethoven never made a more beautiful melody, nor was there ever in music a landscape of the soul so illuminated with all the soft splendour of sunlight. The *Grave* leading to the *Allegro*, with the words, "Muss es sein? Es muss sein" (the "painfully made resolve"), seems willing, for once, in a kind of despair or distrust even of music, to fix a more precise meaning upon sounds. It is no more, really, than the irrelevant, touching, unneeded outcry of the artist afraid that you may be overlooking something which he sees or hears, no doubt, so much more clearly than you, and which he cannot bear to think that you may be overlooking.

VI

In spite of Holbein, Dürer, and Cranach, in spite of the builders in stone and the workers in iron, the German genius has never found its complete expression in any of the plastic arts. Germany has had both poets and philosophers, who have done great things; but it has done nothing supreme except in music, and in music nothing supreme has been done outside Germany since the music of Purcell in England.

Dürer created a very German kind of beauty; philosophers, from Kant to Nietzsche, have created system after system of philosophy, each building on a foundation made out of the ruins of the last. Goethe gave wisdom to the world by way of Germany. But Goethe, excellent in all things, was supreme in none; and German beauty is not universal beauty. In Beethoven music becomes a universal language, and it does so without ceasing to speak German. Beethoven's music is national, as Dante's or Shakespeare's poetry is national; and it

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is only since Beethoven appeared in Germany that Germany can be compared with the Italy which produced Dante and the England which produced Shakespeare. On the whole, Germans have not been ungrateful. But they have had their own ways of expressing gratitude.

A German sculptor has represented Beethoven as a large, naked gentleman sitting in an emblematical arm-chair with a shawl decently thrown across his knees. In this admired production all the evil tendencies, gross ambitions, and ineffectual energies of modern German art seem to have concentrated themselves. It is to be regretted that Beethoven, rather than any more showy person, Goethe, for instance, with his "Olympian" air, or Schiller, with his consumptive romanticism, should have been made the conspicuous victim of this worst form of the impotence of the moment. There is a sentence spoken by Emilia in that novel of George Meredith which no longer bears her more attractive name, through which we may see Beethoven as he was: "I have seen his picture in shop-windows: the wind seemed in his hair, and he seemed to hear with his eyes: his forehead frowning so." To look from this visible image in words to the construction in stone of Max Klinger is to blot out vision with the dust of the quarry. During his lifetime Beethoven suffered many things from his countrymen, and now that he is dead they cannot let him alone in the grave; but must first come fumbling with heavy fingers at his skull (we are told its weight), and then setting up these dishonouring monuments in his honour.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

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GREAT BRITAIN AND GERMANY

FURTHER LIGHT ON THE SITUATION FROM HIGHEST OFFICIAL SOURCES

WHEN the telegraphic summary of Mr. Lee's Eastleigh after-dinner speech reached Berlin on February 4, it produced a strange shock in the Castle, the Foreign Office, and the Imperial Navy Office. It acted like a bolt from the blue, because assurances admitting of no doubt had been given on our side about our pacific intentions, whereby the German scare of a few weeks before had been completely dissipated and shown to be groundless. But the surprise of those connected with the Flotten Verein, and with the publicists whose cue is to agitate for an increase of battleships to the German fleet, was rapidly converted into something like elation, for they greeted the news as another hook upon which they could hang their agitation for more ships and acceleration of shipbuilding. The subsequent version of the phrases given by the Civil Lord of the Admiralty allayed the flutter of excitement and astonishment raised in political circles, and amongst the masses of the public; but the effect of the pronouncement that the British Navy was looking towards the North Sea, and in the event of war would get its blow in first, and before the other side had had time to read that war had been declared, has not evaporated in certain spheres, and the Flotten Verein will lose no opportunity for making capital out of it.

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Consequently, even with the very best desire to shield Mr. Lee, and without making a personal attack on him, as did the Right Hon. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman in the House of Commons, no champion of Great Britain's naval strength can avoid reckoning his speech amongst the category of those things that had best have been left unsaid. There is no sense in affording fuel for an agitation in Germany that runs the risk of setting Britain and Germany by the ears. If we were within measurable distance of war with Germany—which we are not, and, so far at least as an initiative from the side of England is concerned, in all probability never will be, if for no other reason than because we could take nothing worth the taking from Germany in the event of victory—there would be no reason for suppressing blustering boasting; if, further, we were living in ordinary times, and not in a period of hyper-sensibility of nerves, such a speech might have been allowed to pass almost without comment. As things are, however, we could not possibly derive any advantage from remarks uttered without reflection that, even if only meant for home consumption, were bound to irritate the susceptibility of foreigners who would be sure to take them as directed against themselves. In whatever light they were read, *Germans* took them as directed against themselves, and that unlucky alleged reference to the getting in the first blow before the enemy could read the declaration of war in the newspapers struck the very chord that had generated the panic of a few weeks before. It is reasonable to expect that public men should weigh their words and calculate the effect they are likely to produce.

The report that a Civil Lord of the British Admiralty had uttered words which were interpreted as a menace made a far greater impression upon a Teuton, owing to the very nature of his training and up-bringing, than it doubtless did, or could have made, on the average Englishman. The average Englishman would know at once how much weight was to be attached to the opinion of a Civil Lord of the Admiralty, with whose functions he is more or less acquainted; but Germans were

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impressed by the title and by the fact of his being an official whose name figures in the list of Mr. Balfour's Ministry in all books of reference. Some of the papers spoke of him as Lord Lee, and thought he was Lord Selborne's *alter ego*. It was thought to be inconceivable that an official could state in public what his chief would not endorse. Thus the Admiralty, and, of course, the British Government, were thought to be speaking through Mr. Lee. Under the conditions obtaining in Germany, Mr. Lee would have received a reprimand that would have been followed by his retirement.

I have frequently discussed the matter with leading German politicians, and amongst the communications made to me on the subject was the subjoined, which, coming as it does from one of the chief officials of the Berlin Foreign Office, must assuredly command attention:

> Mr. Lee's remarks were very generally accepted as an *exposé* of views obtaining in naval spheres in England; and as such they created a very painful sensation in Germany, especially in the form in which they were at first communicated to us. I can assure you that a number of persons of high standing hastened to inquire if anything had happened between the two Governments that justified language which was here interpreted forthwith as a significant menace; and letters reached me from friends who had been in our diplomatic service, in which the writers showed that they felt certain that a very dangerous state of friction prevailed between Berlin and London. We may distinguish between the opinions of the various classes who were affected by the news. There was the general public; the enthusiasts for an increase to the fleet; and official circles.
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> With the general public the prevailing feeling was one of irritated astonishment. People said to themselves that they had been led to understand that the efforts made during the last few months on both sides to dissipate old misunderstandings and to smooth the way for restoring former friendly relations had been successful. Why, then, this sudden check? In Germany these efforts had met with universal approval, because, despite frictions of various kinds, the national instinct of Germany always slides back to the conviction that Germans and Englishmen are linked together by more natural and consequently by closer ties than those that could possibly subsist between Germany and the Latin or the Slav peoples. Herein old recollections of former centuries always play a part. Amongst the country people, for example, you will find an instinctive readiness to believe that some day or

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other the French and the Germans will have to fight out their differences again; and in the eastern provinces you will see there is also a feeling, though a less pronounced one, of the possibility of Germans crossing weapons with their Muscovite neighbours. On the other hand, you will not observe anywhere amongst the country folk of Germany a shadow of a disposition to admit that it will ever be necessary to conduct hostilities against England.

Every villager in Prussia is acquainted with the historical relations of the two countries; he knows that the English were the sole allies of Frederick the Great; that they and the Prussians fought together at Waterloo; and that Blücher was carried on the shoulders of the crowd through the streets of London. These are traditions of a friendly nature that are taught in the schools and are implanted in the minds of the German people; and in view of the frictions of the past few years, special reference should, from time to time, be made to them on both sides. In the minds of the Germans there is engrafted a friendly and admiring feeling for England, in the country districts as well as in the towns, and above all in the towns on the sea-coast. The reception King Edward met with at Hamburg, when he was last in Germany, bears testimony to the truth of what I have just said about the towns near the sea.

Count von Bülow has been at pains for a long time to restore cordial relations between Germany and England, and his efforts in this direction have met with the full support and approval of the general public in the Empire. This is one of the main reasons why they were irritated as well as astonished when they saw that obstacles were being thrown in the way of the endeavours that were being made on both sides to effect a *rapprochement*. When Mr. Lee took off the sting of his remarks by his subsequent explanation, our people were content to think that he did not mean to say anything of an unfriendly nature, as at first appeared; and this disposition was strengthened when they discovered that he did not occupy the position of a member of the Cabinet, and so was not initiated in the secrets of the Government, and did not speak with the authority of a Cabinet Minister. At first his title of Civil Lord of the Admiralty gave a kind of nimbus to him, which was later dissipated. For our political circles it was, therefore, satisfactory to find that amongst the masses the incident passed off without leaving any deep-rooted traces of irritation—a proof to us that whatever ill-will may have been entertained a few years ago was merely transitory, and has now in general disappeared.

With the navy enthusiasts, on the other hand, it has been different. These persons are organised together in the Flotten Verein, which is an association founded for purposes of agitation. They seek for everything that supplies them with material adapted for agitation purposes. Mr. Lee furnished wonderful weapons that fell into their laps unsought and unexpectedly; and it is absolutely certain that the Verein will exploit their opportunity for all it is worth.

Furthermore, it must be remembered—and this is very probably not

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understood in your country—that the members of the Flotten Verein, certainly those who have any influence in it, do not dream of making an attack upon England, however much they may advocate an increase to the size of the German navy. Their agitation is defended purely and simply on the ground that they believe Germany to be weak as a naval Power, and from the conviction that the minimum of defensive strength provided by the Government Navy Act of 1900 is inadequate in view of the alterations that have taken place since that date in the relative conditions of the other Powers. What was then considered to be the minimum demand to be made upon the Reichstag is now declared by the Flotten Verein to be considerably behind what the country requires for defensive purposes. But even though the Flotten Verein puts forward propositions that contain more wide-reaching demands than those of the Government, it does not dream thereby of making a demonstration or menace against England. Moreover, the Flotten Verein leaders know very well that Germany's naval authorities do not show the slightest disposition to support the Verein's demands; and this is why the Verein turns to the masses and to the Press in order to agitate here for what it aspires to achieve. Mr. Lee's speech will henceforth be a standing source of argument for purposes of agitation, and the English may be quite certain that, as often as they see it cited in the Press as a warning for the increase of the German fleet, it will be the Flotten Verein that has instigated the quotation.

And now, turning to the opinions prevailing in official circles—civil and naval alike—I may say that even before Mr. Lee's voluntary explanation came there was no sign of alarm. Perfect confidence was placed in the indisputable assurances of amicable and pacific sentiments entertained in England; so that, even on the assumption that the words about "getting its blow in first" were really used, they were only regarded as a slip of the tongue that was not to be taken seriously. In the diplomatic treatment of the matter perfect equanimity was displayed. The suggestion of a Paris journal that Mr. Lee had advocated the resorting to Japanese methods of warfare, as well as the conclusion drawn therefrom that an official plan existed at Whitehall for surprising Germany with a sudden attack, were dismissed with a smile.

German politicians feel sure that the leaders of British policy are sufficiently convinced of Germany's pacific and friendly sentiments, as expressed quite recently by Count von Bulow in the Reichstag, not to have permitted themselves to be identified with a hostile menace such as was contained in the first version of Mr. Lee's speech.

I can also positively assure you that this speech of Mr. Lee will have no practical influence on the active naval policy of the German Government: that is to say, it will not be utilised as a basis for asking in the Reichstag for an increase to the fleet. No doubt enthusiasts for an increase to the navy as well as the Flotten Verein will try to exercise pressure upon the Government in the sense of an acceleration in shipbuilding, as well as of a very considerable addition

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to the naval programme; but there will be no acceleration whatever in shipbuilding, nor will the number of the ships provided for in the naval programme be increased. The German Government only intends to continue in the same path as regards its naval programme that was traced out from the very beginning—namely, the creation of a fleet for defensive purposes and for the protection of German trade abroad; a fleet that will be adequate for the requirements of Germany, but at the same time will be a source of menace to no other country whatsoever.

I have very little doubt that these authentic remarks about the trend of Count von Bülow's general policy and of the naval policy of the German Government towards England will be treated with scepticism in many quarters on your side of the Channel, where distrust of Germany and of German statesmen has for long been the order of the day. On the strength of an inaccurate report connected with Herr Paasche's speech at Kreuznach, Count von Bülow's remarks made to me last November * were accounted for by a writer of some eminence on the ground that in the first place a "frame of mind" had to be created which would induce the members of the Reichstag to vote the money for a fresh naval programme, and in the second place that it was desirable to keep alive the anti-British feeling in Germany with a view to future uses. When Admiral von Tirpitz announced in February what the contents of his contemplated Navy Act Amendment Bill would be—namely, an appeal for the restoration of the six large cruisers for foreign service struck out by the Reichstag in 1900, and for seven new torpedo-boat divisions (*i.e.*, forty-two new destroyers) in place of the seven small cruisers likewise struck out in 1900, it was again inaccurately reported in London that the Naval Secretary had announced his intention to apply for more *battleships*, a report which I admit was taken from German newspapers. Where was the necessity of creating a "frame of mind" for a new naval programme? The Naval Secretary declared he would ask for considerably less than it was anticipated he would ask for. He adheres to his original programme, as foreshadowed in the conversation above recorded which took

* *Cf.* "The Nineteenth Century and After," December 1904.

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place some days before Admiral von Tirpitz revealed the contents of his intended Amendment Bill.

It may be submitted that Germany is rather sore that we were able to effect an alliance with Japan in the East and an *entente cordiale* with France, and that these results, arrived at without the German Government being even informed by us of what was contemplated, show every sign of stability. Be this as it may, it is quite certain that at the present juncture the Berlin Government is most anxious to maintain amicable relations with us. It may suit the purpose of German publicists to show how sour they find the grapes by foreshadowing a dangerous situation for us the moment the war terminates in favour of Japan; but we can afford to pass over this music for the future as unheard. There will be no repetition of an interference like that of 1895; and the Powers that have predominant interests in the Far East will doubtless know how to take care of themselves.

What, however, is the object of attributing to the German Chancellor a deep-laid plan for keeping alive the anti-British feeling in Germany when that feeling has all but disappeared, and when, at the time these words were used, efforts were being made, with the encouragement of the Chancellor, to dissipate all regrettable misunderstandings between Germany and Britain?

The failure to comprehend the efforts of the leading statesmen of the two countries at the present juncture to dissipate existing misunderstandings, and the desire of Count von Bülow to employ methods calculated to attain this end, seem to me to be deplorable. The trend of events will necessarily show that a policy of animosity towards Britain could not possibly form part of Count von Bülow's political programme. It is conceivable that many of the methods employed by the German Government within the last few years have not appealed to British notions; but what is there to show that such methods are likely to continue? The course of diplomacy is not tied down to one hard-and-fast line of action. The

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scenes are constantly shifting, and those statesmen prove the best political stage-managers who can adapt themselves more skilfully than their colleagues to the exigencies of these changes. At the present juncture eruptions of far-reaching significance are in process of development, and I see no reason for not attaching significance to the words recorded above from the mouth of a statesman in touch with his countrymen: "The national instinct of Germany always slides back to the conviction that Germans and Englishmen are linked together by more natural and consequently by closer ties than those that could possibly subsist between Germany and the Latin or the *Slav people*" (my italics). These last words are a truism, but the stress always laid by German statesmen on the relations to be kept up with "our traditional friend" is naturally utilised in England to eliminate the possibility of good relations existing simultaneously between Germany and Russia and Germany and England. The truth cannot, however, be dissimulated that educated Germany abhors the Muscovite system, and the masses of the German people have now less sympathy than ever with Russia; whereas educated Germany and commercial Germany lean towards England, and the masses of the German people have no inborn instinct against England, but have been taught to look upon England as the protectress and promoter of the freedom of the people.

In view of the political changes that are generating in the world, are Britons to submit to the dictates of a bickering, cantankerous, wrangling minority, and thus acquire the epithet of a "nation of naggers"? Surely there is nothing so disastrous to business relations as petty litigation and cavilling. Why always be seeking the mote in one's neighbour's eye instead of attending to the beam in one's own? I would submit a like question, *ceteris paribus*, to the German nation, but am desirous, at the same time, of laying stress on the fact that the merchants and manufacturers of the German Empire —the men on whom the welfare and prosperity of the working classes as well as their own depend, the men who are the back-

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bone of the practical intelligence, the power and wealth of the Empire—have at length stepped forward from their reserve and have given a demonstrative denial to the wild falsehoods about deep-rooted Teuton hostility to England and the English that have been current in Britain, and have been misleading the British public for the last few years.

The Minister of Trade and Commerce, Herr Möller, when addressing the German Associated Chambers of Commerce a few weeks ago, laid stress upon the necessity that German men of business should take a more leading part in the affairs of the country. The Government, as well as other circles in the Empire, are tired of pedantry and mediocrity and one-sidedness in public life, and are clamouring to see men of practical intelligence participating in the discussion and direction of national business, as is the case in England.

The Germans, however, must also try to realise the position of things. Hitherto German traders and manufacturers have received the same privileges as native British traders and manufacturers in the markets of the United Kingdom and of the Colonies and dependencies of the British Empire, whilst the German Empire has raised up a commercial fortress defended by tariffs, menacingly glaring at us as so many pistols and cannons, in their character of potential destroyers of British trade and industry. Some means must be devised on this side to create a *modus vivendi*, a system that does not aggravate the difficulties of British competitors in return for the generous treatment that has always been meted out on British soil to German competitors and colonists.

The mutual distrust of the navies of the two countries must also be taken into account. The fact cannot be blinked, that, whilst the Germans want us to believe their assurances of the "defensive" nature of their concentrated fleet, the talkers in their Press have unfortunately not grasped the fact that neither does Britain's fleet exist for aggressive, but for defensive purposes. This fact was pointed out by another Civil Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. E. G. Pretyman, M.P.,

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shortly after Mr. Lee delivered his speech; but his words were not dwelt upon by the German Press. People in no sphere of the German Empire can understand that no British Government would remain in office if it were known that they contemplated a war of aggression in Europe; but, as this is quite true, Germany may rest assured that a naval war between Germany and England will neither commence nor be provoked by Great Britain.

In conversation with one of the highest naval officials in Berlin a short time ago, I pointed out that some people amongst us are fond of declaring that German professors are never weary of telling us that the British Empire is bound sooner or later to go the way of all other empires in history, and that consequently the quotation, "This is the heir; come, let us kill him, and the inheritance shall be ours," *is the view of that section of German opinion, official and unofficial, which is responsible for the growth of the German navy.* I showed him a quotation that put the case in these words. His reply was:

I cannot tell what authority German professors or German pastors cite for promulgating views of this kind; nor am I responsible for the exaggerations of the Flotten Verein, or for the views of uninitiated naval or military officers. But I do affirm to you most emphatically, and you may tell it to your countrymen, with as much emphasis as you like, that such ideas are preposterous and mere rubbish.

How can anybody who is capable of gauging the relative strength of the two navies entertain the idea that the German navy, either now or within any period of time that we can foresee, could contemplate the possibility of annihilating the British navy? Why, even the letter as well as the spirit of the much-quoted preamble to the Navy Bill introduced in 1900 is misrepresented in your country. We do not in that preamble even contemplate the possibility of victory; we talk only of the certainty of our own annihilation or defeat in the event of war. It is there said: "Germany must have a battle-fleet of such strength that a war with even the most mighty naval rival would be attended with such dangers that the power of the latter would be jeopardised." We do not speak of the British navy; but for purposes of argument apply them, if you like, to the British navy, or to any other strong navy, such as that of France; but if you do so, do not omit to quote the

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context. I have never seen the context quoted in England. The very next words of this context runs as follows:

> For this purpose it is not absolutely necessary that the German battle-fleet should be as strong as that of the mightiest naval Power, for a great naval Power will generally not be in a position to concentrate all its forces against us. But even should it succeed in meeting us with very superior forces, the overthrow of a strong German fleet would so considerably weaken the opponent that even after victory its fleet would no longer be sufficient to secure its own power.

Now our meaning is that we do not contemplate, and never have contemplated, naval aggression against Britain; but we wish to have a navy of such a strength that the mightiest naval Power would hesitate before attacking us for fear of the consequences even of victory. In the case of England, we do not anticipate that the British fleet would not be the victor. In order, however, to be placed in the position sketched out by the Navy Act, Germany claims the right to decide for herself what the strength of her navy shall be.

We German naval officers have met and associated with British naval officers all over the world. We look upon the latter as our comrades *par excellence*; we get on with them better than with the naval officers of any other country. It is an outrage to declare that the aim and object of German naval policy is to fight the British navy, and to say they aim at defeating it is too stupid for consideration.

Your people have a very false idea of our Emperor if they attribute to him sinister aims of this kind. We should be setting ourselves an impossible task, and wantonly risking our own position in the world. If we pointed out, in the preamble to the Navy Act of 1900, the certainty of our defeat and the risks that would be run by our conqueror, what do you suppose would be the consequences of *defeat* to *us*? If the position of our victor would be affected so seriously *vis-à-vis* to the *tertii gaudentes*, what would be our position? Surely our interpretation of our own words is a justifiable one. The war your countrymen credit us with preparing for would inevitably, according to our own words, spell absolute ruin to *us*; and do you suppose that we are going to run our head against such a wall? No; we are not preparing our navy for an aggressive war against England or any other Power; but we feel it to be our bounden duty to prepare ourselves for every possible eventuality on the principle of *si vis pacem, para bellum*. If people will not believe our assurances, I can say no more.

I note that the reports that the German fleet had been mobilised last autumn, and the Christmas leave of the men had been curtailed at Christmas, have been recently reaffirmed. This is all nonsense; there is not a word of truth in the reports. People talked of a feverish haste in the dockyards. They do not know what they are talking of. Our ships were undergoing their annual repairs, and, as we have a scarcity of dockyards, we make experiments

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to see how the arrangements are best made. Whoever inferred from this that we were making preparations for war must be very poorly posted in our naval matters.

Sir Thomas Barclay's reception in Berlin by the German Associated Chambers of Commerce furnishes material which may be handled as a suitable pendant to what has been said in the above lines. It was a striking demonstration of the groundlessness of those acrimonious accusations of the deep-rootedness of hatred to Britain in the German people, rather too recklessly made by agitators who seem determined to hold up Germany to general obloquy in England in revenge for the sins of ill-guided Teutons during our South African War, and for the wild and senseless lucubrations of irresponsible and fantastic professors and publicists.

Sir Thomas Barclay was originally introduced to the business world of Germany as a philanthropist, with business habits and business qualifications, bent on solving in an unofficial way to the best of his power the difficult problem how best to dissipate all the clouds of misunderstanding that are, and have been for so long, obscuring the international sense of proportion of Germans and Englishmen. He succeeded in gaining the confidence of those he met.

In the month of February the German Associated Chambers of Commerce (the Handelstag) are wont to hold their annual meetings, and the members dine together on that occasion at a banquet. The Handelstag determined to invite Sir Thomas Barclay this year to come over to meet and converse with its members, and it should be noted that the gentlemen who then foregathered in Berlin represented every branch of trade and industry in the German Empire. The demonstration that was then enacted was not got up by the official world, but was marshalled by the representatives of the commercial intelligence of the land—the chief manufacturers and the chief merchants, whose action was only warmly approved and supported by the Government. There was no gush about it. The whole series of receptions was characterised by dignity

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and solidity befitting the present independent condition of German trade and industry.

On February 15 the Associated Chambers gave a banquet, to which they invited Sir Thomas Barclay. He delivered his speech in German, and touched the chief chord at once by saying that the two peoples did not know one another well enough. This want of knowledge of one another was one of the chief causes of misunderstanding between nations. "What knows he of England who only England knows?" Should one not adopt the proverb *Nosse amicum* as well as the old Roman adage *Nosse hostem?* The speaker traced how it was that the *entente* between the French and the English peoples was brought about; how not so very long ago every point of difference was regarded as a reason for war. Suddenly merchants and manufacturers of the two countries put their heads together and determined that they would raise their voice and see that their wishes were listened to. The British Associated Chambers of Commerce held a meeting in Paris and demonstrated to the world and to the Governments and peoples of Great Britain and France that British trade and industry cried "Stop!" to the machinations of agitators. All classes supported the movement, and clamoured for peace and reconciliation. Then followed arbitration treaties, first between France and England, whose example was speedily followed by other countries. A good deal lies between everlasting peace and everlasting wrangling that practical men could realise even if the dream of the philosopher were still unrealisable. Trade was based on credit, credit on confidence, and confidence on honesty. Men of business had a sense of proportion, and the guiding principle of industrial life was to regulate one's methods according to the ends one has in view. Statesmen should in this respect act like men of business. The greatest interest of a country engaged in trade and commerce lies in peace. "The greatest interest of England is peace," said a former Lord Derby. Could we not say with equal truth that the greatest interest of Germany, France, Italy, and the United States was peace?

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I need not tell you [said Sir Thomas Barclay] that the present strained relations between Germans and Englishmen react very unfavourably on trade. Every pin-prick in the Press is accepted as emanating from responsible sources, and despite the efforts of the two Governments mutual ill-will is engendered, rendering the future uncertain and discouraging every kind of enterprise. Let us hold out our hands and declare that it is our mutual interest to further good relations between the two countries. The world is large enough for both of us, and our industrial rivalry is a manly struggle, that develops and hardens our manly force. Let us, if possible, lessen the causes for increasing our armaments for war, and put an end to our mutual distrust for one another as to our future policy. I trust that this movement will meet with support all over Germany, and that my fellow-countrymen and you will be convinced that it is our mutual interest to show patience towards one another, and to bring about close union between the Western Powers for the purpose of maintaining good and pacific relations.

In response to this speech, which was received with unanimous, loud, and lasting applause from all sides, the President of the Associated Chambers of Commerce, Geheimer Commerzienrat Frentzel, rose to reply. He said:

I am entitled to speak on behalf of the representatives of German trade and German industry who are here assembled, and on behalf of those who sent them, and in their name to endorse the views just expressed. And I think I am not wrong in assuming that the other professions, and amongst them I include all the educated classes of our Fatherland, are of the same opinion, and that isolated utterances to the contrary that may be found in individual organs of the Press do not meet with real support in Germany.

It is very natural that this should be so, for we have to thank England for a great deal. English literature has long been loved and honoured by Germans, and it is not necessary for me to remind you that William Shakespeare has, intellectually speaking, also become for us Germans one of us, and that he was the leader and pattern for our intellectual heroes in the days of our best classics. Similarly in the many fields of science, but above all in the field of technics. The English were our leaders and instructors here also. There is hardly a monumental building in Germany for technical education where you will not find some symbol of the memory of Watt and Stephenson. And the English, too, have willingly learnt from us; and names such as those of Alexander von Humboldt, Helmholz, Virchow, Bunsen, Kirchhoff, Gauss, and many others are as esteemed and honoured in England as they are in their own Fatherland.

. . Is it not quite natural that we should always have seen in England a nation that stands in close and congenial relations to ourselves, especially as the political history of the last centuries shows that in this field also the two

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countries have almost always followed similar aims; while statistics demonstrate that as regards exports and imports each is amongst the other's best customers?

. . . We wish that relations of honest friendship may exist between the two countries, such as are characteristic of manly and energetic natures, each side allowing for the peculiarities of the other, and each ready to give the other his due. . . . I again thank Sir Thomas Barclay very cordially for coming to-night and for giving us an opportunity for exchanging our thoughts; and I trust that what we have said will be gladly re-echoed in the minds of our fellow-countrymen on both sides.

These words were also greeted with applause, and the German Press of the capital and the provinces dealt with the question at some length and in sympathetic terms.

Several representatives of the British Press were honoured by the Associated Chambers of Commerce with invitations to this banquet, where they were enabled to hear for themselves from the leading men of German trade and industry that a strong desire exists in these spheres for a restoration of those good relations between the two countries to the severance of which they did not contribute, for it was brought about by conditions over which they had no control.

Nobody will deny that Germany has become one of England's greatest rivals. Whereas Germany formerly imported her iron from England, it is Germany now that exports a large quantity of that metal to England. Germany now builds her own warships, and her shipbuilding yards have acquired a world-wide reputation; she can construct machines so as to compete with us, and has taken from us our supremacy in the chemical industry. But none of the leading manufacturers of Germany could be caught napping about the real extent of Britain's commercial position, whatever their justifiable pride about the position they have acquired through their own push, energy, and diligence. The opinion seems to prevail in German commercial circles that the factors they claim as indispensable for modern mercantile and commercial life would remove the chief causes of the complaints raised against English men of business if they were placed in the

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way of Englishmen. To do this rests with our own people. They have the material as regards men; all that is wanted is a reform in methods, and a little more elasticity as regards the adaptation to modern requirements.

If Sir Thomas Barclay's visit to Berlin has attained nothing else—and pessimists will not be wanting to see nothing in it but an interchange of phrases—it has at least demonstrated beyond the power of denial the ponderous fact that the manufacturers and merchants of Germany have unanimously declared at their this year's meeting in Berlin that they have no sympathy whatever with those who foment enmity between Germany and England, and that they desire to see the two countries living on amicable terms whilst continuing their competitive struggle in their respective fields of labour.

J. L. Bashford.

Berlin, *March* 1905.

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POPULAR SONGS OF OLD CANADA

A MUSICAL and light-hearted people the early settlers of Canada were, and their descendants to-day have lost none of the old characteristic of the race. Hard work and privation do not discourage them, and at the close of a trying day's toil, after the tea things have been laid carefully away, and the head of the household has smoked his pipeful of home-grown tobacco, it is no uncommon custom for him to take down his violin and play a programme of dances for the young people. Sometimes he takes a hand in the dance himself, doing his share with the nimblest of them. At ten o'clock the impromptu ball comes to an end, and all retire from the merry scene to seek repose against the next day's labour.

The ballads brought over the sea by the soldiers, sailors and peasants from Provence, Normandy, Brittany, Saintonge, Bas Pitou, Franche-Comté, and other parts of France, have been well preserved all these years. Most of them belong to the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; few of them had names, and fewer still had been printed, until Mr. Ernest Gagnon, a close and zealous antiquary, made a journey among the people, and took down from their lips the words and tunes which had been transmitted from one generation to another with little mutation. But while in the parent land many

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of these old songs have disappeared entirely and are no longer known among the peasantry, it is curious to observe that they continue to exist in Lower Canada, and are sung to the same ancient airs in vogue three centuries ago. An occasional change in the words may be noted, and some Anglicisms have doubtless crept in, but for the most part the ballad is the same. A student of folk-lore, living in France, not long ago collected in Quebec province several specimens, of which, for years, all trace had been lost in the country of their origin. Their authorship even is unknown. As the quaint collector remarked, they simply grew.

In his instructions to the committee appointed in 1852, at the suggestion of Louis Napoleon, to search for French ballads, M. Ampère noted these marks of the ancient ballad: The use of assonance in place of rhyme; the brusque character of the recital; the textual repetition of three and seven; and the representation of the commonest objects of everyday life as being made of gold and silver. An English writer, Mr. Edward Farrer, says that "the Canadian ballads are the pure and unadulterated article of the Middle Ages." Indeed the French collectors have actually been indebted to their transatlantic kinsmen for some of the best specimens of the ballads of Normandy and Brittany. The first three verses of "En roulant ma boule" will give the reader a good idea of the subject-matter and style of these ballads. The king's son is a leading personage in many of the ballads, and his weapons and accoutrements are always of gold and silver. In some ballads, the "Claire Fontaine" for example, a love-sick youth discourses with a nightingale on the merits of his mistress; others deal with seafaring incidents; and others, again, with field sports and military adventures. The habitant holds fast to the ballads of his forefathers, as to their language, religion, and legends. In all things he is a strict Conservative. To the Church he renders faithful obedience. Every island and rock in the St. Lawrence marks the scene of a miracle, or of the exploit of some sainted missionary, and wherever he

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goes he carries with him a primitive belief in the Christian mysteries which rarely succumbs to the materialism of these latter days. Messrs. Champfleury and Marmier, who have studied this subject, have also noticed the same characteristics of the French-Canadian of the present day. And this opinion is also shared by Dr. Hubert Larne in his papers on Canadian folk-lore and the songs of old Canada.

Some of these songs have excited a good deal of controversy. The most popular of these is "A la claire fontaine." "On n'est par Canadien sans cela," says M. Gagnon. It is said to be of Norman origin; others aver that it was first sung in La Franche-Comté. M. Rathery says that it was transported to Canada by a family of French emigrants, probably from Brittany, during the reign of Louis XIV. Larne declares that its origin is completely lost. No fewer than five versions of it have been found. Bourinot, a careful investigator, sides with Champfleury, and gives Normandy as its birthplace. It is a delightful love-story, and the words are allied to a most attractive air. Three of these songs express the regret of a young girl for the loss of her friend Pierre, while the Canadian version represents the lover regretting the refusal of a bouquet of roses from his mistress, doubtless in a moment of pique, or, mayhap, a lovers' quarrel. Some years ago this ballad was sung in a theatre in Paris, with its own Canadian air, amid great applause. At carnival gatherings, when the cloth is removed, it is always called for, and all present join in the refrain. We give the Normandy version, as it is the one always sung in Canada:

A la claire fontaine
M'en allant promener,
J'ai trouvé l'eau si belle
Que je m'y suis baigné.
I' y a longtemps que je t'aime, (*bis*)
Jamais je ne t'oublierai.

J'ai trouvé l'eau si belle
Que je m'y suis baigné,

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Et c'est au pied d'un chêne
  Que je m' suis reposé.

Et c'est au pied d'un chêne
  Que je m'y suis reposé ;
Sur la plus haute branche
  Le rossignol chantait.

Sur la plus haute branche
  Le rossignol chantait ;
Chante rossignol, chante,
  Toi qui as le cœur gai.

Chante rossignol, chante,
  Toi qui as le cœur gai ;
Tu as le cœur à rire,
  Moi je l'ai-t-à pleurer.

Tu as le cœur à rire,
  Moi je l'ai-t-à pleurer ;
J'ai perdu ma maîtresse
  Sans pouvoir la trouver.

J'ai perdu ma maîtresse
  Sans pouvoir la trouver ;
Pour un bouquet de roses
  Que je lui refusai.

Pour un bouquet de roses
  Que je lui refusai ;
Je voudrais que la rose
  Fût encore au rosier.

Je voudrais que la rose
  Fût encore au rosier,
Et que le rosier même
  Fût dans la mer jeté.
    I' y a longtemps que je t'aime,
    Jamais je ne t'oublierai.

A good many translations have been made of this spirited ballad. Mr. William McLennan's version, however, being the best, I give it here :

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Down to the crystal streamlet
I strayed at close of day;
Into its limpid waters
I plunged without delay.
I've loved thee long and dearly,
I'll love thee, sweet, for aye.

Into its limpid waters
I plunged without delay;
Then 'mid the flowers springing
At the oak-tree's foot I lay.

Then 'mid the flowers springing
At the oak-tree's foot I lay;
Sweet the nightingale was singing,
High on the topmost spray.

Sweet the nightingale was singing,
High on the topmost spray;
Sweet bird! keep ever singing
Thy song with heart so gay.

Sweet bird! keep ever singing
Thy song with heart so gay;
Thy heart was made for laughter,
My heart's in tears to-day.

Thy heart was made for laughter,
My heart's in tears to-day;
Tears for a fickle mistress,
Flown from its love away.

Tears for a fickle mistress,
Flown from its love away,
All for these faded roses
Which I refused in play.

All for these faded roses
Which I refused in play—
Would that each rose were growing
Still on the rose-tree gay!

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Would that each rose were growing
Still on the rose-tree gay,
And that the fatal rose-tree
Deep in the ocean lay.
I've loved thee long and dearly,
I'll love thee, sweet, for aye.

One of the most famous of the old songs of Canada is "Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre," which goes with a swing and is the favourite ballad sung after dinner at banquets, and even in the Canadian House of Commons, at the close of every Session of Parliament at Ottawa. In the habitant's home in the country it enjoys great vogue. It has quite a history. Father Prout, in his "Reliques," says:

Who has not hummed in his lifetime the immortal air of Malbrouck? Still, if the best antiquary were called on to supply the original poetic composition, such as it burst on the world in the decline of the classic era of Queen Anne and Louis XIV., I fear he would be unable to gratify the curiosity of an eager public in so interesting an inquiry. For many reasons, therefore, it is highly meet and proper that I should consign it to the imperishable tablets of those written memorials.

And further, he adds:

It may not be uninteresting to learn that both the tune and the words were composed as a lullaby to set the infant Dauphin to sleep; and that, having succeeded in the object of soporific efficacy, the poetess (for some make Madame de Sévigné the authoress of "Malbrouck," she being a sort of "L.E.L." in her day) deemed historical accuracy a minor consideration. It is a fact that this tune is the only one relished by the South Sea Islanders, who find it "most musical, most melancholy."

Chateaubriand, in his "Itinéraire de Jérusalem," says the air was brought from Palestine by Crusaders. In "French Songs," by John Oxenford, there is a note by Dumersan and Ségur, suggesting that the words were probably brought back by the soldiers of Villars and Boufflers after Malplaquet. The great Napoleon is said to have admired the song very much. It haunted him, and he was often heard humming it when getting ready for battle. "The Emperor," says the Count de

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Las Casas, in the "Mémorial de Sainte Hélène," a few weeks before his death, in speaking of this song, remarked, "What a thing ridicule is; it bedims everything, even victory." And then he laughed to himself as he hummed over the first couplet:

Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine,
Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre,
Ne sait quand reviendra.

And, during the Red River Rebellion of 1885 in the Canadian North-West, when footsore and weary after much marching, the French-Canadian 65th Regiment, almost exhausted, paused a moment to rest, one of their number was heard to remark, "Ah! when will we get home?" "Ah, mes garçons," laughed General Strange,

"Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre,
Mais quand reviendra-t-il?"

With characteristic light-heartedness the men caught up the air, and the march was resumed without further murmuring.

In popularity "En roulant ma boule: Chanson du canard blanc," ranks next to "A la claire fontaine." It is a favourite with snow-shoers on their tramps into the country, and at the camp fire it is often heard. It has a ringing air, pitched in a high key, as, indeed, all these songs are, and the refrain is catchy and easily taken up:

Derrièr' chez-nous, y a-t-un étang,
En roulant ma boule.
Trois beaux canards s'en vont baignant,
En roulant ma boule.
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
En roulant ma boule roulant,
En roulant ma boule.

"Alouette" is another rousing marching song. It affords splendid scope for the improvisatore to exercise his talent for rapid verse-making. It is also sung in the cabins and lumber

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camps, and ranks high in the esteem of the canoemen and voyagers. It is frequently heard on the waters of the St. Lawrence, the St. Maurice, and the Ottawa, and in the expedition commanded by Lord Wolseley his gallant French-Canadian contingent of raftsmen sang this and other songs on the River Nile, which served as an inspiration during the prosecution of their hazardous and difficult task. Here is another characteristic voyager's song :

Parmi les voyageurs, y a de bons enfants,
Et qui ne mangent guère, mais qui boivent souvent ;
Et la pipe à la bouche, et le verre à la main,
Ils disent : Camarades, versez-moi du vin.

Lorsque nous faisons rout', la charge sur le dos,
En disant : Camarades, ah ! Grand Dieu, qu'il fait chaud !
Que la chaleur est grande ! il faut nous refraichir ;
A la fin du voyage, on prendra du plaisir.

Ah ! bonjour donc, Nannon, ma charmante Lison,
C'est-i'-toi, qui porte des souliers si mignons ?
Garnis de rubans blancs, par derrièr' par devant,
Ce sont des voyageurs, qui t'en ont fait présent.

There are at least twenty of these songs, all of which are in constant requisition, and regularly sung by those hardy raftsmen while pursuing their calling. As Mr. Gagnon, himself a cultured French-Canadian, in his "Chansons Populaires," says, many of the songs of old Canada "have no beauty except on the lips of the peasantry," so may the same dictum be applied to the sea and river songs of the seafaring populace and canoemen.

Strictly speaking, "Brigadier" is not a Canadian song at all, nor is it of very ancient extraction, but of its great popularity with the people of French Canada there is no doubt. It is sung at all festive boards, and at every public gathering it always occupies a place of honour on the programme :

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Deux gendarmes, un beau dimanche,
Chevauchaient le long du sentier ;
L'un portait la sardine blanche,
L'autre le jaune baudrier.
Le premier dit d'un ton sonore :
Le temps est beau pour la saison.
Brigadier, répondit Pandore,
Brigadier, vous avez raison.

The air of "Le pommier doux," says McLennan, who has Englished the song very cleverly,

is familiar to French and English alike, and with its modern words and title or "Vive la Canadienne" has been very generally accepted as our national air. It is sung in Franche-Comté, but to an air different from ours, and lacking the verse "Les feuilles en sont vertes," which is so decided an addition to our Canadian song.

As an illustration, these verses will suffice :

Par derrier' chez mon père,
Vole, mon cœur, vole,
Par derrier' chez mon père,
I' y a-t-un pommier doux ;
Tout doux,
I' y a-t-un pommier doux.

Les feuilles en sont vertes,
Vole, mon cœur, vole,
Les feuilles en sont vertes,
Et le fruit en est doux ;
Tout doux,
Et le fruit en est doux.

Young Jean Baptiste, born and bred in a musical home, however humble in its surroundings, is not many weeks old before he finds his infant slumbers lulled by this touching distich, which is repeated over and over again until the drooping eyelids close, and the last rock to the cradle is given by the friendly elder sister :

Dors, bébé, dors, ferme tes beaux yeux,
Dors, bébé, dors dormons tous les deux.

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Should he awake, his ears are greeted with the musical refrain:

Ma petite Jacquelaine de se Marie Jean,
Dors et mon fils fais dodo,
Dérange dont point ta mère,
De la carotte au choux.
Dors, dors, dors, mon fils,
Fait dodo, dodiche, dodo.

As age increases, and the cradle comes to be occupied by another—for French-Canadian families run from ten to twenty-eight—our baby, at eventide, is walked about the room in the strong arms of the mater, who sings softly, in a low crooning voice:

Papa est en haut, il nous fait des sabots.
Mama est en bas, nous tricote des p'tit bas.
Fais dodo la pinoche, pinoche, fais dodo, fais
Dodo, fais dodo, la pinoche.

The most popular of the sleepy songs is the famous "Poulette grise," which is still sung in both Old and New France. There are several versions of the ditty, the best of which is, certainly, the following:

C'est la poulette blanche
Qui pond dans les branches,
Ell' va pondre, etc.

C'est la poulette noir
Qui pond dans l'armoire,
Ell' va pondre, etc.

C'est la poulette verte
Qui pond dans les couvertes,
Ell' va pondre, etc.

C'est la poulette brune
Qui pond dans la lune,
Ell' va pondre, etc.

C'est la poulette jaune
Qui pond dans les aulnes,

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Ell' va pondrer un beau coco
Pour son p'tit qui va fair' dodiche,
Ell' va pondrer un beau p'tit coco,
Pour son p'tit qui va faire dodo,
Dodiche, dodo.

Another cradle-song, entitled "Pinpanipolo," equally good in manner and in story, is exceedingly popular with Canadian nurses. Of course the lusty young French-Canadian has, like his English brother, a goodly share of nonsense verses. The English boy submits, with, perhaps, a frown or two, to the indignity of the old familiar:

Knock at the door,
Peep in,
Lift the latch,
Walk in.

Jean Baptiste listens with becoming gravity to "Ventre de son—estomac d'grue—falle de pigeon—menton forchon—bec d'argent—nez cancan—joue bouillie—joue rôtie—p'tit œil—grat œil—soucillon—soucillette—cogne—cogne—cogne la mailloche."

And here is the French version of the button story: "Riche, pauvre, coquin, voleur, riche, pauvre, coquin, voleur, riche, etc.," until the last button on the coat is included in the count.

Songs there are for merry round games, the most amusing being the one described by De Gaspé in his excellent account of "Les Anciens Canadiens." In the convent, as well as in some of the secular schools, this pastime is regularly played at the recreation hour. The children take hold of hands in a circle, and, while running round and round, repeat:

Ramenez vos moutons, bergère,
Belle bergère, vos moutons.

One breaks away from her companions on the left or right, opening the circle, and runs about, in and out, followed by her mates, who still keep hold of hands, in a string, until the

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chain is reunited. There are two versions of this pretty dance and game.

As soon as young Jean Baptiste has attained the dignity of pantaloons, he joins a snow-shoe club, and sings, thereafter, his own melodies, "En roulant ma boule," "A la claire fontaine," "Brigadier," and "Alouette" being the favourites in his somewhat extensive repertoire.

GEORGE STEWART.

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THE LATER BOURBONS

THE strength of this book[1] lies in its review of French society and economic conditions, of French literature, art, and philosophy during the epoch of Constitutional Government which intervened between the First Empire and the Revolution of 1848. The political affairs of the period, domestic and foreign, are sketched in the first two chapters, in which the narrative is closely compressed and absolutely colourless. In the remaining and far the larger portion of the volume the treatment is more generous; the outlines are filled in; there is a sense of light and shade; and the picture, though still drawn with an almost excessive impartiality, is vivid, clear, and interesting. Numerous portraits of distinguished men, and reproductions of contemporary views depicting famous scenes, customs, fashions, &c., enliven the text and supply effective illustrations of the narrative.

"France," says M. Weill, "contains in reality two different countries—Paris and the provinces. It was during this period that the domination of Paris was most incontestable." He therefore describes Paris first, then provincial France. The Court, as a leader of society, fell comparatively into the background; society, dominated till 1830 by the *salons*, was split up between the Faubourg St. Germain, the Faubourg St.

[1] "La France sous la Monarchie constitutionelle (1814–1848)." (Bibliothèque d'Histoire Illustrée). Par Georges Weill. Paris: Société Française d'éditions d'art.

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Honoré, the Chaussée d'Antin, and other less notable groups. Under the Restoration political conversation abounded; in the reign of Louis Philippe it was no longer fashionable. Under the influence of growing wealth and luxury, the older barriers gradually broke down, but new ones were set up; the rich were courted; foreigners pressed in—Russians, Americans, English; *esprit* faded away; the "mode nouvelle du cigare" drew off the men into the smoking-room; the cult of the piano destroyed conversation. The *haute bourgeoisie* began more and more to take the lead. It was characterised by a hatred of despotism and a distrust of the Court; it paraded the aristocracy of fortune against the aristocracy of birth; it worshipped order and practised the family virtues; it was philanthropic towards the lower classes, on condition that they recognised their inferiority. But it had no sentiment, no art, no poetry; it failed entirely to understand what was wanted to lead a people emancipated in 1793. It was a close corporation, since 1830 the sole repository of power; and it clung to power till it fell.

Between Paris and the provinces the one link was the vast army of "fonctionnaires." Place under Government became a general object of competition; favour was the grand avenue to fortune; successive Ministries turned out their predecessors' nominees and put in their own. Corruption and indolence took a deadly hold of the bureaucracy. Life in the provinces was dull and unambitious; classes kept apart; the nobility, the lawyers, the tradesmen formed each their own society. Otherwise wealth was the criterion, and the wealthy would now seem poor; a family was regarded as rich at Nantes which could spend £500 a year. The working classes were poor and ignorant, miserably housed and fed. Class distinctions prevailed everywhere; ideals and ideas differed. "If there was one idea common to all the subjects of Louis Philippe, it was that France, in spite of the superiority of other nations in numbers, military strength, or commerce, was the first country in the world."

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The religious movement of the period claims a chapter to itself, and one of much interest, especially in view of present disputes. The *émigrés* and the orthodox clergy united after the Restoration in upholding "the league of throne and altar." But the French priesthood was divided between Ultramontanism and Gallicanism. In this dispute of long standing the greatest religious force was Lamennais, the impassioned Breton, the keen dialectician, at this time an ardent supporter of Ultramontane views. The "Congrégation," the centre of Jesuit activity, laboured for the same ends. Missions were energetically propagated, within and without France; vigorous and persistent efforts were made to capture education. The campaign was at first successful: Liberalism was suppressed in the University; between Liberals and Clericals a fierce combat ensued; the *mot* of Gambetta was already the watchword of the Opposition. The tide turned with the Revolution of July; and one of its most remarkable effects was that Lamennais turned with it. The author of the "Essay on Indifference" made a pact with liberty; the altar, so far as he controlled it, severed itself from the throne, at least from the throne of the Reaction. Montalembert and Lacordaire started *L'Avenir;* and, when that journal was condemned by Gregory XVI., Lamennais broke also with Rome. Another remarkable change now occurred. The dislike of the *bourgeoisie* for the reactionary Church gave way to a different sentiment, now that the clergy were, at least partly, infected by the Liberalism of Lamennais and his friends, and rendered innocuous by the Revolution. With friendly feelings religion made way; the middle class, hitherto indifferent or hostile, became *dévote.* Journalism aided orthodoxy; *L'Univers,* under Veuillot, championed the cause of religion; Montalembert directed the political action of the party; the preaching of Lacordaire, "the new Savonarola," thrilled Paris; associations like the Society of St. Vincent de Paul and the Little Sisters of the Poor carried their enthusiasm all over France. But if the faith made headway among the electors, it lost ground with

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the unenfranchised masses, the peasants and the artisans; the attack on the University resulted in a drawn battle; and religion widened the gulf already yawning, before 1848, between rich and poor, the cultured and the ignorant, the governing and the governed classes.

As the liberal movement of ideas affected politics and religion, so, too, it affected literature and art. In literature it took the form of Romanticism, scorning the classical tradition which savoured of the "ancien régime." Romanticism was individualist, with a tendency to be anarchical. "Instead of depicting general feelings, it placed the individual on the stage." If, in expressing their emotions, the Romanticists not infrequently became sentimental, they at least preferred truth to convention, and naturally, in a new age, rebelled against the bonds and traditions of the old. Affected by the failure of so many upheavals in the name of liberty, they displayed the melancholy of the disillusioned; they suffered from "l'ennui de vivre, naturel à toute âme bien née." They fled to inanimate nature as a refuge from human disappointments; the picturesque, hitherto wanting in French literature, came into vogue; hence a new love of the country, of local colour, and a passion for the past. Religion itself became picturesque, and was seen to afford openings for literary treatment. The movement starts with Rousseau; Chateaubriand made it fashionable; translations of Shakespeare, Schiller, Scott, and Byron lent it inspiration; under Charles X. it took Paris by storm. Of the brilliant company which sparkled under the later Bourbons, Victor Hugo was the first, in his many-sided activity, his lyrics, his dramas, his romances. The production of "Hernani" preceded by five months the Revolution of July; it was itself a revolution. The great writers of the epoch were almost all the begetters or the offspring of the Romantic movement—Lamartine, de Vigny, de Musset, Gautier, Béranger, George Sand, Dumas. It affected history: Thierry described the romantic Conquest of England; Barante the adventurous life of Charles the Bold;

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Guizot the sad fate of another Charles; Thiers gave a mighty impulse to the cult of Napoleon, by depicting the glories of the Consulate and the Empire; Lamartine's "History of the Girondins" prepared men's minds for the Revolution of '48. In Michelet the movement culminated; "an ardent spirit, a passionate student, a visionary genius, he completed what Thierry had begun—the evocation of the Middle Age."

Art was powerfully affected by the romantic movement. "Delacroix, Delaroche, Ary Scheffer, and many others were inspired by Scott or Byron." Landscape began to flourish—not the conventional and artificial landscape of Watteau and Fragonard, employed as a background to a highly artificial human society, but the truths of nature and rural life as portrayed by the Barbizon school. On one side at least—as actuated by the realistic impulse which was opposed to convention as Romanticism to Classicism—Balzac himself may be regarded as an outcome of the movement: the great Balzac "whose 'Comédie Humaine' is a document of the first order on the France of Louis Philippe."

The realistic impulse, again, combined with a humanitarianism derived partly from the Revolution, partly from the religious and philanthropic ideas of Lamennais and his followers —such was the principal force which produced the most notable French philosophy of the day. Politics and religion coloured and limited the thinkers of the Restoration; according to Renan, they shirked metaphysics, and their system, so far as they had one, was a medley of benevolent platitudes. Victor Cousin tried to adopt Hegel, "to found a philosophy suitable to a liberal government." His ideas, "extolled by the Doctrinaires and agreeable to the Romanticists, triumphed along with them in 1830." What was vague or commonplace before received regularity and point in the hands of Comte, who, rejecting revelation and scorning metaphysics, adopted the standpoint of natural science in regard to knowledge, and that of humanitarianism in regard to conduct. For him, with a practical end in view, sociology was the crown and

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culmination of all the sciences. However defective as a system of philosophy, however *bizarre* in dogma and ritual, Positivism and the Religion of Humanity are at least important and interesting as embodying some of the chief tendencies of the age.

But the most effective outcome of this philanthropic and optimistic sociology is to be seen in the teaching of those audacious theorists who founded modern Socialism. Two great facts confronted the social thinkers of the day—on the one hand the growth of national wealth and the power of capital, on the other the weakness, ignorance, and poverty of the masses. If agriculture remained nearly stationary, industry advanced rapidly, though still far in the wake of England. In spite of Bastiat, protection held firm. The rich became richer, and wealth counted for more and more in the State; the poor remained poor and degraded. Railways, manufactures, commerce—the growth of which M. Weill describes in a few rapid and vigorous strokes—seemed to benefit only the capitalist. The study of economic facts and relations on the lines of Adam Smith was naturalised in France by J. B. Say; but Say's individualism, an essentially middle-class doctrine, satisfactory to the prosperous, appealed neither to the social reformers nor to the masses. Sismondi began as a pupil of Adam Smith and a supporter of *laissez faire;* "the sufferings caused by the new industry made him change his mind"; but he had no remedy to propose, or none that did not appear to him worse than the disease. Saint Simon and Fourier, stimulated by the teaching and example of Owen, went further. The former, in a series of disjointed and spasmodic pamphlets, insisted that "the Government, invested with absolute powers, should organise the State with a view to the physical, intellectual, and moral amelioration of the poverty-stricken masses." The latter, distrusting or disbelieving in Government, relied upon voluntary association to attain the same end. On both these writers the influence on the one hand of Comte, on the other

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of Lamennais, is apparent. The Revolution of July damped the hopes of the early Socialists; the power of the middle-class electorate seemed riveted on France. Socialism was discredited by its connection with Republicanism and revolt; and the failure of the *émeutes* of 1831–1840 encouraged the governing classes in their contempt. Naturally the Socialists became more bitter and extreme. Louis Blanc demanded the "organisation du travail" to destroy the "curse of free competition," and called on the Government to redress the balance between capital and labour. Proudhon, like Fourier, "rejected the intervention of the State, but displayed more violence than all the rest against property." His aphorism, "La propriété c'est le vol," became the watchword of the masses, the rallying cry of all who, for economic and social reasons, desired the Revolution of 1848.

Alike in its constitutional experiments; in the lessons it contains for the practical politician; in its splendid if often erratic literature and art; in its turmoil of ideas, religious, philosophic and economic; in the conflicts it raised and the questions it failed to solve, the period of the Constitutional Monarchy must be carefully studied by all who would understand the France of President Loubet and M. Combes; and the student will find a suggestive and impartial instructor in M. Weill.

G. W. P.

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ABOUT "THINKING IMPERIALLY"

AT Washington a few nights ago it was my privilege to listen to an interesting philosophical discussion. The subject of death, not indeed of death as a threshold to the unknown, but of what death deprives the survivors, was under discussion; and we thought that Mr. Gladstone was dead in a sense that does not equally apply to Washington, to Bismarck, or Cavour. And when we tried to trace wherein death was sometimes positive, and then again only comparative, it seemed that the survival was an accidental survival, and must be attributed far less to the genius or character or capacity of the statesman than to some consequent of history; that unlike Prince Bismarck, whose functions were creative, Mr. Gladstone was in the position of executor for a great estate, the testamentary disposition of which he must have regarded as scarcely subject to his discretion. He found himself, as the successor of Peel, committed to distribute certain world-wide assets to the heirs of an estate where the entail had lapsed; so that with one statesman by the accident of history a volume opens, while with another a volume closes, and then when we proceeded to inquire what best accounted for Mr. Gladstone, where his mind was born, what was the fateful heritage from which it was not possible for him to escape, we said Yorktown.

This short historical retrospect need not be rejected merely

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because it has its origin at Washington, for it may prove to be the verdict of the civilised world, and it is therefore important to consider how deep an impression Lord Cornwallis's disaster a century and a quarter ago must have made upon contemporary thought; how far it may have given a wrong political bias to a generation of statesmen yet unborn, and whether these maleficent impulses are even yet exhausted; or whether, on the contrary, they may not still be in sharp conflict with what a majority of our nation believes to be its manifest destiny. Let us revert very briefly to the position disclosed by the surrender at Yorktown. England had colonised and at great cost a large portion of the Continent of North America. To compare greater things with lesser, the colonists were disinclined to pay the costs of overseas administration, just as Rhodesian settlers are to-day unwilling to pay interest on the past expenditure of the Chartered Company. Accordingly war had resulted, a war involving hostilities with France also, and after a budget of disasters a British General had surrendered the flower of the British Army. Such was the disaster connected with the word Yorktown; the rebellion which there culminated seemed to our nation to be connected as cause and effect with the subsequent endless wars with France to which we found ourselves immediately committed, and with the addition of over seven hundred millions sterling to our National Debt.[1]

Is it any wonder then that the whole heart and conscience of our nation during the early years of the nineteenth century should have been vehemently anti-Imperial, that Colonies and colonisation were regarded as the sowing of dragons' teeth, and that those who were born within earshot of Yorktown, Peel, and Bright, Gladstone and Cobden, and who had studied contemporary politics as they appealed to Grenville and Percival, Portland and Liverpool, should in their differing degrees have regarded the immediate eviction of the Colonies

[1] National Debt (1775), commencement of American war, £128,583,000; (1784) conclusion of American war, £249,851,000; (1817), £840,850,000.

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as the emancipation of England from an intolerable danger? "The heads of Parties," said Mr. Pulteney, "are like the heads of snakes, carried on by their tails," and the anti-colonisation of our statesmen was probably but the faint reflex of the determination of the masses of our people to get rid of the responsibilities of Empire. For those masses in our own islands were at that time being ground down by war taxes, and were without any representation at Westminster, the then franchise never reached them, so that they saw no palliation, still less any justification, in the rebellion of their colonial fellow-subjects, nor could they imagine that there was any remedy in Empire if conducted on a basis of taxation accompanied by representation. They saw only the portents of continuous and infinite disaster so long as we held any Colony to which we might thereafter be compelled to send troops in sailing ships to quell colonial turbulence. It was in an environment such as this that our statesmen of yesterday went to school. George Washington had "made a nation"; that was the right note; we also must make nations of our Colonies, but without bloodshed and before worse came of it. Philosophic Liberalism jumped at such a solution; encourage the Colonies it said, not to statehood, for we had no desire to sit at the feet of Washington and Hamilton, and too, their Federal principle of government was still in the experimental stage only; but we wanted a root and branch separation; let the Colonies only become nations and in a quarter of a century the nightmare of our colonial system will have been dissipated. Thus there was no theory, whether economic or politic, so visionary or so absurd that we were not prepared to support it if only it promised us this national nirvana.[1] No wonder that Napoleon wrote of a certain school of contemporary philosophy, "the

[1] *V.* Morley's "Life of Cobden." Cobden writes to Ashworth: "The colonial system, with all its dazzling appeals to the passions of our people, can only be got rid of by the indirect process of Free Trade, which will gradually and imperceptibly loosen the bands which unite our Colonies to us by a mistaken notion of self-interest."

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economists are an accursed breed; there is no community so powerful but they can shatter it." And this is why Mr. Gladstone is already so "dead," and why the Liberalism of fifty years ago is held up to the world's contempt. To-day there hangs on every cottage wall the map of a hemisphere, and geography even more than history has become the schoolmaster in our politics. In North America that map shows us the splendid example; in South America the warning. Label America north of Panama Federal and south of Panama National, and we have already more than half written the history of Liberal decadence in the past fifty years. Recall for a moment the welter and chaos of those chess-board nations of Spanish descent in South America: What Freedom! What Liberty! More and more nations are there in "the making," each individual forming these nations sleeps with a gun in his bed; his idea of freedom a flag to wave, of liberty a throat to cut. Contrast with this bloody nationalist tyranny where a whole vast peninsula groans under the curse of enforced military servitude—a tyranny to which, after Majuba, Mr. Gladstone was prepared to surrender South Africa—contrast with this the splendid results of the Federal system in North America; the United States, the Canadian Federation, the Federation of the Mexican States. Contrast for one moment the Federal Home Rule of the States of Ohio and Pennsylvania, or of Ontario and Manitoba, with National Home Rule as we see it in Bolivia or Venezuela; and yet when Federation, that blessed pacific system which secures freedom, and which avoids militarism, was in awful danger, Mr. Gladstone saw in secession not a struggle in which all liberty would have been engulfed, and out of which two or twenty States, each with a standing army, must emerge, but he saw in it Georgia and Virginia or South Carolina "rightly struggling to be free"; he saw or affected to see that "Jefferson Davis had made a nation."[1]

[1] No authority on a question of terminology would carry more weight with Mr. Gladstone than his friend Lord Acton. Mr. Herbert Paul writes in his

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I may be permitted perhaps a short personal digression. In 1885, having lived for some years in the United States, I had come to regard the State Right or "Home Rule" system of their confederation not merely as the formative process to apply to our Empire, but as a panacea for the larger disorders of the entire world; it seemed to me that it should be applied, and if necessary by force, and from without, to the Balkan Peninsula and to Russia, and that it promised there also the results we admire when we think of Washington. Forty-five "sovereign" States in America elect forty-five Parliaments; these Parliaments select each two senators (or "ambassadors") to represent them in the Federal Senate. The "prerogative of their citizenship" is, as Mr. Blaine expressed it, in the "privilege" or monopoly of their vast market—a market protected against the intolerable competition of alien or yellow labour, protected indeed against the product of any labour which submits to a degraded and unworthy standard whether of living or morals. Of course British labour which subjects itself voluntarily to a sweated and an unrestricted competition with Asiatic labour, thereby incurs the disabilities which the American high tariff is intended to interpose. Now, how had this vast Free Trade area which we call the United States been assembled? At the first Constitutional Convention at Philadelphia the permission to trade freely was made a monopoly for such of the thirteen States as agreed to become partners in the proposed Constitution. The imports from any States which remained outside that Constitution were to be subjected to the same tariff which was levied on foreign countries. This principle—the monopoly of the market—was, as we might expect, strenuously opposed by the "Anti-Federals," as they were even then called. The Constitution, however, was agreed, and after a short delay was ratified by eleven of the thirteen States, only Rhode Island and North

preface to Lord Acton's letters to Mary Gladstone: "By 'Nationalism' Lord Acton meant the complete and consistent theory that the State and the nation must be co-extensive."

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Carolina remaining out. When the tariff schedules were being arranged in the First National Congress it was at once evident to North Carolina that were her products excluded from the one great market at her gates, her people being within the area of magnetic disturbance, would be forced to migrate to that market, and in 1789 North Carolina ratified. In Rhode Island the Anti-Federal bias was even stronger; her insular position made her more "national" than any of the units on the mainland, and it required the most coercive tariff conditions embodied in a Bill actually before the Senate, to satisfy her legislators. In 1790 Rhode Island ratified, and thus the entire thirteen original States were included in the Constitution.[1]

Again, the high tariff of 1832 threw no doubt a considerable strain on the Southern Slave States, which then as much later advocated the buying of everything, men and women included, in the "cheapest market." The Legislature of South Carolina went so far as to pass an Act of nullification, which was only formally repealed after President Jackson had seized Charleston harbour with Federal war ships, and had proceeded to collect the tariffs. That the cement of a Federal system is in the tariff —this is the first lesson the Englishman learns who looks for the genesis of that vast orderly preferential system which lies between the Atlantic and the Pacific, and having assimilated that I had derived also great comfort from Thomas Jefferson's statement in the Declaration of Independence that "Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." There is the Magna Charta of the white man everywhere; and it seemed to me that Ireland, half her population having been driven to foreign lands by foreign competition in her home markets, was still entitled to neither more nor less than that State Right which belongs to every State of the American Federation. Whether when clothed with all the authority of a State and when protected within the Federal area from the unrestricted imports from alien nations she was still dissatisfied with her position, this would

[1] "Enc. Brit.," vol. xxiii., pp. 145, 754.

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be comparatively of little consequence to Great Britain; our conscience would be clear, our withers unwrung, our Parliament House our own, and the duty and decency of our public life secured. In 1885 I had gone down to a midland constituency[1] and had made a strong Home Rule speech to a Liberal four hundred; the meeting was apparently in the control of Land Nationalists, anti-vaccinators, and the intemperate advocates of temperance; my Home Rule declaration was as the voice of one crying in the wilderness. A few days later I was staying at Coombe with the late Lord Wolverton, at that time a member of Mr. Gladstone's Government, and I outlined to him the State Right platform of the United States Democracy and urged its application to Ireland. Greatly to my surprise, my host assured me that the lines of a Home Rule measure for Ireland, to be introduced the coming Session, had been agreed during the last few weeks and under his very roof at Coombe; but he said, "not on Federal lines; *Mr. Gladstone does not believe in the Federal principle of Government.*" Hinc illæ lachrymæ. The old poison of "nation making," the "remember Yorktown" was still the obsession of the Liberal leader. The predominant partner was aroused, and was in no mood to make nations within our own islands. We recalled Mr. Gladstone's awful indiscretion. "Jefferson Davis has made a nation," a making which would have torn to tatters the Federal Constitution and replaced a pacific Federation, with a congeries of nations armed to the teeth. We recalled, too, Majuba, and Kruger's "nation making" on the South American plan, although that bloody acceptance had not then quite matured. I do not suggest that public opinion then, indeed scarcely to-day, recognised the great gulf fixed between Nationalism and Federalism, between a legitimate and an impracticable Home Rule system; but, as Lincoln once said, "everybody knows more than anybody," the distrust was intuitive, and Parnell's Home Rule, "last link" Home Rule, was too near to Jefferson Davis and too far

[1] Barrow-in-Furness.

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from Thomas Jefferson, and therein lay its condemnation and the Liberal disaster to which Free Trade and nation-making had been pointing ever since Yorktown.

II

In the preceding chapter I have endeavoured to point out the inevitable effect of a disaster such as Yorktown. That from the bloodshed and the vast cost of our colonial conflict would emerge a panic philosophy such as would generate in both politics and economics strange and unnatural theories of Government claiming a pseudo-scientific sanction, the acceptance of which, by our prosaic business-like community, must puzzle the outer world. Germany, France, America had no self-governing Colonies which they desired to throw off and make nations, and therefore they saw no merit in our anti-Federal trend, supported as it was by a fiscal policy which had for its purpose, in Cobden's words, to "gradually and imperceptibly loosen the bands which unite our Colonies to us." Foreign nations had, indeed, admired and envied that expansive and highly Protectionist England, of which Frederick List wrote in 1847:

> At all times there have been cities and nations distinguished above others in industry and commerce and shipping, but such a supremacy as England's the world has never yet seen.

So that there is no reason for the surprise, so often expressed, that England has found no fiscal imitators except Turkey. It would be strange if we had. While we have been experimenting along the lines of Separatism to be induced by Free Trade, other nations, especially the two great educated democracies, America and Germany, had adopted a Federal system, based on Mr. Blaine's famous aphorism, that the privilege of free market is the prerogative of citizenship. The panic bred of Yorktown had taken Great Britain into devious byways, including the support of the infamous Holy Alliance. She had lost, and I think properly, lost the respect

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of the civilised world because the cowardice of her statesmen had employed all her moral influence to strengthen the National and to weaken when possible the Federal system of Government; and she antagonised that protectionist system which can alone assist her working classes in their struggle for shorter hours and higher wages.[1]

But in considering the anti-colonial policy which grew out of Yorktown, by far the most important result of Free Trade had been the consequent distribution of population. Of course, to Cobden and Peel the idea of continuing our then existing preferential tariffs so as to direct our emigrants to settle in our own Colonies—this was subversive of their entire theory. The more populous and powerful a Colony the greater the risk of another Yorktown; and as the preferential tariff favouring the Colonies did visibly direct the stream of emigration, and especially to Canada, it was an all-important part of the Free Trade scheme to destroy this preference. The result has been truly remarkable. At once the United States became the magnet for the whole world's emigrants[2] and for its investments of capital. Few were the emigrants who dared to settle north of that imaginary air-line frontier which separates the United States from the Dominion of Canada, because not only had their preference in the mighty British market been taken away, but every bullock and every bushel of wheat raised there would have to pay a huge tariff tax before it could reach the neighbouring local market, perhaps only a few miles away, as in Michigan, Minnesota, or Dakota, where the richest customers in the world were attracting and attaching settlers by this very "privilege of market." I recall Sir John MacDonald saying to me at Ottawa, in 1888, "Subject to this double market inducement which our neighbours enjoy, namely, free access to the

[1] Mr. Bright said: "If the Americans make Protection their policy, they will have to give higher wages to their working classes—higher wages and shorter hours."

[2] Emigration to United States: 1831–1840, 599,125; 1846, Repeal of Corn Laws, 1851–1860, 2,598,214. "Int. Enc.," p. 832.

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greatest protected market, that of the United States, and also free access to the greatest Free Trade market, that of Great Britain, to bring emigrants to Canada by any State-aided emigration is just to pour water in a sieve." And this is why the free lands of the United States—Illinois and Iowa, Minnesota, Missouri, and Dakota—have filled up as by magic and are now spilling over, and while the lands south of that imaginary air-line frontier are selling to-day for fifty dollars an acre, and on the north, only fifty yards away, for five dollars. Land, Labour, and Capital, England had all three, and in endless abundance; but "remember Yorktown," and we have preferred to send our labour and our capital, not to our own but to alien lands. "The frontiers of the weak," said Lamartine finely, "are seas and rocks, the frontiers of the strong are men." Had we stimulated the settlement of our own waste places by a generous preferential tariff and by State railways, Canada would to-day have a trebled population, Australia and South Africa double. In South Africa, had the proper steps been taken to settle it by railways, by assisted emigration and preferential tariffs, our people there would have been in a position of unassailable predominance before Majuba was heard of. But now what has happened in the last sixty years to the creed of Peel and Cobden, to this scheme of making many nations by the undoing of one through the abrogation of all preference? What will the historian have to write? He will write that in Great Britain the community has been almost unanimous, that the political separation of the units is wrong, but the economic policy right; he will record also that in Greater Britain those communities, while unhappily largely in agreement as to separation, yet contain scarcely a corporal's guard of free traders! Well and truly we have builded our political Babel; had the whole world conspired to invent theories of Government which, after a century and a quarter, might still continue the tradition of Yorktown, no combination could have been discovered more poisonous nor more formidable than Nationalism and Free Trade; and unless Providence has some particular desire which would be

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thwarted if the British Empire fell apart, it is far more than probable that the new school books which advocate Federation through Protection will have been written a full generation too late. That "Free Trade" will be presently banished from our islands on economic grounds is, indeed, probable; the masses will see to that. But it will have served its purpose but too well in fostering the growth of our most formidable trade competitors, in stunting the growth of our Colonies, and in directing the best efforts of their statesmen toward entangling alliances with other countries, whether those alliances are political or only commercial. That Free Trade would "loosen the bonds which unite" Ireland to us, and this not "gradually and imperceptibly," but in sight of all men and with a tragic rapidity—at least, this one prophecy of Cobden's has arrived at fulfilment.

In his last recorded conversation with his friend Mr. Leonard Courtney, Mr. Herbert Spencer bequeathed to his country his condemnation of the proposed return to Protection. Mr. Spencer said that not to be permitted to buy in the cheapest market was in transgression of human freedom; that, in short, a man's shilling was his own, and he has an inalienable right to spend it wherever he can get most value for it. Here is the moral theory of free imports, a theory which many will still regard as worthy of consideration who have long since discarded the economic theory as absurd. But when a man buys in the "cheapest market," what is it that he buys? We no longer permit him to buy a slave; thus far, at least, we limit his freedom, and reduce the purchase power of his shilling. Let us see how nearly the moral theory of buying in the cheapest market comes to buying cheap men and cheap women. The United States census of 1880, which was presided over by that great economist, Professor Francis A. Walker, showed that the annual gross wealth product of the United States at that time was nine thousand million dollars. These figures were very completely analysed by Mr. Edward Atkinson, of Boston, in a work called "The Distribution of Products,"

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and Mr. Atkinson was able to show that of this sum of nine thousand million dollars, eight thousand one hundred millions were paid away in wages to labour, leaving nine hundred millions for the renewal of and the additions to capital. The figures were subjected, both in America and England, to close scrutiny. Mr. Atkinson is a devoted Free Trader, and therefore in a country like America, which bristles with Protectionist pens, his statistics are always examined critically, if not with actual hostility. I do not think that the estimate of distribution at which Mr. Atkinson arrived was in any way impaired. The figures of my Free Trade friend had an added interest for me, because they seemed to explode the theory so often heard that the American high tariff destroys an equitable distribution of products. If, in a country so begirt with a tariff wall, nine-tenths of all wealth produced inside is still paid away in wages to labour, at least faultiness in distribution can hardly be alleged against Protection. But let us suppose that in Great Britain the distribution of wealth is only equally good, then when a man buys a pair of boots for a sovereign in the cheapest market, what is it that he really buys? He buys labour to the amount of eighteen shillings, or ninety per cent., to which Nature, assisted by Capital, has added a subscription of two shillings. So that freedom to buy in the cheapest market is hardly anything else than the freedom to purchase men and women, and it is this freedom which, quite unrestrained as now by any racial consideration, has made in very many of our most important industries our own men and our own women cheap, by making them expose themselves in the same market place where black men and women and yellow men and women are equally on purchase. The only British working man, I believe, who has ever yet become a Prime Minister is Mr. Watson, lately the Federal Premier in Australia. Mr. Watson's recent statement[1] is certain to secure the respectful consideration of his own class in Great Britain. Mr. Watson

[1] *Times*, November 17, 1904.

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says: "As a Trade Unionist I believe in restricting injurious competition in all phases of industrial activity." Mr. Watson, we may be sure, disagrees with Mr. Herbert Spencer; he sees some better direction for human freedom than the permission to buy labour in the cheapest market—in a market where yellow labour, black labour, and white labour has all been sweated down to a common level of indignity.

Oh! men with sisters dear,
Oh! men with mothers and wives;
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures lives.

III

To recapitulate very shortly. Great Britain has wandered in the wilderness for a hundred years, led there by those (let us be quite fair to them) who could not foresee that the Federal system buttressed by Protection was destined to prove a very brilliant success. We have, it is true, accumulated during those wanderings; and, as Professor Seeley said in sheer absence of mind, a vast and mostly desert Empire, only held together by the recognition of a sphere of influence attaching to the Crown; a moral and somewhat mediæval tie which is worth for this particular purpose perhaps another ten years' purchase.[1]

[1] In 1887 I had some controversy in the *Times* with Professor Goldwin Smith, who thought that a commercial union of Canada with the United States was imminent. I was at the time in India. The *Bombay Gazette* had an editorial on the subject; the subjoined is a portion of my reply, which they published (December 27, 1887):

"And while the movement for commercial union between Canada and the United States is one-sided and abortive, the movement for a complete fusion is probably fifty years off. If during those fifty years, possibly only twenty years, England has not been able to adapt her Constitution to the requirements of the crisis, then indeed we are likely to lose our whole Colonial Empire, and not only Canada. And that the basis of such a Federation must be commercial union—revenue collected on imports from the outside world, no one doubts

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In short, what we call the British Empire is to-day a vast desert—Canada and Australia, South Africa and Oceana, some eleven millions of square miles needing but capital, and especially labour, the touch of Ithuriel's spear. Our Empire's symbol seems even to me who have travelled it and love it, those endless eucalyptus forests in the Australian bushland, their stillness only broken for the traveller over magnificent distances by the unearthly laugh of the mopeoke.[1] True, we have also within the Empire India populated by myriads; these myriads, if we are to believe that very competent Free-Fooder, Lord George Hamilton, are "intensely Protectionist," so that apparently the only converts we have made to Free Trade within the Empire are some three hundred million Asiatics, who take their medicine because we force it down their throats.

With millions of white men and women educated at our expense, who could have been planted by a generous preferential tariff in Canada, Australia and South Africa, we have yet preferred to endow and enrich the United States, where, instead of being our best customers, they have become our most formidable competitors.[2] Let us suppose then that with one mind in one house we were to admit the folly of the past

who has any knowledge of colonial requirements. What Canada and Australia are fairly entitled to say to the Mother Country is this: 'We are your best customers. The *per capita* consumption of English goods in the United State is very small, with us it is very large. Therefore, protect our exports to your markets at the expense of the United States. The less you buy from the United States and Russia the more you can buy from us and India, and the more you buy from us the more we will buy from you.' More important still to the Colonies is the fact that by discriminating in favour of their produce the Mother Country will direct the better class of her emigrants to settle within their boundaries instead of, as now, making a present to the United States of more than two-thirds of those outward bound."

[1] *Dacelo Gigas*, the Giant Kingfisher.

[2]

White Population.	Annual Purchases from U.K.	Av. Tariff.
U.S., 80 000,000	... 24,000,000 ...	73 per cent.
Canada, S. Africa, Australia, 11,000,000	... 60,000,000 ...	9½ „

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century, and that we now agreed to exchange Nationalism by Free Trade, for Federalism by Protection; is it too late? Is the work much harder than that to which Washington and Hamilton set their hands? Is there any prospect that we may recover the position which we have forfeited in the Nations?[1] In the political struggle of the next few years we must await the reply to such a question; all else is prophecy. The psychological moment no doubt was in 1885, when our commercial position was still very strong, and when, had Mr. Gladstone proposed a Federal and a Fair Trade settlement of the Irish question, Ireland to form one or two States in a Protected Federal Union, the two Irish State Legislatures and those of the participant Colonies to be represented in a reformed Second Chamber, the support which such a proposal would have received, at least at home, might have obliterated all distinctions of party and won the Empire. Still, the response from the Colonies may perhaps be more generally favourable now than at that time, and this for a reason which offers us just that encouragement and opportunity which Hamilton lacked. For the War of Independence once concluded, the thirteen original States of the Union were in no serious danger from without. With thousands of miles of ocean frontier, and before the age of steam, their development was little likely to be again interfered with by any overseas foe. It was Hamilton's difficult task to persuade the States that unless saved by the Federal system their future foes would be of their own household, and that thirteen nations growing up side by side must presently require thirteen standing armies. "We must learn," as he said to Madison, "to think Continentally"; this was the difficulty with which he was confronted. Centralism of any kind seemed to the framers of the American Constitution another name for

[1] So lately as 1880 we manufactured twice as much pig-iron as America, and three times as much as Germany. Now both these countries have far outstripped us. Population—Present rate of white increase per decade: British Empire, 5,000,000; Germany, 8,000,000; U.S., 13,000,000.

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tyranny. Were they to exchange for an Administration centralised at Westminster another centralised at Washington, and if so, how were the several "State Rights" to be safeguarded? "Nationalism"; to be let alone to "run one's own show"; Sancho Panza's pathetic desire to govern an island; this, with all it involves, is so extremely appealing to the plain man that Hamilton's success in federating those thirteen States, which were threatened by no common danger, has always seemed to me as hardly less than supernatural; as though the word needed the beacon light of the Federal Experiment to guide it, and not man but Providence had lighted it with kindly hand. I have drawn attention in the previous pages to the preferential coercion by which alone North Carolina and Rhode Island were brought into the Union; but Hamilton owed the acceptance of the Constitution not only to Protection but to his "Assumption Act"; the various National Debts of the thirteen States were lumped together, and their obligations assumed by the terms of the Federal Constitution. So that while it was Protection that brought the States in, it was the Assumption Act which more than once prevented them from breaking out. Now suppose we offer at a Federal Convention a generous preference, and an Assumption Act, how would this be regarded by the three huge units, Canada, Australia and South Africa, the inclusion of which would promise to our future Federation probably a hundred sovereign "States"? When in Australia, before their Federation, a Federation which has incurred such temporary odium that it makes the big task at hand still bigger, I lost no opportunity of discussing this question, "Australia Federal or Australia National?" With every desire to discover a Federal majority I found, or thought I found, that their Federal idea was limited by their coast-line. But the present war in the Far East is likely to confound all such Nationalist counsels. Japan is Australia's near neighbour; Japan has a population greater than that of France congesting in a few small islands, and, strange to say, modern scientific research seems to show that Australia is the ancient home of

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the Japanese race. Now Queensland has excluded all Japanese immigration. Queenslanders are for Nationalism rather than Federalism; they desire a dependent Independence; that is, they wish the protection of our fleet while claiming a sovereign right to make laws which may strain or even snap England's relations with Japan. When it is convenient to be a "Nation" then Queensland desires to be "left alone"; but she has no mind to be left alone with Admiral Togo and his fleet. If, then, the Federal Constitution we are considering is framed on this basis—if no Representation, then no Tariff Preference and no Naval Protection—I suppose that Queensland and other spoiled darlings of Empire will consent to send Senators to Westminster. In the case of South Africa the presence of a common danger is even greater. The British taxpayer has been fined two hundred and fifty millions sterling because we had no Senators from the Cape and Natal who would have informed public opinion in time enough that Kruger was arming the Dutch to secure South Africa for the Vierkleur. True, we might have learned this in Lord Milner's despatches; but that is not England's way. Parliament is there for the purpose of our instruction, and we decline to learn our lessons in Blue Books, or through any other channel than that of parliamentary debate.

The problem of Canada's inclusion in the Federation is, of all, the most important and by no means the least hopeful. Unlike Australia and South Africa, the great Dominion is to-day at our very doors. Great Britain and Canada are the complement each of the other. We need Canada far more than the United States needs her. Indeed, I may go farther and say that the whole world is vitally concerned that Canada should not fetch up within the ring-fence of the 78 per cent. tariff of the United States. The opening of the Hudson's Bay route, which will give hundreds of millions to Canada's most fertile acres direct connection with Liverpool by water, will also make the market of Great Britain incomparably important, and the privilege of a preferred share in that market

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more stimulating than a similar privilege in the market of the United States. Nor must it be lost sight of that, just as the development and consequent competition of the vast Western prairie States has submerged the agriculture of New England, so also the development of the Canadian North-West will destroy the prosperity of the farmers of Lower Canada unless the products of the new North-West find their way to Europe, not *viâ* the St. Lawrence, but *viâ* the seaports Nelson and Churchill on Hudson's Bay. These ports, although geographically in the centre of the continent, are actually nearer to Liverpool than New York is to Liverpool.

On August 7, 1888, addressing the United States Senate at Washington, Senator Sherman, of Ohio, said:

> I am anxious to bring about a public policy that will make more intimate our relations with the Dominion of Canada. Anything that will tend to the union of Canada with the United States will meet my most hearty support. I want Canada to be part of the United States. Within ten years from this time the Dominion of Canada will, in my judgment, be represented either in the Imperial Parliament of Great Britain or in the Congress of the United States.[1]

A day or two later I had an opportunity of talking over this idea with Senator Sherman. An English friend was with me, who, however, I regret to recall, is to-day member for a Conservative constituency and a "Free Fooder." Senator Sherman declared to us his conviction that the magnet of market would deliver Canada over to the United States, unless the magnet of the British market proved a greater attraction still; and he said with the only gleam of enthusiasm I ever discovered in him, "Were I you, young gentleman, I would use every effort while yet there is time to hold together your world-wide heritage in a Commercial Union, for there is no

[1] Lord Rosebery declared to his friends that he was much impressed by this declaration of Senator Sherman's, and that his speech of October 11, 1888, to the Leeds Chamber of Commerce was his reply to the Senator from Ohio I never entertained any doubt. "You cannot," said Lord Rosebery in that speech, "obtain the great boon of a peaceful Empire encircling the globe with a bond of commercial unity without some sacrifice on your part." If Canada was to leave us she would be pretty sure to adopt the tariff of the United States.

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other way than our way." The warning of the great Ohio Senator, who should have been the Presidential candidate of the Republican Party in 1880, has been ever present to me since that discussion. It must be admitted that, if Scotland were politically affiliated with France, and yet France gave to French imports coming from Scotland no tariff preference at all over French imports from England, and if at the same time England walled all Scottish products out of its immense market, that then a proposal to Scotland from England to admit all her products duty free if she would consent to a political union, such a proposal would be very alluring to our northern neighbour. Indeed, unless France, on her part, met this proposal by a generous preferential, the offer from England would probably be decisive. And this is an exact analogy; this is the very standing offer of privilege and prerogative which America has made to Canada during all these years past; and but for a number of acrimonious disputes now settled, the Eastern Fisheries question, the Behrings Sea controversy, the Alaska Boundary question, which strained relations, Canada would probably have joined forces with the great free Republic to southward even before the sands had quite run out on Senator Sherman's prophecy. In order to avoid the grant of colonial preference in our market, which would have given offence to pawky economic purists, we have been for years past gambling with vast areas of the British Empire, our trump cards being the passions which could be generated between near neighbours by territorial disputes. Such is the "peace and goodwill" of the Cobden testament.

To use Lord Rosebery's words,[1] the people of this country will in a not too distant time have to make up their minds what footing they wish the Colonies to occupy with respect to them, or whether they desire their Colonies to leave them altogether. It is, I believe, absolutely impossible for you to maintain in the long run your present loose and indefinable relations, and preserve these Colonies as parts of the Empire.

[1] Leeds, October 11, 1888.

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Ταῦτα θεῶν ἐν γούνασι κεῖται; and it may be that when all is said and done portions of the Empire will refuse to ratify the proposed Constitution, even given Preference enough, Protection enough, and a cheapened money rate for their funded debts. But had North Carolina remained out in 1789 it is quite clear by the light of subsequent events that she would not have remained out many years, and the prodigious centrifugal forces of our Empire, consolidated on a basis of Naval Protection and of Tariff Preference, are likely to prove overwhelming when danger and disaster draw near. If, then, the future of the world, its peace and relief from militarism, its educational equipment with Home Rule through State Legislature, is to be secured by wide Federations, then indeed, if we Britons have done our world's work well, we shall be counted worthy, and we shall secure that Federation. But at least there is nothing to wait for. Time and delay are not on the side of the Federalist. Thirty per cent. of the present population of Australia is said to be British-born, while in one State of Canada,[1] so rapid is the process of Americanisation, this year will show an actual majority of its population unenfranchised Uitlanders. Fifty years hence neither Australians nor Canadians will any longer be our brothers; they will be our second cousins. The appointed time is now, while they are still our brothers in blood, and are instinct with the memories of the old cradle of our race.

IV

Just as the constructive genius of Hamilton crystallised in the phrase to "think Continentally," so also Mr. Chamberlain shows us the light on the mountain in the two words which form the title to these short notes. A phrase which carries whether for Hamilton or Chamberlain, for America or Great Britain, the warning each statesman intended to convey, but a

[1] British Columbia.

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phrase the import of which was not yet fully known to Hamilton, is "Learn to *think Federally.*" The sun has set in blood and fire on Nationalism, and with patience and with passion too the world has welcomed the emergence of the great Federal principle:

> Humanity with all its fears,
> With all the hopes of future years,
> Is hanging breathless on thy fate.

That is why we in England can afford to recall Yorktown, no longer in the panic attitude which unnerved a century of dead statesmen, but recall it with gratitude. And that too is why Washington and Hamilton must always be amongst the immortals in our Pantheon. "To think Federally!" It is just that which we owe to the State—to the vast protected pleasance within which jealously guarded we will rear up our peoples to a higher citizenship. But if the citizen owes this duty to the State, what is it that the State owes to the citizen? It owes him much; incomparably more than is comprised in the *laisser faire* dogmas of the Manchester economists. For those of us who reluctantly admit that for sixty years we have broken the citizen on the wheel of a merciless competition; that we have bid him fill his belly and clothe his nakedness if he can, in competition with Chinese labour—with sweated Jews and refugee Poles; if subject to this odious class legislation which was the permission to middle-class "haves" to buy cheapened men and cheapened women for their factories till one-third of or even one-tenth of our people, it matters not which, have been submerged in the struggle to survive, then I think it must be admitted that the unfortunate crippled soldiers in this ruthless war are entitled to compensation. Do not let us merely use the present moment when people are aroused to write a Federal Constitution at the Conference of the Empire; that, although infinitely important, is not what we mean by Tariff Reform. But let us feed the hungry and clothe the cold; let us

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recognise that the credit of our even yet wealthy State belongs not to the few but the many; that it is because they are orderly and conservative islanders and protected from overseas invasion that the State credit is so good, and that the State credit is for them and should be used not for bankers or capitalists, but for the poor wrecks undone by Cobden. Now what has the Empire to offer them? I look at Canada at this moment where the new extension of the Grand Trunk from the Great Lakes to the Pacific opens up more than three hundred million acres of splendid wheat-lands. Canada offers to each settler 160 acres of land free. I have seen a similar land-grant system during the past quarter of a century fill Minnesota and Dakota and other vast areas in the United States to a present overflowing with farmers who once tramped in upon these States poor and footsore and who are to-day prosperous, thoughtful, splendid citizens. And one of these men will tell the tale of his life's success and tell it for all the others. "I arrived on the land with nothing. I located my quarter section.[1] I got my title deeds from the nearest Land Office. I went to the nearest National Bank, and on the security of my new freehold I borrowed eight hundred dollars (£1 per acre) at 1 per cent. per month. The money built me a house; fenced twenty acres, gave me two cows, two horses and a plough. I have repaid the mortgage, have reared a family and am prosperous." Such is the tale you will hear from the Rio Grande to Puget Sound. No doubt they were of all sorts and condition, these home-seekers on the vast prairie; some drank, others gambled their eight hundred dollars, but even so the Bank having foreclosed found no difficulty in securing a good working tenant; bad debts, such being the security, were almost unknown; the Banks have prospered not less than the settlers. And why cannot we meet the situation in the same way? Canada gives the land, let England lend the pound per acre, not at 12 per cent. but at 2¾ per cent. plus ¾ per cent. sinking fund.

[1] 160 acres,

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In 69 years the loans will have been paid off principal and interest, and we shall have established millions of excellent customers within our own citizenship. At the worst England may find it necessary to take possession of some farms, which, being improved and on the line of a railway, will be readily saleable. The late Mr. James G. Blaine used to estimate the value of an able-bodied emigrant to the United States at £800; such a one is worth as much to Canada, and because of his annual purchases in the English market he is worth hardly a less sum to England when settled in Canada, and when diverted from the United States. And, the economic aspect of this exodus apart, have not the millions wrecked by the legislation of 1846 as good a claim to our assistance as the Irish farmer, to whose needs we have recently subscribed 120 millions sterling for a similar scheme of land purchase?

It is objected to the two-shilling wheat duty proposed by Mr. Chamberlain that it will hurt the very poor; on the contrary, it should be for them a princely endowment; for they are the people we should remove, because it is their competition in the labour market which records the dwindling minimum wage and the increased poor-rate. A two-shilling "preferential" will yield annually some five millions sterling, which at 3½ per cent. will secure the interest on 140 millions sterling, the capital needed to make "squatter sovereigns" of a million families. These families should be selected not because they are well-to-do, but because they are poor; the building, the fencing, and some ploughing and sowing should be done by a Government contractor; when the first crop is nearly ready to harvest, then the home-seekers should be moved out. It will be objected that the wastrel, the slum son of our cities, would starve did the crop stand ready for the sickle; this was an objection often alleged against the early Mormon settlers in Utah. When I first saw these Mormons, a quarter of a century since, in appearance they were as the scum of the European capitals; a more physically ill-favoured community than that which worshipped in the tabernacle at

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Salt Lake in 1878 it would be difficult to find. I visited Salt Lake again quite recently, and again attended service. The change was magical; in that beautiful healthful environment, amidst mountains and forest and falling waters, there had grown up another generation which to-day delights the eye. Who that has witnessed that change in a few short years will deny the theory of "indefinite perfectibility" for the human race?

One word in conclusion. In a very few years at most the entire fabric of Free Trade will have gone by the board; as it was cradled in cowardice, so it will find a dishonoured grave. Had England turned her back on temptation in the "forties," at the very moment when the great gold discoveries, the age of steel, of steam and of electricity, were but just across the threshold, England, mighty, wealthy, wholesome England, would have attained to such a predominance as would have transfigured the world. But the new experiment, still persisted in, has lost to the British Empire not only millions of her own sons who have gone to garrison the Great Republic, but it has lost the British Empire the support through immigration and settlement of millions of thrifty Germans and Scandinavians, whom forty years since a sufficient preferential in the one mighty market of the then world would have settled in Great Britain's Hinterland. And just as Essex or Sussex have been converted to weed-beds, and have thrown their rural population on the streets of our cities, so also Cobden and Peel are responsible for the tragedy of Ireland,[1] the disappearance of half her population, and the unrest of those who remain. It has made again the many problems of social progress—problems which must always be insoluble, given unrestricted competition in our home market with black and yellow labour, not merely hopeless, but the statesmen who have supported these reforms in good faith are

[1] From 1830 to 1840 Great Britain imported from Ireland (corn and flour) 27,663,286 qrs. (Parliamentary Paper, February 11, 1842); from rest of world, 17,241,952 qrs.

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arraigned to-day at the bar of public opinion charged with insincerity. Of that statesman who very late in the day has revolted from what Carlyle aptly described as the calico millennium, I may be permitted to say, what was said of another man in another place, "We love him for the enemies that he has made"; and that probably is the only form of popularity which is compatible with greatness. The statesman it satisfies, nay, whom it guides, will never fail to disappoint his enemies, but who seeks some wider popularity will always disappoint his friends.

MORETON FREWEN.

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QUAINT MEMORIES

"Why Lonicera wilt thou name thy child?"
I ask the gardener's wife in accents mild:
"We have a right," replied the sturdy dame;
And Lonicera was the infant's name.

SO I am not the only one to have "quaint memories." The poet Crabbe had plenty of them, and though I do not for a moment wish to link these poor pages with a name so celebrated, yet I sometimes wonder why most of his memories were so sad, whilst mine, on the contrary, are mostly such as to raise a smile. Whether it is a defect in my organisation, or a thing to be glad or sorry for, I know not; but certain it is, that I never seem to remember the serious or sad things of life half so well as I do the comical ones. I will only add that they are, almost all of them, actual personal memories of my own.

Perhaps, with the exception of "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever," there are few passages so familiar to modern readers as "The old order changeth, yielding place to new," with its subjoined justification, "Lest one good custom should corrupt the world." Whether all the customs which my "quaint memories" will endeavour to recall should be characterised as "good" may be open to doubt; but at least some of them have a wholesome flavour about them with a copious element of "human nature," and I trust my readers will condone their rough-and-ready character for their natural-

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ness and simplicity, and for the glimpse they give of past days.

I am not going to be prolix, but I shall start, as my best way of beginning, with an old rectorial home.

My grandfather lived in a beautiful little village at the foot of the Downs. The Parsonage was the only ugly house in it, and that was a square red-brick building, facing due north, "built for comfort, not for show," as he used to say, though I never could understand why it need have been so ugly to be comfortable, or the comfort to be found in facing north. The only sunny rooms were the nursery and kitchen, which looked as if they had been tacked on as a sort of afterthought, and which ran the whole length of the house. They were really parts of a building of an earlier date. The nursery windows overlooked the farmyard, which was full of old thatched barns and stables.

I remember hearing that, at the time of the machine riots, my mother and her sisters used to run to the top of the house every night before they went to bed, to see how many fires they could count in the distance; and my grandfather taught them all how to tie knots in the sheets so as to make a rope to let themselves out of window in case the barns or house be set on fire. They escaped *then*, though, years after, the barns were set alight with some loose straw in the yard, with the object of burning a farmer's ricks, which stood on the other side of the wall, as he had been using a machine. The wind suddenly turned, and the old buildings were burnt to the ground. A detective came from London, and he told my grandfather that he strongly suspected who the men were, for all the villagers were noticing among themselves that only three of all the men at the fire had waited to lace up their boots. Now those three men from that time were always seen together. They never trusted each other out of sight, and at last they all left the village together. The detective wanted to take them up on suspicion; but my grandfather told him he would rather lose everything than run the risk of

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injuring the character of an innocent man. So if he could not prove the case, but only *suspected*, he was to leave them alone and go back to London.

Talking of that time, I remember an incendiary being traced in a very curious way. Some men were in a small lodging-house much frequented by tramps, and when they were all talking together one of them boasted that he could make any dog follow him if he chose. The others declared he could not. One man especially, who happened to have a white dog with him, was very vehement; he declared his dog would never follow a stranger, and they all began betting on the subject. The incendiary in question ordered a red herring for his supper, and having eaten some, gave a piece to the dog and put another piece into his shoe. The conversation turned to other things, and they forgot the stranger till it was time to go home, when looking round they found he was gone and the dog was gone too. It was a very foggy night, and the man walked on over the Downs to a farm miles away, where he set the ricks on fire. He was traced entirely by the white dog following him. The night was so dark that the people he met could not see him, but they could just see the white dog in his track. He was convicted and confessed the crime. My father was Chairman of the Bench at that time, and he told me about it.

The Rectory garden was wonderfully old-fashioned, with great yew hedges that must have taken many centuries to grow, and there were long gravel paths, with neat box edging, about a foot high, with a narrow border of flowers in front and big beds of cabbages, &c., at the back. There were only about four kinds of roses then that I can remember, the moss rose, the Maiden's Blush, the York and Lancaster, and the monthly. I think flowers bring back past days to one more than anything else except the face of an old friend. But both, alas! are fast dying out. One never sees a hen-and-chicken daisy now, and as for the hedges of sweet-briar, that were found in every cottage garden, with the rosemary, lavender,

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and bergamots, they no longer exist. The sweet-peas and mignonette are there, but they, too, are different. There were huge strawberry beds at the Rectory, where you could feast all day long, and which were my grandfather's especial pride. And then there was the old well which was covered by a big yew that had been clipped into a summer-house, and was so thick that you could stand and find shelter under it during a heavy shower.

Only the road divided the Rectory garden from the churchyard, and the beautiful old Saxon tower, with its glorious peal of bells, was just the one object of interest seen peeping through the shrubs and trees from the windows of the Rectory. They always rang the bells on a foggy or snowy night to recall any wanderers from the Downs, where the numerous chalk-pits which are scattered about form a source of great danger to the unwary, or indeed to any one; for however well a man might know his way by daylight, in a snowstorm or a fog he would be very helpless.

I remember the old folks in the village used to talk of a gentleman, a "Mr. Woodward," who was clergyman before my grandfather, and they used to tell how, before the parson went to London on a visit, they all came to wish him goodbye and a safe journey, and that he might be preserved from highwaymen, and how, when he returned, they set the church bells ringing, and all the parishioners came to shake hands with him and congratulate him on his safe return. On the village Feast-day the people all marched in procession to church in their Sunday clothes, with well-scrubbed hands and faces, and so much was thought of this that it was the common saying, if any one looked dirty, "Poor fellow! he has not washed since Feast-day," or "Doesn't she look as if she wanted Feast-day to come again?" They always had service and a sermon on those occasions. One day the churchwardens came to Mr. Woodward with a petition for a new club sermon, as they called it, if his reverence would be so good, for they had had that one so many years that they seemed to know it

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by heart. "Certainly," replied the rector, "I will give you another since you have learnt this by heart, and I will repeat it every year till you have learnt that by heart also."

Talking of Feasts reminds me of the old hiring-fairs, when the men would be ranged on one side of the market-place and the women on the other, standing in long rows, whilst the farmers would go up and down on one side and their wives on the other; then there would be a rush to the shops, and all the ploughboys who were happy enough to have been hired appeared with yards of many-coloured ribbons streaming from their hats, whilst those who had been hired as carters sported whipcord instead of ribbons. Meanwhile the farmers' wives were walking up and down the rows of girls, examining and questioning. If they wanted dairymaids you would see them feeling the girls' hands and pinching them, to make sure that it was a hard, dry, cool hand, fit for making butter, because, in those days, the butter was all made by hand, though now, as we all rejoice to know, the hands are not allowed to touch it.

I remember, one year, some undergraduates playing a cruel trick at this fair. They hired a large number of men and women of all kinds, and sent them to some place in Oxfordshire, Banbury, I think it was, and when they got there (and there was no railway in those days) they found there was no such person as the name they had been given. So they had all their journey for nothing, and lost their best chance of getting a good place that year. I remember hearing what a miserable scene it was when they all arrived, many from great distances, in carts and waggons and all kinds of conveyances, with their families and household goods, only to find they had been made game of by a set of heartless fellows. They were always engaged by the year, from one hiring-fair to the next, and if they accepted the master's shilling they, like the soldiers, were by law his servants for the year. Of course, there were booths and giants and dwarfs and juggling and dancing and buffoons of all kinds. I remember one man had a barrow

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with sausages which he kept in boiling fat, and he kept shouting out, "Only a halfpenny a bite! come and try, come and try!" and when the unlucky ones came for a bite, the man took a sausage out of the boiling fat and held it to them on the top of a fork. They opened their mouths very wide, meaning to have a real good halfpennyworth, but soon found their mistake, and to their cost, poor things!

My old nurse used to take me down every Christmas Eve into the kitchen to hear the old clerk and sexton and the servants sing the Christmas Hymn. The last line, I never forget the way they rendered it:

Whilst gloory shone around,
Whilst gloo-o-o-ory shone around,
Whilst gloo-oo-oo-oo-oory shone around.

Then the mummers came in, a lot of carter lads, looking very sheepish, dressed up in a quantity of bright-coloured ribbons and paper hats, walking round and round in a ring saying:

Here bees I as yaint be it,
Wid my gurt yed and little wit;
Me yed's sa big, me wit's sa small,
I've brought me fiddle to plaze yer all.

Then followed a sham fight, and great was the delight when Dr. Bolus with his "box of pills to cure all ills" caused dead King George to jump up and fight again. What a strange jumble those old plays were! St. George and the dragon mixed up with King George indiscriminately; and how the people loved them! The mummers and Punch were about the last that lingered.

And again, how hospitable the people were! Every cottage you went into, especially at Feast-time, you had to taste their Feast-cake, I forget now the exact word they called it, and have some of their home-made wine, either cowslip or damson, or bullace, or hot elderberry; and oh! how thankful one was to slyly tip it over in some handy flower-pot when no one was looking!

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It was a great time for family gatherings, and all the boys and girls who could get away from their different places were sure to come home for Feast-day. I can see the dear people flocking to church now. The men with their clean white smocks and broad-brimmed beaver hats and corduroy trousers and sticks, and the women with their black poke bonnets and clean print dresses, each one carrying her prayer-book carefully wrapped up in a white pocket-handkerchief. When the rector came into church all the congregation stood up and curtseyed to him, and again not a creature would leave the church till the rector and all his family had passed out. I always hated this arrangement, for it meant that we all had to hurry out of church the minute the blessing was said, for fear of keeping the people waiting.

The beautiful old church, as I said, with its fine Saxon tower, stood just outside the Rectory garden. The chancel was shut off by a fine carved screen, which hid two hideous square pews, one for the rector's family and one for the servants. There was a gallery at the west end, and when it came to singing, the clerk would give out "Let us sing, &c." in a stentorian voice, and then walk up into the gallery, and the instruments would all begin to tune up. The clerk played the big fiddle—then there were violins, hautboy, flutes, clarionet, &c., and the whole congregation wheeled round and stood at attention, waiting for the psalm to begin. On Christmas Day they indulged in an anthem, and it was wonderful! But what of the Christmas Hymn? The last two lines always impressed me most: "Goodwill henceforth from heaven to men, Begin and never cease"; or as they rendered it: "Be—gin and nee—var cess," which was at first given slowly and solemnly, but at each repetition it got more spirited, till at last it ended in such a profusion of shakes and quavers and demi-semi-quavers, and such a full choral accompaniment, as might well have brought the poor old rickety gallery down.

But though we laugh at all this, I have a strong feeling that the earnest, hearty reverence and devotion of those

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simple people may put to blush many a fine service at the present day.

I fear I must have distracted them rather the first time I was taken to church, for directly they began to sing I began to sing too, and I went through the life and death of Cock Robin unflinchingly from beginning to end, in spite of all my poor old nurse's endeavours to silence me. I think they were too wise to take me to church again for some time.

My next curious memory in that dear old church was hearing my grandfather (who always robed in the reading-desk, as there was no vestry) begin a sort of smothered monologue, "What's come to the thing?" "I can't get into it!" "What have they done to it?" &c., evidently getting more and more angry. So I scrambled upon the seat, to peep over, and see what was the matter with grandpapa; and there he stood, very red in the face, looking dreadfully annoyed, and struggling in vain to get into his surplice. Another person had evidently seen that something had gone wrong, for the cook jumped up in her pew to see what was the matter, and then, to the surprise of every one, dashed out of her pew, made a rush at her master, seized the would-be surplice, and tore out of church as hard as she could. The clerk, thinking cook had gone out of her mind, set off after her, leaving the congregation staring at each other in speechless amazement. In a short time the clerk returned with the real surplice. The cook was seen no more. It transpired that the surplice was always carefully hung on a chair before the kitchen fire to air. That morning the poor old cook, who was a most portly person, had also placed some other raiment before the fire on another chair to air. The clerk coming in in a hurry, seized the nearest object and departed. Alas! he had taken the cook's nightdress!

I don't think any of the servants of that household had been less than thirty years in the family, most of them more. I remember my old nurse bought a wedding-ring, which she always wore when she went out visiting with her mistress, as she said they treated her with more respect in the hotels and

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in the servants' hall if she had it on. How well I remember the dreadfully stuffy little yellow-bodied chariot, with the two little stools that let up and down, on one of which I always had to sit with my back to the horses, which made me feel too ill to speak.

Talking of those old chariots reminds me of an extraordinary accident that happened to my great-uncle, Sir Herbert Jenner Fust. He had just come out of the Law Courts, and was about to step into his chariot, which was waiting for him, when a friend spoke to him. As he was turning round to answer, his foot slipped and he fell with great violence straight across the carriage. The opposite door burst open, and his head and arms appeared, whilst his legs dangled out in front. He was so stout that, when wedged in in this way, it was found impossible to move him, and the carriage had to be broken up before he could be extricated.

I am running on from one thing to another rather tediously, I fear, but my readers must be lenient.

The old gardener, who lived between forty and fifty years in the family, was at one time considered half-witted; till, one fortunate day, a high wind blew a tile off the roof on to his head, as he was passing. The tile broke, and some splinters went into his head, and some of the brain came out. He was trepanned, but shortly after another piece of tile worked through, and some more brain with it; and when he recovered he was as sharp as his neighbours. The doctor said the reason was that his brain had been too tightly packed, like a calf's, and that, losing some, the rest had become serviceable.

Again another actor on my "humorous stage," but he won't linger there long.

The village postman, who came every morning from the neighbouring town, was my pet horror, because he was so fond of saying how he should love to walk all the way up to his knees in Protestant blood, which, to say the least, was not pleasing.

The Squire was of one of the oldest families in the county,

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and a fine old English gentleman he was, and always kind and pleasant and nice. His wife was a tall, stately, rather severe-looking person, very much given to proselytising. She was very fond of filling her house with rich young perverts; and I can see her now, walking down the village, followed by a train of five or six of them, and stopping from time to time to point out some poor woman or child to them, saying: "*There*, young ladies, *there* is a fit object for your charity," and then walking majestically on, leaving them to follow her instructions. The poor people used to say, "Madam never puts her hand into her own pocket." I remember one poor woman telling my grandmother that Madam had had her up to the big house and tried so hard to convert her. She took her into the chapel, and as a great favour showed her a most precious relic, some saint's bones; when, to her horror, the poor woman exclaimed: "Why, blessee, ma-arm, that bain't nothing but a passel of chickens' bones!" Alas! she was never in favour again.

I remember another poor woman in the village, whose husband was very good to her when he was sober, but had an unpleasant way of thrashing her whenever he had had a drop too much. This began to occur too frequently to be altogether agreeable; so she watched for her chance, and one day he was brought home in a wheelbarrow, too drunk to be able to help himself. So she got the men who brought him to carry him upstairs and lay him on the bed; when she set to work and sewed him up in the sheet so tight that he could not move hand or foot, and there she left him. The next morning he woke and shouted to be released; but she calmly said, "You must wait. I did not thrash you last night because you were so drunk. You would not have felt it; but now you *can* feel, and I am determined you *shall* know what I have had to bear." She went downstairs, and soon came back with a long hazel wand, with which she belaboured him soundly. After a while she said, "I am tired, and my arm aches now, but don't be afraid, I won't leave you long, you shall soon see me again." And, true to her word, she repeated the dose about every three

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hours, like any doctor's prescription. In the evening, after the last application, she told him that she was going to spend the night at a neighbour's, and that she would send some one to let him loose, but warned him that, if he ever laid as much as his little finger on her again, she should only wait; and the next time she caught him he should suffer ten times as much as he had then. The man never *did* touch her again, for, though he continued to drink too much, he never let himself go so far as to forget the consequences.

I should like to add another case of a brave woman which comes back to me. I remember a subscription being raised to reward her. She lived in a small cottage standing by itself in a neighbouring village, and was known to have saved some money, which she was afraid to send to the bank for fear it should break, and so she hid it in her cottage. One night she woke up to find a man in her bedroom, very busily employed in searching her drawers. Without making the slightest noise she drew a rattle from under her pillow, and creeping to the open window by which he had come in, knocked away the ladder, and sprang her rattle vigorously. The man at once made a rush for the window, and was scrambling out when, to his dismay, he found the ladder gone, and tried to get back into the room again; but the old woman was too sharp for him. "No, no," she cried, "thee camest in this way, and this way thee shalt go out," and with that she seized his legs and gave him such a sudden vigorous push that he fell headlong on the pavement, and there lay, utterly stunned, till the neighbours and the village constable came and secured him.

But memories crowd almost too thickly. My indulgent readers must forgive me. My gallery of portraits isn't complete yet. Here is an old gravedigger—a most eccentric, curious old man, a tremendous politician, a regular red-hot old Tory—and he would while away many a tedious half-hour, whilst waiting for funerals, in laying down the law for every one, from the Prime Minister downwards. He used to wear

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a short jacket, breeches tied at the knee, and stockings which always had holes in the legs. He had a strange fancy. He regularly tied up his stockings from Michaelmas Day to Lady Day, but on Lady Day, no matter how cold or bad the weather might be, he let them down, to hang over his boots till Michaelmas Day came round again.

An old woman comes next. She was a fortune-teller who established herself on a bit of waste land on the way up the Downs. She pitched her tent there one summer, and was always observed to have her lap full of stones when on her way home, and by the time winter came she had built these stones up all round her tent, so as to form a regular cairn, in which she lived as long as I can remember. I think the lord of the manor tried to turn her out at one time, but if I am not mistaken she had been there so long that she had established a legal claim, and they had to leave her in peace till she died.

Perhaps these random recollections, seemingly somewhat disjointed, may piece together into a sort of rough mosaic of the old times. So I go on, not taxing my imagination but drawing upon my storehouse of facts.

My aunt was driving over the Downs to call on an old lady she had heard was ill. On the way she met the old lady's nephew, and stopped, saying, "Oh, Mr. ——, I am so glad I met you. I was going to inquire for your aunt. I hope she is better." "Oh, she is quite comfortable, thank you, ma'am, quite comfortable. We put her five feet underground yesterday; quite comfortable, thank you. Good morning," and he lifted his hat and departed, leaving my aunt in mute astonishment.

There was an old man who used to collect rents for my father and others. He always brought them at breakfast time, and with a low bow saying, "Your parding, gentlemen! Your parding, ladies!" he would sit down, and pulling off his long top boots, would empty the money on the floor, and then invariably followed the same little joke, "You see, ladies, no

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one can steal the money out of my boots; it's too near my understandings."

Sedan chairs were greatly in vogue in my young days for going to concerts, dinners, and whist parties. The sedan chairs were brought into the hall, and the ladies got in and arranged their hoops and shut the door. Then two men came and shut down the lid, and running the poles through the slides, put two on their shoulders and two in their hands, and started off and carried the ladies into the house of their friends. This little arrangement prevented any danger of taking cold, and many invalids were thus enabled to indulge in little harmless festivities in their friends' houses. Two unfortunate old ladies who lived in Oxford were starting off in this way, but had hardly heard their front doors shut behind them when they were overtaken by a party of undergraduates with more wine than sense in their heads. They seized the poles from the hands of the men and scampered off as hard as they could tear, never stopping, in spite of the screams of the occupants, till they had deposited them safely in the middle of a big turnip field.

There was a very well-to-do tradesman who had lately married a second time, and the bride, being a Londoner, looked down with supreme contempt on the ignorance of country people. She asked me to walk out in her garden with her; and there, to my astonishment, I saw a large plaster of Paris figure of the Virgin and Child, stuck up on a pedestal. On my exclaiming in astonishment, she said, "Oh, you know it, do you? Yes, I bought it at the door, and I knew these country people would not be any the wiser, so you see I just wrote under it, 'Alfred the Great and his Mother.'" She told me she had given a ball to her friends the night before, as she wished to show them how things ought to be done; and amongst other innovations, I remember she said, she had had real turtle soup handed round in coffee cups, between the dances, because her ma in Clapham always said it stood to reason the poor things wanted something good to keep them

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up when they were taking that violent exercise; and what was there in ice and negus to support anybody? Unfortunately, as I heard afterwards, the poor lady only incurred the furious wrath of her guests for having given them, as they told me, soup with such bad meat in it. "It was positively green!"

I used to hear a great deal of a certain lady who lived at a village on the Downs. She must have been a wonderfully clever old lady, who could turn her hand to anything—from lining her close-carriage to leading the hounds. She could manage the farm, the house, and the village, and was thoroughly respected and feared by all the inhabitants. As an instance of this, I remember that once an itinerant preacher or ranter came to the village, and the people flocked out to hear him. Having no other pulpit, he mounted on a large heap of manure, and was preaching away valiantly, when out came this imperious lady, and turning first to one and then to another of the audience with "What is the meaning of this?" "What are you all gaping about?" "Thomas! why aren't you digging the potatoes?" "Betsy! go home and mind your baby." "Sally! get back to your wash-tub." "Molly! what business have you out here, when you ought to be getting your husband's dinner," &c., till they all scuttled off like rabbits to hide in their holes. Then turning to the preacher, after thus summarily dismissing his congregation, she said, "And now, pray, what brought you here? Aren't you ashamed of yourself to pretend to be preaching God's Holy Truths on a dunghill? Get you gone, you dirty fellow, and never show your face here again, or I'll have you ducked in the horse-pond." And you may depend upon it he did go.

Those were queer times when the people were without education, few only learning to read a little from the old dames who kept their little schools and could barely read themselves, and when their pupils came to a difficult word used to tell them to "say Jerusalem and go on." What H.M. Inspectors

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of the present day would say to this, or the C.C. authorities, I cannot tell, and, oh! the horrible atmosphere of those schools! I shall never forget one in Northamptonshire where they were teaching lace-making. The little cottage room was crowded with children, each with their little pillow and bobbins on their laps, and when you opened the door you felt you might have cut the atmosphere with a knife. Ignorance and superstition were prevalent everywhere. I remember there were the most ridiculous beliefs even amongst tradespeople. For instance, a few days after the birth of his son, one of them had a donkey brought to the door and the poor baby was placed on it, with its face to the tail, and the parents were firmly convinced that they had thus secured their child from ever suffering from whooping-cough! Charms of all kinds were much used and worn, and fortune-tellers greatly feared, though much resorted to. The most innocent things were supposed to bring good or ill luck. The unfortunate magpie came in for its full share, and the old rhymes about it—

1. Sorrow,
2. Mirth,
3. A wedding,
4. A birth,
5. Heaven,
6. Hell,
7. The Devil his own sell—

were really believed in to such an extent that I once saw a nurse, with a baby in her arms, jump up in a pony carriage to curtsey to a magpie at the risk of falling out, baby and all.

I am afraid I am carrying my readers, if any have followed me so far, into so many highways and byways that my little narratives may be almost bewildering. But I may be allowed to say of my stories

That if they find them wondrous short
They will not keep them long,

and so I ask permission to insert one more incident before I

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end this paper. I shall then make a full stop till I meet my readers again.

The Earl of Liverpool, who was Premier early in the last century, was travelling *incognito* with my father. They had posted in his lordship's carriage from Sussex to London, where they put up at one of the large hotels of that day, in Oxford Street.

The next morning, after breakfast, they set to work writing as hard as they could, without waiting for the breakfast things to be removed, and continued hard at work trying to deal with the voluminous correspondence that falls to the lot of Ministers of State, Lord Liverpool being at that time Prime Minister.

They had left Sussex rather in a hurry, and Lord Liverpool had brought with him, in lieu of his regular valet, a country lad, whom he had only lately taken into his service. When the business was concluded, Lord Liverpool suggested that they should go out for a walk together, as he had people to see before they left town. Then, ringing for his servant, he ordered him to clear the table and put everything carefully away in his portmanteau, and have the carriage at the door ready to start direotly he returned.

They came back, to find everything ready as he had ordered; and, having settled the account, they got at once into the carriage and drove off. But they had not gone far before there was a cry raised of "Stop thief!" On they drove, however, taking no notice, and never imagining for a moment that the uproar could refer to them, until quite a crowd surrounded the carriage and stopped the horses; and Lord Liverpool putting his head out of the window, saw the landlord of the hotel and his people gesticulating furiously, whilst the yells of "Stop thief!" continued.

His lordship, who was of rather a choleric nature, inquired what in the world they meant by insulting him in that way.

"But you have stolen all my plate—the tea-pot, the

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coffee-pot, the cream jug, and all the silver spoons—everything. It is all very well for you to call yourself Lord Liverpool, but you are a regular set of rascally thieves, and I have caught you just in time; so come out of that carriage at once."

Lord Liverpool, utterly bewildered, shouted to his servant to know what it all meant.

The lad, frightened out of his wits, came blubbering to the carriage-door with, "Yes, my lord. You know it's not my fault, my lord. You know you told me yourself that I was to clear everything off the table and put it all into your portmanteau."

"You stupid fool!" screamed Lord Liverpool. "Of course I meant my *papers*" (with tremendous emphasis)—"all *my papers*."

"But you did say 'everything,' my lord, indeed you did."

Meanwhile the landlord had hauled down the box, seized the keys from the lad, and opened it; and there, in the middle of Oxford Street, before a gaping crowd, the Premier of all England had to disgorge his stolen goods, and make his peace with the landlord as best he could.

My father told me he often tried afterwards to bring the incident up, and get Lord Liverpool to laugh at it; but his lordship was far too sore on the subject. He was always so afraid of the story getting into the newspapers that he would never be tempted to talk or even smile at it, or allow it to be mentioned in his presence. How he succeeded in keeping it out of print I cannot imagine, when it would have been such "nuts" to the Opposition to have got hold of it.

Lord Liverpool's Life was published a few years ago, and I looked anxiously to see if this anecdote was mentioned. But it was not. The secret had been too well kept.

(To be continued)

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SAINTE-BEUVE

IT would be easy to be supremely unjust to the eminent man whose first centenary we are celebrating to-day; to be so, one would only have to apply to Sainte-Beuve himself the methods of which he so freely made use in dealing with his contemporaries. Indeed, if we were to seek in the story and details of his private life for the meaning of his work we should begin by giving a most uncharitable portrait—not to say a caricature—of the author of the "Portraits littéraires" and of the "Causeries du Lundi," but we should find to our surprise that such investigation, minute, indiscreet, and, we may say, somewhat perfidious, could throw no light either on the origins or the formation, or the development, or even on the character and the nature of his talent. To put it in other words, whatever may have been Sainte-Beuve's habits in life, the intrinsic worth, the real interest and the historical value of his work lie in the very fact that we may dissociate it entirely from his life. Or, to be still more precise, if we grant that a portion of his work—the "Pensées de Joseph Delorme," his "Livre d'Amour," his "Consolations," his "Pensées d'Août"—can only be explained in connection with his life, it must be acknowledged that his poems are weak for that very reason; he is himself the man that has survived, the man whose gifts we still admire and whose memory we honour, only in his critical work, in his "Portraits," in his "Port Royal," and in his "Lundis," in which, indeed, his personality reappears, but

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with the defects of his character veiled, erased, and finally done away with by the disinterestedness of his curiosity, his wealth of information, the insight of his mind, the precision of his judgment, and a high standard of impartiality. You will, I know, on an occasion such as this, allow me to limit myself to the critical work of your illustrious fellow-citizen, and to consider myself fortunate if I can make clear to you in a sketch, in one short address and without introducing doubtful anecdotes or gossip, the diversity, the extent and the originality, of his work.

What was criticism before Sainte-Beuve? And what rank in the history of our literature could be claimed by those who had devoted their powers to criticism? To find an answer to that question, we need only recall the paltry fame of a Marmontel, of a La Harpe, of a Ginguené. Boileau is the only exception, and he wrote verse. Generally speaking, the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries esteemed a critic little, if at all, above a "grammarian"; they saw that the latter had fewer opportunities of doing harm, and that therefore the former needed more tactful management. I do not say that to astonish you. Many great things have had small, I might almost say regrettable, beginnings. Literary emulation, which is very closely related to envy, has had as great a share in bringing about modern criticism as the refining of taste. And I am afraid that there are more traces of this somewhat humble origin to be found even in Sainte-Beuve's work than one would wish to find. No doubt it is partly owing to this its origin that professional criticism in France was for a very long time what it was in the "Satires" of Boileau himself, nothing more than the art of exposing faults in the works of others; of analysing them with a view to "disqualifying" the work; of seeking to gain as a writer either of prose or verse a reputation for wit and sarcasm at the expense of talent or even of genius. Voltaire, without being a professional, had excelled in that kind of criticism. And after him, at the close of the Revolution, Mme. de Staël and Chateaubriand, the one in her book

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"Littérature" and the other in his "Génie du Christianisme," had conceived an ideal and had already given some specimens of a criticism that was more generous, more catholic and impartial, less intent on analysing and ridiculing defects, more ready to explain and define the beauty of a work. Villemain, in his chair at the Sorbonne, had gone even further. He had treated the literature of the eighteenth century as much in the capacity of an historian of the ideas, more especially the political ideas, of the eighteenth century, as in the capacity of "critic" in the strict sense of the term. None the less, the old criticism continued, and if we take all things into consideration, we find that it is to this latter rather than to the new criticism that Sainte-Beuve's earlier essays belong.

It is true that at that time (during the last years of the Restoration) romanticism had begun, and from that time continued, to stand in opposition to classicism, and this circumstance was not long in bringing about a renaissance of criticism. For, whereas the former criticism always urged its own rules and cloaked even its malice with "principles," romantic criticism was going to move in the opposite direction and tend to encourage that emancipation of the ego which, in a certain sense, is what romanticism means, and was thus to raise on the ruins of formal rules the throne of individuality. Romanticism was going to devote its energies to prove that the interest of any work, classic or other—of a tragedy of Racine or an oration of Bossuet—was not the work itself, "Andromaque," or "l'Oraison funèbre de Madame Duchesse d'Orléans," nor even Madame herself, still less Andromache or Pyrrhus, not even, considered by themselves, the subjects of Bossuet's eloquence or those of Racine's poetry, but wholly and solely the man—the poet or orator—who stood behind the work: Jean Racine himself or Jacques-Bénigne Bossuet. A work of art is looked on as being primarily the manifestation or the "representation," so to speak, of the author. The author translates himself and cannot help revealing his personality. He displays and unfolds himself in it. Purposely? That is

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another matter, and beside the mark. At all events, we take him, we criticise him, just as he has given himself to us. We have him before us, with his qualities both good and bad (none of them necessarily connected with his writing), with his characteristic way of feeling and thinking, with his ideas of mankind and life; furthermore, with all that indefinable something we can never refuse to recognise in the influences of origin and education, and the subtle inspiration a man involuntarily receives from his contemporaries and his environment, with his tastes, his fads, his prejudices, his likes and dislikes, his very attitudes and gestures—all that sifted by means of an analysis of the works—that henceforward will be the raw material of criticism. The critic's products will be "Portraits," either head and shoulders only or full length, formal or homely, either with brush or burin; the works of the poet or the novelist serving merely as documents to corroborate the likeness and truthfulness of the portraits. And that, as you know, is what Sainte-Beuve did for eight or ten years, from 1828 to 1837. He produced portraits and indiscretions. And unfortunately for him, his indiscretions more than once erred on the wrong side of the pardonable. He was sometimes wanting in tact, sometimes—and this, perhaps, more frequently—in generosity. But it was by these methods—including even his indiscretion—that he succeeded in clothing the dry bones of classical criticism with flesh and blood.

You know what this theory of criticism led to in his hands, and it is almost unnecessary to refer to it. It is, for many people, the whole criticism of Sainte-Beuve, and the reason is that it is in this phase of his criticism that he has been most frequently followed. In the eyes of many people Sainte-Beuve's remarkable originality consists in his having transformed criticism from a lifeless analysis of letters to a living biography of men; and nowadays, for many people—too many people—a study of Molière or of Victor Hugo amounts to nothing more than a study of the better-known events of their life. There is no longer any question of judging, appreciating,

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explaining, or discussing such works as "Tartufe," "Le Misanthrope," the "Contemplations," and the "Légende des Siècles"; it is rather a matter of investigating when and under what circumstances and with whom Armande Béjart was disloyal to Molière, of determining, with the help of dates and letters, the nature of the intimacy between Victor Hugo and Princess Negroni. Far be it from me to deny the interest of this kind of knowledge! But Sainte-Beuve was not the man to be blind to the fact that when this tendency is exaggerated the very purpose of criticism is lost. The great writers only interest us by reason of their works, I mean because they are authors, and as proof we may recall how little interest we take in the life either of Lefèvre-Deumier or of Boulay-Paty. And so, before speaking of men, one must be sure of the value of their work. Psychology, physiology, pathology, and other "ologies" certainly are interesting, but it is an interest which cannot but be ancillary. Sainte-Beuve was fully aware of it, and, unless I am very much mistaken, that is what is noticeable in the writings of his second style, the masterpiece of which is his "Port Royal."

No less clearly did he see, though he failed to say so frankly and emphatically enough, what was the fallacy of such biographical criticism and in what way it was misleading. For as a matter of fact Buffon's celebrated dictum, *Le style c'est l'homme*, is not true in any sense whatever, or, at any rate, if you prefer it so, it may be or it may not be true; sometimes it is just; often it is quite wrong. It would not be difficult to multiply examples. I think that in the whole history of our literature there is no temperament so well balanced, no mind better controlled, no conduct so prudent or astute as that of Rabelais. And could any one imagine such a state of things from the style of his "Pantagruel" or his "Gargantua"? Or, again, leaving aside all his other qualities, do you know any style more nervous—I should like to call it "decisory"—more trenchant, more authoritative than that of Bossuet? And yet his gentleness, which sometimes verged on feebleness, is attested by the

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witness of all his contemporaries. I could say the same of the author of the "Soirées de Saint-Pétersbourg." The famous pages on "the executioner" and on "war"—which, by the way, I cannot help finding somewhat rhetorical—are by one of the most amiable, affectionate and tender husbands or fathers. It is true that, on the other hand, the author of that immortal idyll, "Paul et Virginie" and of the "Etudes de la Nature," which are so full of the spirit of simplicity, was of all men the most uncompromising and unsatisfactory companion, the most crochety, the most selfish and the least disinterested of men. It is clear then that it is often a mistake to look for the man in his work; he may or he may not be in it; it all depends on the work and on the man himself. Lamartine is perhaps wholly in such works as his "Méditations," his novels, his "Girondins"; but you only find a part of Balzac in his books, *disjecti membra poetæ;* and, to revert to our subject, the Sainte-Beuve of "Port Royal" is only a very distant relation of "Joseph Delorme" or even of the author of "Volupté."

Quite recently a number of letters of Sainte-Beuve have been published, the most important of which are those which form the correspondence with the Oliviers of Lausanne, and, as you know, they belong to the most troubled part of the great critic's life. In them he is always complaining that his health is giving way, and he comments in twenty different ways on La Bruyère's epigram: "Criticism is a profession which requires more health than genius." La Bruyère was right. Health of body, soul, and mind, that is the first requisite of a critic, and during the years between 1830 and 1848 Sainte-Beuve learned it by bitter experience. His private affairs in the meantime were in much the same state as his health. Modest though his tastes were—and they remained modest to the end, simple and bourgeois—his unrelenting industry failed to satisfy them, and want of funds often made him deprive himself of holidays. He also suffered humiliation—his pride was wounded; for it was just at that time (1830-1848) that the growing reputation of Musset, Vigny, Lamar

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tine, Hugo, and others caused him deep offence, proportionate to his conviction that he himself was a poet; and he was quite ready to despise the humbler task to which he found himself bound by necessity. What more can we add? He felt the bitterness of discontent all the time that he was boasting of his independence, and he tortured himself by comparing his own condition with that of men like Villemain, Cousin, Guizot, Rémusat, Thiers, Mignet, ministers, peers of France, *conseillers d'Etat*, deputies—in a word, men of eminence; and he would ask himself for what reason? Then it was, just at the time when his letters, and also his "Chroniques parisiennes" in the *Revue Suisse*, under the shelter of a *nom de plume*, are full to overflowing of his hatreds and the bitterness of his heart, that he could so "abstract" himself in the first volumes of his "Port Royal" that there is hardly a trace of it all; so that of all his works, it happens that the one which is the most impersonal is precisely the one which he wrote at a time when he was most self-engrossed—and I have said nothing of the "little secrets of the heart." So true is it that a genuine writer, if only he is inspired with the importance of his subject, forgets himself whilst dealing with it, or, as it is sometimes expressed, subordinates himself to it and puts into it as little of himself as he can, and that involuntarily. That is what Sainte-Beuve, had he not known it already, would have learned at the school of Port Royal.

Elsewhere I have praised this fine book to the best of my ability; I look upon it almost as a model of the way in which literary history should be written, almost, indeed, as the masterpiece of French criticism in the nineteenth century. I do not agree with all its opinions, but I am an enthusiastic admirer of the whole, including the digressions which, with their profusion and diversity, express so well the contingency, mobility and hazard in the sequence of this world's events. Even the style itself does not displease me, with its reticence, its "repentings" and all its tangled metaphors, which it is so easy to ridicule for their laboured affectation. That extreme precision is never

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anything more than a means of driving home the analysis of ideas or of completing the delineations of character more scientifically. And if, with the purpose of depicting these characters, or of explaining the minds of the seventeenth century, it sometimes comes about that the author takes the standpoint of his contemporaries, I cannot blame him for it, for it is a way of demonstrating, with a long gradation of shades, the perennity of human nature, and the fact that not only a whole period of our history, but even the whole of psychology may be found within the four walls of one monastery.

> Humani generis mores tibi nosse volenti
> Sufficit una domus . . .

It is thus that Sainte-Beuve's earlier style found in his second method its limitations and its improvements. "The Ego is despicable," it is the work that counts—the essays of Montaigne and the thoughts of Pascal—that is the trace that those men have left—or if you will, the furrow they turned in the field of human thought. The knowledge of the man and of his private life is of interest only so far as it may serve to elucidate the knowledge of his work. By all means let a close study of the life of Pascal and of Montaigne be made, but all that need be retained is that which throws light upon the history of their thought. Gather and study any and all "documents" that can be found, but let it not be thought that the task is done when they are published or even when the comments have been written. If amongst them there are some that are insignificant, let them be left aside for those whom our friend Nicole so picturesquely described as "shell-gatherers" (though very unjustly when he applied the term to Pascal); with a good story, there is the temptation of telling it even though it is not to the point; and it is easy enough to distort the meaning of a work by introducing elements which the author never dreamed of. Let the work be reset in the circumstances which gave it birth, and any effort to understand its genesis is an effort in the right direction. It did not fall from

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heaven and we cannot explain it away by some hypothesis of spontaneous generation. If therefore the work be viewed in connection with the events which followed it, it will be seen how and why it would have differed ten years sooner, or twenty years later. "L'Introduction à la Vie dévote" would not be what it is if Saint François de Sales had lived in the reign of Louis XIV. Furthermore, the criticism of a work must not be overlooked, for the sincere criticism of a great work becomes part and parcel of it, so to say, and certainly influences the determination of its meaning. It would be impertinent to pretend to be able to take no account of it. And out of all these elements together an opinion may be formed entirely personal and original, personal for reasons outside cognisance and control, and such an opinion would participate in that kind of impersonality which alone, in its own sphere, is capable of making the great works of literature or art living forces in history. Even the confessions of Rousseau would hardly interest us if there were nothing but Rousseau in them.

And yet, what was it that was missing in Sainte-Beuve's second manner? Can it be said that anything was missing? Yes and no. There was nothing missing if literary criticism or history are an end in themselves. But are they and can they be an end and aim in themselves? Many think so, many go so far as to say so in their lectures; and it would be easy to draw up a long list of excellent monographs whose highest ambition is to be what they are—merely excellent monographs. As to the subject of the monograph, circumstances are left to decide, and no one dreams of speaking of (or of renewing discussions about) George Sand and Sainte-Beuve unless the celebration of their centenary happens to offer a natural and topical interest. There are other critics, still more independent, who leave it to the course of their own thoughts to decide. I know some who happen to look through a catalogue or delve in a second-hand book-store, and make that an excuse. Sainte-Beuve was never an amateur of this dye, and if, during the needy days of his early life he ran some risk of becoming one, he was saved by

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the ideal of criticism which he always held before him. Not that the conception of this ideal was, even at that time, very precise or clear; it would be difficult, for instance, to find any very distinct traces of it in an article dated 1835 where it might be found, if anywhere, seeing that its title was "Du Génie critique et de Bayle." In it the author merely stated that one of the conditions of true criticism in the widest acceptation of the term is to have no personal art or style; and I can quite believe that he was right. Communion with the writers of Port Royal — Pascal alone excepted — could only tend to strengthen him in that belief. But he had also learned from the same masters, this time including Pascal, that this passiveness and this disinterestedness of criticism are good qualities only in so far as they lead to something, more especially to a completer, clearer knowledge and understanding of the truth. If I may so express myself, one cannot make an off-hand abstraction of one's tastes and of one's personality, not even in literature; but if a man suppresses his instincts and draws conclusions which are at variance with his impressions, there certainly must be some reason. It is this *reason* that cannot be found in the "Port Royal"; it is patent in the criticism of the "Causeries du Lundi."

In naming the "Causeries du Lundi" I name that part of Sainte-Beuve's whole work which is, without doubt, best known; if it cannot be said to be the most popular, it is at least the most admired. May we not regret that the illustrious critic did not always display that "passiveness" and "disinterestedness" which he commended with so much wit in his remarks on Bayle? The "Causeries du Lundi" are hard on the conquered of 1848; and from another standpoint, when we turn to the articles on Alfred de Musset or on Honoré de Balzac, we cannot but think that the critic is taking undue advantage of the terribly heavy handicap he has in having survived those whose momentary rival he had been. It may astonish you if I, addressing you to-day, assert that he often oversteps the mark in what he says concerning the men of

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the Revolution and of the eighteenth century. Not indeed that he has treated them too drastically, for I for my part would endorse nearly every opinion he expresses. But, thinking as he did, he had no right to publish such judgments in 1850 or 1860; and surely we are not hypercritical if we look upon them as rather political than literary. With this reservation, I confess I think that one cannot exaggerate his admiration for or his praise of these "Causeries du Lundi." Men of letters, historians, worldlings, philosophers, men of science, not one of them fails to make himself at home in the infinite variety of this collection, not one fails to find in each subject the essence, however peculiar, of his own thinking. In the "Causeries du Lundi" the curiosity of the critic is found to be averse to nothing, his powers are equal to any subject of topical interest which current events suggest for his discussion; his ease and his adaptability are in no way inferior to his erudition. Mere ordinary monographs, as he called them; and, technically, they are nothing more; but it is difficult to imagine anything more instructive than these monographs; and when read one after another in unbroken succession and without a pause, these monographs give us a glimpse of connections and sequences, as the author himself saw them; and all these "observations of detail"—the too modest expression is his own—concur and converge in a common end and aim which might be termed "the natural history of the mind." To draw in outline the "natural history of the mind" was the purpose of Sainte-Beuve's criticism, a purpose which he was no doubt capable of discovering and adopting for himself—that is clear enough in the "Causeries"—but a purpose whose full import was not brought home to him until some time later; in fact—and perhaps it is time to insist on this—not until he came under the influence of those who are considered—and rightly so—his disciples.

When we study the work and the life of a writer, we lay great stress on all who have been his forerunners in the history of his particular *genre*, and we are at great pains to discover

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the origin of his originality. We are also quite willing to investigate the influence which his contemporaries may have had on him. But we scarcely ever mention—if indeed we ever do—the influence of his disciples and his successors; and yet what writer or what artist ever escaped that influence, however small his share in life? There is more Quinault in Corneille than is usually supposed, and in Victor Hugo there is almost as much Leconte de Lisle. In much the same way Taine and Renan are disciples of Sainte-Beuve, but disciples whose principles, nay ideas, Sainte-Beuve did not disdain to adopt, and just as there is some Sainte-Beuve in the "Etudes d'histoire religieuse" or in the "Essais de critique et d'histoire," so there is some, and just as much, Taine and Renan in the last volumes of the "Causeries du Lundi" and more in the "Nouveaux Lundis." When disciples develop the ideas of a master and carry them to their limits, they bring about two results: in the first place, they set in prominent relief whatever systematic interdependence those ideas may have; secondly, they indicate exactly the boundaries which he will not exceed. For this service Sainte-Beuve is indebted to the Taines and the Renans. Whatever Sainte-Beuve saw of the expression of a reality or of the outlines of a future science in that "natural history of men's minds"—a nomenclature which may at first have been a mere metaphor to him—he owed it to the novel precision which Renan in his early writings gave to the physiological conception of Race. And Taine's ideas of the "mutual dependences"—which, according to the theory, unify in one "order" Colbert, the gardens at Versailles, Lebrun's battle scenes, and Racine's tragedies, making them all mere manifestations of the same phase of thought or feeling—all this, as it were, conveyed—if not actually revealed—to Sainte-Beuve the definite expression of what he had instinctively caught glimpses of in his "Port Royal" or in his "Causeries du Lundi."

But, though he drew inspiration from them, he judged them; and in two or three respects he refused to let himself

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be carried away by the originality of their method. He did not consent to see with them nothing in a literary work save an example of a thought phase, nothing but an historical "document." For as a matter of fact he had seen quite clearly that, if sufficient labour be bestowed, every work may be explained by history—in other words, by the play of natural forces and the force of circumstance; everything in the work, except that one thing which is the real end of literary criticism —I mean the *quality* of Pascal's style and the *nature* of Racine's genius. For if the nature of Racine's genius was determined by the concatenation of events as rigorously as is claimed, why, in the same circumstances, was there only one Racine? And, granting the force of all the ingenious or instructive parallels which can be drawn between Pascal's language and that of his contemporaries in general, or that of the gentlemen of Port Royal in particular, if Pascal's style is his own, is it not true that he is therein unique and that therefore he can be explained only by the personality of Pascal? That is the peculiar domain of literature or of literary criticism, and Sainte-Beuve could not forget it. Before being a document on the customs of the age or even a manifestation of the personality of their author, a tragedy of Racine or a comedy of Molière, "Andromaque," or "Le Misanthrope," are primarily literary works, and as such appeal to our sensibility, stimulating or touching it by means which literary criticism has, in its turn, to analyse, by defining their nature, by explaining their power and by weighing their legitimacy. For we are not always right, as you know, in laughing when we laugh and weeping when we weep. Racine laughed when the dives of the epigram wept:

> . . . Sur ce pauvre Holopherne
> Si méchamment mis à mort par Judith.

And the tricks which made Molière weep when Armande Béjart played them on him, are the very ones which make us laugh in the "Ecole des Femmes." Furthermore, there are methods which are used to draw tears or laughter, or more generally

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literary interest, which are not by any means of equal value; they may range from extreme refinement to the acme of vulgarity. This is what the author of the "Nouveaux Lundis" stood up for against the philosophical exaggerations of his young rivals; indeed he may be said to have been defending against them his own originality, and, so to say, taking care of his own remembrance in the minds of men.

I will not attempt to establish a comparison between the "Nouveaux Lundis" and the "Causeries du Lundi"; I will express no preference; I want to limit myself to one remark. The "Nouveaux Lundis," together with the first of his "Portraits Contemporains," are undoubtedly that portion of his critical work which is most like him. He had just been made a Senator, he was thenceforward free from the fear of need. He might at length lay down his pen if he so chose and the reputation which the work already completed had brought him would not diminish. He enjoyed his honours; the Cousins and the Hugos had been peers of France; he was a Senator of the Empire. He had regained the popularity which for a moment had been in jeopardy: two or three speeches had sufficed together with some touches of heterodoxy in his Monday *feuilletons*, touches which might be taken for opposition were they not the indirect and traditional way of flattering those in power. We may say that we have seen such tactics in France from the time of Rabelais until Sainte-Beuve's day—this trying to make the State believe that its authority increases by reason of every addition to the "province of free thought"; and if we concede that, we cannot shut our eyes to what there is of it in the "Nouveaux Lundis." But above all, there are a dilettantism, a scepticism, and at the same time an optimism, which are the expression of the last phase of Sainte-Beuve's thought; and it is fortunate for him and for us that the excess of it is hidden by his love of literature. If he had ceased to believe in all else (and such a change would not have been a great wrench to him), if he had come to disbelieve even those things which he fancied he believed, he

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would still have had faith in the power of an apposite word, in the value of a cæsura or a run-on line, in the relative worth of the various styles, in literary glory, in, I am tempted to add, the sacerdotal dignity of criticism; and he was right, for that is what has made his name survive him.

We need such men, we need all kinds of them, men who place nothing higher than the glory of their profession, men for whom that glory consists in having well performed whatever their profession called them to perform. Amidst the countless forms of consciousness, few are more indispensable to the progress of culture and civilisation than professional loyalty, and I think of all the many virtues that may be ours, there are few that give us a more just title to honour or a better claim to the recognition of posterity. "Literature leads to everything, provided you can get out of it." Villemain, who is the reputed author of these words, is hardly a convincing example of his dictum. But change it to "literature leads much further if only you can be loyal to it," and Sainte-Beuve is a striking proof of our assertion. If nearly the whole of his work survives him—and it is now thirty-five years since he died—and if we may believe that it will survive him very long; if it is not only permissible but, I may almost say, obligatory for justice' sake, to forget what trace he has left therein of his weaknesses, in order that we may remember nothing but the breadth and the diversity of his characteristics; if the critic's veerings and contradictions—or are we to go so far as to call them his palinodes and metamorphoses?—cannot prevent our seeing from a distance the just proportions of the unquestionable unity of his thought; if it was his to reconstruct the empire of criticism by extending the frontiers and annexing whole provinces which a La Harpe and a Marmontel would have deemed barbarous and therefore unworthy of their attention; and if, in the history of the nineteenth century (one of its claims to originality is having applied criticism to all things, even where it was not required), the name of Sainte-Beuve is and remains representative of and synonymous with

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criticism itself, we may feel assured that he owes it to his constant and passionate love of literature. He had not always a full measure of love for literary men, especially if they were his contemporaries; I have not sought to palliate the fact. This is no funeral oration, nor is it an academical panegyric. But I feel bound to say emphatically that he was a true lover of literature; he loved it with intensity and he loved it in all its manifestations. I might even go further and say, that in all the manifestations of the human mind as revealed by word or writing, he looked for literature and found it. He found it in the "Economiques de Sully" and in the "Journal de Dangeau." And that is what no one before him had ever done, and it is quite probable that no one will again; the times in which we live are not propitious times for literature, and that is what assures him a unique position in history. How high? I cannot say. I leave that task to those who speak at the celebration of Sainte-Beuve's second centenary. I end by saying that superior as he is to all with whom one is tempted to compare him, he is comparable to none of those whose equal he seems to be—so different is he. Joseph Delorme, thou hast nothing to regret!—nothing with which to upbraid fortune; fortune knew what she was doing when she led thee towards criticism and turned thy steps away from paths in which thy rivals were triumphantly progressing, in order that she might lead thee to a way where none will ever tread except in thy footprints, where none can ever surpass thee unless it be by first following thy lead and being thy disciple.

FERDINAND BRUNETIÈRE.

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A SIDE-LIGHT ON INDIA

THE BYLE

BULLOCK is what we call it, but its national name is *Byle*, and I make bold to say that no one has made himself properly acquainted with the people of India who has not well considered the Byle. Your travelling member of Parliament never does this, which sufficiently accounts for him. He makes his round of the country in the cold season, converses with "all classes of the people," and goes away as ignorant as he came and more securely barred against knowledge. He thinks he has seen India because he has seen samples of its human curiosities and heard the sentiments which they keep on hand to set before strangers. The fact is that, of all races in the world, there is none that can compete with the Hindoo in saying, and not only saying, but feeling and believing, things suitable to the occasion. Long practice has made it automatic with him. Knowing that he is looked at by a member of the great Sabha that makes laws in England, is enough of itself to change his whole nature for the time, and cause him to make a presentation of himself that his own mother would not recognise. Therefore, if you would know him, you must find means to look at him without his being aware of it. You must stand at the shop windows and catch his reflection as he passes. There are, indeed, no windows in the shops of his native village, but I speak figuratively. There are other mirrors in which the observant may

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study him, and of these I do not know one that shows his very "form and pressure" so faithfully as the Byle. In its outward aspect it is only an undersized animal of the ox kind, with a queer hump on its back, which does most of the duties that are performed in our country by the horse, and, as I have said, we call it bullock, or, collectively, cattle. But the Byle is more than these words can carry. It is one of the most pervasive ingredients of the hoary life of India. An image of it in stone stands in front of nearly every temple in the country, symbolic of many things. The mother of it is the sacred animal of all Hindooism. In every town one or two favoured individuals of its race, consecrated to the gods, roam the streets and thrust their noses unchecked into the baskets of the corn merchants, fattening vicariously for their brethren at the plough or under the yoke of the creaking *Hakkery*. I warrant him who will take the trouble to study the Byle patiently that he will find a key to the mind of the Hindoo peasant and some insight into the tenour of his humble life.

A great Indian administrator is credited with the saying that he could find no difference between the English country bumpkin and the Indian country bumpkin but this, that when you perplex the former he scratches his head, whereas, when you perplex the latter he scratches his thighs. The saying sounds smart because that singular difference is indisputable, but it is only an index to constitutional difference which separates the two bumpkins as widely as the lands of their birth. The Byle will illustrate what I say. Try to imagine an English ploughman driving a team of Byles, or a Mahratta *koonbee* steering an English plough-horse. It is not imaginable. Try rather to imagine a monkey plunging for fish among polar icebergs, or a seal disporting itself among the trees of a tropical forest. The monkey was made for trees and trees for the monkey. So the Byle was made for the Hindoo and the Hindoo for the Byle. They have acted and reacted on each other for centuries and reflect each other now.

One of the very first things that strike an Englishman

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about the Byle is the thickness of its skin. I do not mean merely that its body is encased in a crass hide. The words are true in their widest sense. The integuments of its mind and feelings are thick and tough. To stir it in any part of its nature strong stimulants must be used. And this is a notable example of the mutual adaptation subsisting between it and its master. For though we often speak of him as "the mild Hindoo," and with justice, since his nature and sentiments are essentially mild, yet his methods of giving expression to his sentiments are not delicate. When he walks with his friend on the public road, discoursing on household matters, he bawls so that you can hear him a hundred yards away. And when he addresses himself to his Byle, he is naturally still more forcible. To make it understand that he desires it to move on he commonly uses a *flagellum*, consisting of a short bamboo handle and a very long thong of tough hide. Swinging this round his head, he brings it down on his beast from above in such a way that the thong encircles its belly, stinging its tenderest surface for the space of half a fathom, with a report like a gunshot. This, done at intervals, keeps the Byle going, but the intervals are fully filled with other incentives, chiefly loud pops and strange noises quite unattainable to European lips. Sometimes, owing to overwork, want of food, a lame leg, a sore neck, or some other trivial cause, the Byle is more than usually sluggish. Then stronger stimulants are at hand. At the butt end of the whip handle there is commonly a sharp nail, which can be pressed into the flesh till the desired effect is produced. And there is always the poor beast's tail. That is another wonderful provision of nature. What could a Mahratta driver do with the tail of a horse? The tail of the bullock is long and thin, like a rope with a tassel at the end. Grasp it above the tassel and give it a good, firm twist, and you will inflict the torture of the rack with almost no exertion to yourself. If the bullock is very obstinate the screw can be tightened, but care should be taken not to twist the tail off, as careless drivers sometimes do; for this lowers the value of the

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beast. A bullock without a tail is worse than a boat without a helm.

The Byle is steered partly by its tail and partly by a cord tied to its horns and connected with another cord which passes through a hole in its nose. As a rule it goes steadily along the road, only meandering a little from side to side; but many bullocks are possessed at times with a demon of perversity, which prompts them to go off the road down steep banks, into ditches, or over any obstacle that seems likely to upset a cart. In vain the driver tugs at their noses, heaps blood-curdling imprecations on their heads, and flays their backs and bellies. They just push steadily on in the direction of their choice until he springs from his seat, rushes to their heads and, grasping one nose-string in each hand, nearly wrenches their nostrils off and forces them back into the road. Then they go on quietly. They have horns, but it never occurs to them to impale him while he is treating them so. They seldom even kick. They just suffer calmly all that he inflicts, and when it is sufficient to overbalance their disinclination to proceed, they proceed. Sometimes the disinclination is unconquerable. Then the bullock lies down and seems to say, "Now, do what you like with me." This is very provoking, but the driver is too much akin to his beast to get into a passion. He dismounts and gazes at it and remarks that it had a double day's work yesterday and is tired out, then curses its mother and exchanges his whip for a thick bamboo. Taking this in both hands, he belabours it with all his might, while a friend assists the effect by trying to heave the animal off the ground by its tail. There is no malice in all this. You do not charge a carpenter with malice when he hammers a nail on the head to drive it into a plank. How the bullock feels about the matter cannot be told, for it makes no outward sign. When the driver sees that he is only wasting his strength, he stops beating, for he is a practical man. He has still one resource. He takes a thin, strong cord, winds it round and round the bullock's nose and stands back. This never fails. In a few moments the poor

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animal struggles to its feet in an agony of suffocation. Then the cord is unwound and the cart proceeds till the beast lies down again.

I have said that the cart-driver makes strange sounds, such as pops like the opening of a soda-water bottle, chucks and chirrups, gurgles and appalling roars. This is indeed a most important part of the art of driving. Bullocks will not go without these noises. There is one particular note, a blast of sound midway between a hiss and a gasp, with which I have seen a master hand get a cart out of a most hopeless ditch when all other devices had failed. It seemed to galvanise the animals into a supernatural and simultaneous effort. Sometimes the Mahratta driver will fall to reviling his bullock, its mother, sisters, and aunts (all sacred animals), with a vehemence which you may mistake for a tearing passion if you do not know him. I have not decided whether this has any effect on the beasts, or only eases himself. Of course the bullock does not understand the import of the words and its "state is the more gracious," but the driver's voice is raucous and the din that he makes may stun and distress its ears. Besides, these imprecations are usually premonitory of blows, and it may learn to associate them. It agrees with this view that the Mahratta reviles most copiously when ploughing; for at the plough there are not two bullocks to drive, but eight, and the only chance of getting along at all is to keep at least four of them on an average straining at the yoke. But the bullock's nature is such that, when its neighbour begins to put forth an effort, it stops to rest. And the tails of only the last team are within the ploughman's reach. He may reach the second team with his whip, but he must scourge the rest with his tongue. And he does it. "Raja-raja-raja, pop, pop. Dih-dih-dih. Ho-ho-ho. Chendia! Thou corpse! Son of an abandoned mother! Brother of a cow buffalo! Ho-ho-ho, Raja! Dih-dih-dih-dih-dih. Pop. Dowlut! Dowlut! Pop. Dowlut!!! Thou . . . (unfit for publication)." So the torrent flows without almost a pause. Now Raja and Chendia

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and Dowlut all know their own names, and as each one hears the volley levelled at it and enforced by the bodeful whistling of the long whip as it circles round the driver's head, presentiments of castigation no doubt admonish it to rouse itself and pull. So the whole procession keeps moving.

I sincerely hope that no one will gather from what I have said that the Mahratta is a brute who delights in cruelty, for he is not. I have described his methods when combating perversity or contrary circumstances, in order to illustrate how happily he and the Byle are suited to one another. If he tried the same methods (and he knows no other) on a Clydesdale plough-horse, awful things would happen, which might throw his very mind out of gear; for the horse is an excitable and thin-skinned beast. The Byle is not excitable. It has no superfluous spirit, nor is it ever in a hurry. It is stolid, patient and a creature of habit. In short, it is like him and he is like it, so the two understand each other and their lives run harmoniously together. A cartman's life seems to me a beautiful idyll, and often have I contemplated it with admiration and envy, standing on one of those great trunk roads that straggle down the steep western Ghauts to some picturesquely filthy little town, at the head of a broad creek which has been a gate for the outpouring of the wealth of the country since the days when ships of Tarshish brought Solomon ivory and apes and peacocks. Giant trees on either hand bend over the road and let fall great drops of dew, which make round holes in the dust, for the sun has scarcely dawned yet. The songs of birds on every side mingle with a hundred strange cries, the hooting of the monkeys, the rattle of the huge red squirrel, the moaning of the imperial fruit pigeon, the screaming of parrots, the rapping of woodpeckers, and the unearthly cries of hornbills; but one does not see much, for the forest is too thick. Jungle cocks are crowing to each other on all hands, and a turn of the road brings us suddenly on one of them, with a couple of hens in his company, picking up the corn that fell from a passing cart last evening. The cool air is perfumed

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with sweet flowers, spiced with aromatic shrubs and tainted with the effluvium of a dead bullock. You see, a bullock will sometimes die on the march, and then it is dragged off the road and left for the jackals and vultures to finish. However, we are soon past that. Suddenly the sweet cadence of distant, deep-toned bells begins to beat time to the music of the birds. A long column of carts on their way down has turned the shoulder of a hill. They are not going up, I know, for there are no human voices, and bullocks cannot be got to drag a cart up a hill without the most fearful objurgations. Presently another turn of the hill brings them into sight, and it becomes clear that we shall have to get off the road, for the foremost cart is on the extreme right and the rearmost on the extreme left, and nothing can get between them, because the bullocks of each cart are pressing their heads into the one in front of them. It is vain to shout, for the drivers are all blissfully asleep in perfect confidence that their Byles will not do anything unusual. If they were horses they would need to be looked after; this is another reason why the Mahratta cannot get on with the horse. It is amusing to study the various attitudes of these men, so soundly slumbering on the tops of their loads. It matters not what the load is. It may be bales of loose cotton, piled six feet high, or bags of grain, or logs of firewood. Lay a native on his back and he will go to sleep without inquiring what is under him. If he cannot lie down, he will sleep sitting, or leaning against anything that offers. In this way they have been travelling most of the night, for bullocks feel the heat of the sun.

But now one driver after another sits up and yawns and makes sundry noises, by which man in a state of nature expresses that this is a weary world. As each man throws off his coarse, black blanket, you will see that he is dressed in the usual scanty loincloth and a *puggree*, or bandage of whitish or red stuff, rolled about his head; but some of them also wear a short jacket of cotton cloth, originally white. Across the back of this there may be an inscription in large blue letters, such as

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HORROCK'S, or 42 YARDS, showing that the wearer was lucky enough to secure the end of a piece of cloth, which is both cheaper and more ornamental than the rest.

The cart, or "hakkery," is well worth a little examination. A rough and simple frame, put together without the use of nails, rests on two large wheels. The floor is of split bamboos; there is not a plank in the whole structure except the driver's seat. The pole is attached to the axle-tree, and the front part of the body of the cart rests on it. It projects about the length of a bullock, and across the end of it is the yoke. Just in front of the body of the cart a board is nailed across the pole for the driver to sit on. He sits astride, and from that position his toes can reach the ribs of the bullocks and his hands command their tails. The yoke rests on the necks of the bullocks, which appear to have been designed expressly to receive it. The hump prevents it slipping back, the horns prevent it slipping forward, and an iron pin and leather throat-strap prevent the bullock getting out sideways. A joint of hollow bamboo, containing grease for the wheels, hangs at one side, and the pariah dog trots under the body of the cart.

With this rough and simple machinery the whole carrying trade of the country is done wherever railways do not run, and one is ready to take for granted that the "hakkery" is one of the institutes of Menu. The fact is, though few know it, that this form of cart was invented by two ingenious British officers, of whom one died only a few years ago. Up to fifty years ago Western India had no cart except a ponderous vehicle mounted upon two solid discs of stone or heavy wood, and utterly unfit for ordinary traffic. These two officers saw that one of the most urgent needs of the country was a useful cart or waggon, to turn to account the new roads that were being opened up in all directions, and they set themselves to devise something which a Mahratta could understand and two bullocks could draw, strong enough for very rough work, cheap enough for a very poor people, and simple enough for a village carpenter to make or mend. The result was the "hakkery," a thing so truly

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oriental in its conception, that the people fitted to it at once. No monument rewarded the inventors, but they can well afford to say, "Si momentum quæris, circumspice." The bakkery is now on every road, and it is difficult to see how the country ever got on without it. The Mahratta himself is unaware that he is indebted to the *Saheb* for this new link between him and his Byle.

To return to our caravan, the scenery all around is beautiful beyond description, but the Mahratta does not know this. His mind has not opened to the conception that there may be beauty in hill and valley. By beauty he understands bright colours, especially red and yellow. Nor does he notice the singing of the birds, but his ear quickly catches the murmur of a mountain stream, for that marks a camping-ground. Close by the stream there is a clearing in the forest, into which the carts turn one after another. Each driver jumps down, unyokes his beasts and leads them to the water, then turns them loose to graze and addresses himself to his own comfort. A few sticks are gathered, three stones make all the fireplace he requires, and his simple cooking pot is hanging from the bottom of the cart. While the rice is boiling, he goes through certain imperative ablutions at the stream, and then as many as are of the same caste sit in a circle and feed under the shade of a tree. Then they lie about and smoke and talk, and finally, having attained to the condition which has been described as "physiological contentment," each man crawls under his cart and enjoys his noontide sleep.

So the life of the cartman passes, like a pastoral lay, or a continuous picnic, as it seems to us looking on. But we must beware of reading our own feelings into the picture, lest we misread it altogether. It is more than doubtful whether those elements that give it most of its charm in our eyes are present to his mind at all. I am afraid that his Byles must be our interpreters again. He is enjoying, like them, the pleasantness of food and rest after work, and the sweetness of a brief liberty. But he, too, like them, is doomed to go

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through life with a galling yoke upon his neck and a cruel driver twisting his tail. The yoke is a debt which he will never pay, and the driver is the village *Marwaree*. Happily for him he is like his Byle in nature as well as condition, and adversity well brings out the likeness. The "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" will find him encased in the same thick skin which arms it against the lash and the goad. He will not kick or plunge, or hurt himself with vain fretting. He will just plod along at his own pace, paying his creditor more or less according to the severity with which he is driven. The money-lender is no gentle driver; he knows how to use the lash and the goad, but he also knows his beast and the limits of his power over it. He knows that he must allow it enough of food or it will not work at all. He knows that if he overdrives it, it may lie down and refuse to move another step, taking with stolid patience all that he can do to it. And he knows full well that when it is dead he will get nothing more out of it. So he will drive it like a wise man, with his keen, cold eye fixed on his own interest, unclouded by pity or passion. He will keep it in life and working condition, without running any risk of letting it get too spirited and rush off the road. And when it sinks on the ground for the last time and is dragged off the road to make way for others, I daresay the old Shylock will grumble and say that this was an unlucky investment.

E. H. Aitken.

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BEAUJEU

CHAPTER XII

IN HOLBORN FIELDS

MR. HEALY has left it upon record that M. de Beaujeu had always "a decent, natural affection for green fields." Also he "put a proper value on his own legs." So it seems they went often walking to the Islington pastures in that idle spring, and, returning one day across Holborn Fields, observed Mr. Dane in a hurry westward bound.

"Romeo goes to his pure Juliet," said Beaujeu with an ugly laugh.

Mr. Healy waited for it to end. Then, "And will you be jealous?" said he quietly.

"Jealous? Who, I?" Beaujeu laughed. "But I'ld not have the boy tie himself to a draggled theatre wench."

"'Tis benevolent in you," said Healy, and suddenly gripped Beaujeu's arm and stopped him behind a hedge.

For Mr. Dane had become part of a drama. Before him was a fellow in faded brocade with a draggled feather, and this hero had paused to settle his dingy ruffles where all the road was muddy save for two feet's space by the hedge. Mr. Dane had tried to slip round with an easy, "By your favour, sir," when the faded hero started suddenly forward and pushed him into the mire.

"Curse and confound me, sir," he cried. "Who a pox are you to jostle a King's officer?"

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"The jostling was of your own damned awkwardness, sir," cried Jack Dane.

"Death and hell, fellow! No man shall use such words to me!" and the faded hero put up his cane to strike.

Jack Dane caught it and slashed it across his eyes: "So begad! And now I am your man when and where you will."

The bully had staggered back and was rubbing his eyes and swearing. Jack Dane laughed. "Beggar you, how do I know you're a man of honour?" growled the bully at last, still blinking.

"Faith, I should say you are little able to judge, sir."

"Enough, fellow, enough. Oons, but I'll teach you manners!"

Jack Dane bowed. "Where you have learnt them yourself, sir?" he enquired politely.

"So you shall never need them this side hell, sirrah."

"Oh, your humble servant without more words—Jack Dane I am, and you can hear of me at Locket's. Your friend will wait on me soon, doubtless," and with that he was going.

The bully caught his cloak: "Od's blood, sirrah, do you cry off? Odso, you shall fight now or taste the cane!"

"As I tasted just now? Well, sir, where you will, and the quicker the better."

At once the bully became courteous: he smiled and bowed, and "I like to meet a gentleman," said he.

Behind the hedge Healy and Beaujeu exchanged glances.

"There is a very pleasant meadow fifty yards away, sir, if you will do me the favour," said the bully, and parodied the fashionable bow.

"Sure and we will," Mr. Healy muttered.

The bully led the way. Jack Dane followed without a word. They turned off by a narrow muddy footpath across the fields, climbed a stile, and then the bully stopped and turned to Jack Dane. His red blotched face wore a grin. Mr. Healy and Beaujeu, silent gentlemen of great experience,

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were again behind the hedge. "This will serve us, sir," said the bully with another bow to Jack.

Jack Dane looked round him. The sun was almost gone and the twilight shadows fell long and dark. On one side was a hazel copse, on the other the blackthorn hedge of Mr. Healy, between the two a strip of dank grass. The bully watched him with anxious eye. "Well, sir, well!" he cried. "My time is short!"

Jack Dane flung off his coat: "Pray remember—'tis by your choice that we are alone," said he. Beaujeu and Healy grinned at each other.

The bully showed a broken set of teeth: "Do you cry off now, sir?" he asked, sneering. Jack tossed down hat and coat and periwig, drew his sword and came forward bald and ready. More slowly the bully dropped his cloak, then clapped his hat firm on his head and saluted.

Jack stared. "Why, will you fight in your wig?" he cried.

"'Twill do for you, sir," snarled the bully, "and——"

"Oho, oho," muttered Mr. Healy, and Beaujeu and he, silent and swift, marched for the strategic position—the stile.

The swords crossed and clashed. The bully kept his distance, breaking ground again and again. Jack Dane pressed on sharply and the bully fairly ran from him. But, "Rustic, mighty rustic," says Beaujeu critically, and "Sure we'll not be learning much here," quoth Mr. Healy. But then from the hazel copse came the crash of bushes and trampling feet. Three men more rushed upon Jack Dane, who swung round and sprang away from them to the hedge.

Mr. Healy trussed his cloak about his arm, vaulted the stile, and dashed in between the four points and Jack. Mr. Healy's blue rapier whirled, a singing circle of light in the air, and the four bullies stumbled back, hampering each other. Mr. Healy shook loose his cloak and flapped it in their faces, and sprang in under their points and pinked a sword-arm neatly, and was out of reach again in an instant. So Mr.

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Healy, a giant of agility, and Jack Dane was for trying to copy Mr. Healy's so simple deed, and had come doubtless to an end untimely but for Healy's cry of horror, "Be easy, now, will you? Be easy! Don't flush my covey." He was himself feinting, had only three points against him (for one hero was cursing and binding his arm), and was vastly happy.

Towards the flicker of Mr. Healy's blade M. de Beaujeu came delicately, swinging his cane.

The wounded hero saw him, and "Damme, boys, it's a diddle!" he roared, and was the first to run. But the others stood on no order in their going. They turned together and fled, Mr. Healy and Jack hotfoot on their heels, to the copse.

M. de Beaujeu was left in the midst swinging his cane. He heard some stamping, some oaths, then the gallop of horses. Then Mr. Healy came back laughing with his arm through Jack's. "Faith, Mr. Dane, never look so glum! They have their *in memoriam*. Two arms and one in the ribs, begad!" He picked up the cloak of the departed bully and wiped the blood from his rapier.

"I fear, Mr. Dane, we intrude?" said Beaujeu.

"Why, well for me you did! But I wish to God we had caught them."

"And who were they?" says Mr. Healy.

"Zounds, I would give ten pounds to know."

"Well, do you know I could guess," says Mr. Healy.

While Jack stared at him Beaujeu said coldly:

"If you will take my advice, Mr. Dane, you'll be pure of other men's women."

Jack Dane flushed. "What do you mean, sir?" he muttered.

Beaujeu shrugged his shoulders. "'Tis no riddle, Mr. Dane. My lord Sherborne fights for his rights."

"Zounds, sir, do you say Mistress Charlbury is his?"

Beaujeu laughed. "Nay, doubtless not his alone. 'Tis a lady of general kindness. But he appears to prosecute trespassers."

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"Sir, if you mean insult to her——"

"Mr. Dane, I could not," said Beaujeu bowing. "Are you breathed, Healy? Let us be walking. Believe me, Mr. Dane, we speak and we act as your friends. A good-night."

Jack Dane made an ungracious bow and they parted.

Mr. Healy glanced at his friend: "'Tis the first time you've left me alone in a fight," said he.

"I would have had the boy schooled."

"You would be having him killed to teach him morals? 'Tis an austere affection that you have for him."

"He is all my kin in the world, and I'll not have him break his life for a wench."

"Sure and you love that same wench dearly, do ye not?"

Beaujeu smiled in the gloom.

CHAPTER XIII

THE BENEVOLENCE OF M. DE BEAUJEU

THERE was a crowd in Jeremy's. Coffee, smoke and snuff loaded the air, and fine gentlemen (who had all called themselves Whigs four years earlier) scraped each other's legs with their rapiers as they turned to whisper or listen. Rumours were flying about the town of quarrels at Court and the Council Board, so "when thieves fall out" they said at Jeremy's and debated politics marvellously. But in the window stood Mr. Wharton jesting on all heaven and earth, in a corner sat M. de Beaujeu alone smoking a pipe of his own Turkish tobacco, by the door a little man with bright eyes was teasing a waiter, and the three contrived to look careless.

A man came hurrying in with news writ large upon his face. He appeared to look for a friend, found one, and whispered something in his ear. A loud "Now, damme!" drew others in, and soon there was a covey chattering like rooks.

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"Faith, they have a joke there," said Mr. Wharton. "What is the *mot*, Temple?"

One turned and looked round the room. "My Lord Halifax is struck off the Council," says he in awe-stricken tones.

The buzz of talk died suddenly. My Lord Halifax was the one man on King James's Council with a name for honesty.

"And Sunderland turns Papist!" the awed voice spake in the silence.

The fine gentlemen in Jeremy's stared at each other and spake not. Here was cataclysm indeed! So the King would have none but knaves to serve him, and Papist knaves at that! Then who was safe, or what? They were mightily exercised, and their eyes half-timorous, half-suspicious of their best friends. M. de Beaujeu glanced round curiously, and observed that the little man with bright eyes was doing the same. They two alone were unmoved. And the silence endured save for the waiter's footsteps. Then Mr. Wharton laughed loud. All turned to stare at him and still he laughed.

"Egad, gentlemen, you are a feeble folk," said he, and he laughed again. They crowded around him to ask what he thought. "Faith, I never think," laughed Wharton. "What, will you weep because Sunderland has found salvation? Sure, 'tis a gay day in heaven." He looked at his watch. "Well, we'll never miss him in hell. And I have the most pressing business. I have kept the lady waiting an hour. I'll have no time to stay for your *Te Deum* for Sunderland's soul." And so he went out laughing. But M. de Beaujeu from behind his blue cloud of smoke observed a glance pass between him and the little man with bright eyes. Beaujeu paid his reckoning. In a moment the little man went out and Beaujeu attended him ten yards off.

So a procession of three went eastward along the Strand with Mr. Wharton in the van. Mr. Wharton went straight to his house in the Lincoln's Inn Fields, and was surprised by

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M. de Beaujeu arriving on the steps shoulder to shoulder with the little man.

"So you never think, Mr. Wharton?" said Beaujeu smiling. "You are perhaps like the King?"

Wharton stared at him, then broke out laughing. "You are passably diabolic," said he. "Come in with you!"

"And we will share your lady between us," said Beaujeu.

They passed to an inner room, and Mr. Wharton gave some care to locking the door. "Now, do you know each other?" he asked.

"Oons," says the little man, helping himself to wine. "I think the gentleman will know me again. He stared enough in Jeremy's."

"Sir, 'twas your philosophic composure that attracted me. I am Thomas de Beaujeu, a Huguenot gentleman, and heartily of your—philosophic—party."

The little man laughed. "And I am Will Green, and no gentleman. I write the news' letters, and so I am drinking Mr. Wharton's wine."

"Damme, Will, give the devil his due," cried Mr. Wharton. "My door was open before you fell to news' writing. Mr. Green is my friend, Beaujeu."

Beaujeu bowed. "I shall hope to see him mine," said he gravely.

The little man stiffened himself with a comical air of dignity, filled his glass, and pledged them. Then he filled it again and drank and smacked his lips. "Odso, Mr. Wharton, the King is a fool," he said with a small malicious smile.

Beaujeu smiled at Wharton: "Mr. Wharton proposes to thank God for it," said he.

"Plain duty, Mr. Wharton, no less," said Mr. Green chuckling, and spread out a big sheet of paper. "Mark ye, sir," he tapped it and looked at Beaujeu, "this goes for gospel in five shires."

"I compliment the evangelist." Beaujeu bowed.

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Mr. Green chuckled. "Now, gentlemen, we begin mysterious. It works on your country squire. 'Strange rumours fly about the town. Honest men know not what to believe. 'Tis general talk that the hour is big with trouble for Church and State'—and so forth. I'll put something of embroidery to that. Then we go on: 'it may not be denied that late changes in the Church have sorely troubled the minds of good Protestants. The Deanery of Christ Church is given to a Papist, Dr. John Massey, who ——'"

"Eh, is that true?" cried Wharton.

"'Tis too dangerous to lie, Mr. Wharton."

"How did you hear?"

"'Tis the quality of the news' writer to have long ears," quoth Mr. Green. "We dilate upon masses in Oxford chapels, and then at the end we'll fire the great guns. 'Tis lately published that my lord Halifax is dismissed the Council. My lord Sunderland, who remains, hath turned Papist;' and I'll close shortly: 'On these things 'tis too dangerous to comment. Honest men are much anxious. In the country you will know what to think.'"

"Very neat, Will," said Wharton. "Devilish neat. It will flutter their honest dovecotes." He took up a pipe. "And how will it end, Will; how will it all end?" He glanced keenly at the news' writer from half-shut eyes.

"How does it end when you fight a fool, Mr. Wharton? You wait on him, wait, wait!" the little man stood up and mimicked sword-play. "Wait till he lunges a thought too far, and then—paff! Exit Master Fool on a hurdle." Mr. Green folded up his paper, put it away, and took up his hat.

"A moment!" cried Wharton. "Papists are taking commissions in the army. Have that in, Will!" Mr. Green made a note on his paper and departed.

Wharton turned in his chair and met Beaujeu's eyes. "My own motto was *qui sçait attendre*, Wharton," said Beaujeu quietly.

"You see how I wait," Wharton laughed, with a jerk of

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his head to the door. "But, mark you, Beaujeu, 'tis to-day first that I think there may be something to wait for. I am not sure of it now."

Beaujeu smoked on for a while. "I suppose," he said slowly at last, "in your tender passages—with Lady Sunderland—you are urgent to convince her that her lord should keep the King as quiet as he can?"

"Why, begad, yes," cried Mr. Wharton. "Do I want him to hang us all?"

Beaujeu sighed. "You affect me to tears. Here are we yearning to see our good King set up the mass in Westminster—make Petre Archbishop—proclaim the Pope—and you must needs tell him 'twill be his ruin. My dear Wharton, 'tis merely the truth, so why the devil must you tell it?" Mr. Wharton gaped. "Pray reflect," says Beaujeu coolly. "Do you admire yourself as the saviour of Black James? Will you not tell your *amoureuse* that the country will bear anything, that 'tis the heart's desire of all to see good Father Petre Cardinal Archbishop of Canterbury and old Sancroft burnt in Smithfield—or such fictions as your fertility provides? At least present me to Lady Sunderland as a gentleman who hath lately made a tour of the country and can assure her all the shires are vastly well affected to the King."

"You know," said Mr. Wharton pleasantly, "till I met you I thought I was something of a knave myself."

"Indeed, I perceive that you have the natural gift. You were perhaps less fortunate in early training."

"I was reared on psalms."

"I also. But for my capacity I thank kind kinsfolk, and——"

"Lyndaraxa perhaps?" said Mr. Wharton sharply, and made Beaujeu flush to his periwig.

"You remind me——" said Beaujeu coldly. "But first let us provide for the Sunderlands."

Wharton laughed: "Zounds, I'm with you. And I'll make you known to my lady. Sure you'll not play me false

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with her, will you? My heart would break. But, begad, Beaujeu, remember 'twill be Greek and Greek."

"I believe I am passably Grecian. And now of Lyndaraxa. I would take it friendly if you would speak ill of her to my cousin Jack."

"Jealousy," says Mr. Wharton with unction, "is a sad vice."

Beaujeu's eyes flashed. Mr. Wharton observed his fingers clench on the pipe. "If the wench were here on her knees to beg me have her I would kick her out of the way," said he. Then, observing Mr. Wharton smile, "Do you doubt me?" he cried.

"Oh, lud, not I," said Mr. Wharton.

"I would not have a theatre wench in my family," said Beaujeu sharply. "That is all my concern with Mistress Charlbury." He rose, and Wharton saw the blood still dark in his scarred cheek. "You'll do it, Wharton?"

Wharton shrugged his shoulders; "My tongue is modestly scandalous," he remarked.

Beaujeu nodded and went out. Mr. Wharton, left alone, drew a long breath, then sprang up, flung open the window and stood in the draught of cool fresh air. It was curiously grateful—after M. de Beaujeu.

CHAPTER XIV

THE GALLANTRY OF M. DE BEAUJEU

Mistress Charlbury was complimented on her art by M. de Beaujeu. "Ah, mademoiselle, but not even on the stage of Paris have I seen so poignant a figure as your 'Almahide,'" said Beaujeu. And that was merely true, for he had never been in Paris.

"You are pleased to be kind, monsieur," said Rose.

Beaujeu put up a deprecating hand: "But no, mademoiselle. I am only honest—and that is quite different."

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"Why, monsieur, for myself I would hope to be both."

"Mademoiselle, without doubt you are capable of everything. But we others, we cannot be honest and kind at once. So to you, since kindness would be impertinence, I am honest."

"Indeed, you explain yourself with great care," said Rose. M. de Beaujeu looked at her sideways, saw nothing but gaiety in the bright golden eyes, and lay back in his chair.

"Pardon, mademoiselle. I talk of myself because I dare not talk of you."

"I would that all the town were polite as you," said Rose, and her eyes grew darker.]

M. de Beaujeu stiffened himself with a martial air. "Do me the honour to remember, mademoiselle," says he, "if any rogue take your name in vain the sword of Beaujeu" (he slapped the hilt) "is sharp to maintain that you are Queen of Honour, of Loyalty, of Art!"

Rose laughed: "Why, monsieur, you have discovered all my virtues vastly quickly."

"Mademoiselle," said Beaujeu, watching the dimple tremble in her fair cheek, "they leap to the eye. I have never beheld their match."

Some tone of his voice, a gleam (mayhap) of the eyes, made her start and frown and look at him strangely. He recalled mysteriously the past, this M. de Beaujeu. But now he was bowing and smiling with a somewhat Gallic air, and—

"Ah, mademoiselle, but I envy you!" he cried.

"If I were a man I would never envy a woman," said Rose sharply. "And why me of all women?"

M. de Beaujeu was leaning forward in the shadow, for her gaze was steady upon him. M. de Beaujeu made a gesture with delicate white hand: "To be mistress of all the town!" he cried. The girl's cheek darkened at the dubious phrase. "Eh, one must envy," says monsieur easily.

"Can you understand, monsieur, that I hate the town?" said Rose, coldly.

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Beaujeu laughed: "I was sure of it, mademoiselle! These people of fashion, all busy with their intrigues and deceits, I knew they could not please you. One sighs for the air of the heath."

"The heath?" Rose cried, and leant forward, gazing.

"My moors of Auvergne," said Beaujeu. "They breathe to me yet. But, alas! I am exile."

"I am sorry," said Rose, simply. Beaujeu bowed. "I come from a heath country, too, monsieur." She smiled at him. "Do you know the wind that blows over the moors after rain?"

Beaujeu's face hardened. "I remember," he said harshly.

Rose watched him, and her eyes grew dark and tender. "We shall breathe it again perhaps—at last—you and I."

Beaujeu flung back his head, the black curls of his wig fell away, his face showed grim against the light, and the cold eyes glittered. "I shall never," said he. "Nor do I wish it—now." Rose had started. Rose gave a little gasp and caught at her heart. Her cheeks were white. Beaujeu's curls fell swiftly back to their place. "But what have you, then, mademoiselle?" says he, with an air of concern. "Alas, some pain? I will call your maid, then!" He rose.

"No—no—it is past," said Rose unsteadily. "Monsieur—you—you come from France!" Her eyes were dark and intent.

M. de Beaujeu in the shadow appeared amazed. "But yes, mademoiselle, from France. I am exile for my foolish faith," says he with a shrug.

"A good cause!"

"I am proud to win your praise." M. de Beaujeu stood with his back to the light that fell on her eager eyes. He was smiling. "One must always keep the faith, is it not so, mademoiselle?"

"Monsieur, you have the right to say it."

"That is my enduring consolation. . . . But, alas, mademoiselle, I have wearied you too long. I must pray

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your pardon and go. Forgive that I have troubled you with my life—mine, a friend of two months. And, also—but pardon the impertinence—your pain just past, consider it, for the sake of your health, invaluable to your friends."

Rose smiled, and gave him her hand. Beaujeu bowed over it as if he were to kiss it. His lips did not touch. Beaujeu departed, and Rose sat in her low chair with her hands clasped tight on her knee gazing wide-eyed at nothing, and her low white brow was furrowed.

Indeed he was wondrous like, this Frenchman. That grim face, those glittering eyes—it was Mr. Dane's self in his heroical moments. . . Tom's very self. . . . Ah, but it could not be he come back to her. He had gone to the French wars, hating her, scorning her, would come back to her never. Dead he was now, perhaps, dead unforgiving; or happy with another woman held in that strong arm. . . . So the incomparable Charlbury, torturing herself for the hundredth time.

Nay, if even he had come back, he'd not have met her so. Though he thought her traitress and scorned her, he would never come in disguise to cheat her—to make her his mock. Mr. Dane would never be so cruel: nay, he was too great of heart, too noble.

And in Charing Cross a noble gentleman, M. de Beaujeu, remarked to himself: "She was alway a lady of an admirable fragrance," and walked to the Countess of Laleham's rout.

The case of the Earl and Countess of Laleham affords the only instance of Mr. Wharton's approval of matrimony. The gentleman was a Whig by three descents, the lady a Tory of pure blood; but neither he nor she was a fanatic in politics. Hence, as Mr. Wharton has written, theirs was the one house in town "where a good Whig might meet a pretty Tory without scandal to his reputation."

So, beneath my Lady Laleham's rose-pink tapestry, you may behold the robust beauty of my Lord Sherborne, Mr. Russell's saturnine face, Mr. Wharton's ugly mouth whispering close to the spun gold of my Lady Churchill's curls, the

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Epicurean sneer of my Lord Halifax, the famed shell-pink cheeks, the serpentine grace of my Lady Sunderland. From the background, tall and stately in his old gold velvet, M. de Beaujeu studies human nature.

Towards him Mr. Wharton cocked a humorous eye, and on a chance coming whispered a word in the Earl of Laleham's ear. M. de Beaujeu was presented by the Earl of Laleham to my Lady Sunderland. My Lady Sunderland looked at him sideways from the corners of her almond eyes.

"You know our English language, monsieur?" says she.

"Ah, madame—" M. de Beaujeu made a gesture expressing joyful ecstasy—"I have never before been so glad of it."

"La, monsieur,"—my lady made room for him beside her —"you have not forgot your native grace neither. Do you know my Lord Sherborne?" who was on her other hand.

Sherborne bowed stiffly. "I have that delight," says the amiable Beaujeu smiling.

"And so you have come on your travels to see us?" my lady asked.

"Madame, to see you I would travel round the world," cried Beaujeu. "But yes. On my travels—eh, my compelled travels. I have had little disagreements with my king. Ah, you live in a happier country, you English!"

"Faith, monsieur, there are Englishmen who have had little disagreements with their king," said my Lord Sherborne, "and the tipstaffs would be blithe to see them. Have you met any of the kind on your travels? We call them rogues, do you know?"

"You call them that, my lord? Ah, truly! I remember I met one who had hired assassins to kill a better man. He was very proud of himself this—rogue, my lord, you say?" My Lord Sherborne flushed. "Rogue," murmured Beaujeu pensively. "I will remember. Rogue."

My lord's cheeks were very dark, his eyes rolling: M. de Beaujeu was smiling at him: and my Lady Sunderland, though vastly enjoying the sight, considered it necessary to

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intervene: "Faith, monsieur, I had hardly believed you French. You are so big," said she naïvely, to draw wrath from this cool Frenchman.

She did not succeed. "We are little; is it not so, my lady?" said Beaujeu laughing. "You see in France it is treason to be taller than the king. He is five feet in his highest-heeled shoes."

"Ah, we English always admire a man who shames his own country," said Sherborne quietly.

"Always I have wondered why some my lords were admired," cried Beaujeu quick as a flash. "I could see no reason, I. My lord, you explain yourself. A thousand thanks."

My Lord Sherborne sprang up. "I'll receive them, monsieur, when you go!" he cried, and bowing to my lady, turned away to the sound of the gentle laughter of M. de Beaujeu.

"Faith, monsieur," says my lady, "you are mighty quick at making friends."

Beaujeu gave a shrug. "Ah, my lady, I can forgive him. He was alone talking to you. I should be angry with the good God if he interrupted in such case."

"Fie, monsieur," says my lady, casting down her modest eyes.

"Ah, you are shocked at what I say. My lady, 'tis nothing to what I think."

"Then are you most sadly profane——" My lady looked at him over her fan.

"In justice, madame," M. de Beaujeu murmured, laying his hand on hers, "you will blame also the cause."

"Who, I?" my lady allowed him to see her white bosom. "La, monsieur, do I make you profane?"

"Venus was never a Christian," sighed Beaujeu amorously.

At that my lady laughed outright. "Do you know, monsieur," says she, in another tone, "you make me think you want something of me."

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"And I wish that I did for the pleasure of asking. But alas—no."

"La, you! And now you want no more to do with me. Faith, monsieur, you are French!"

"No, *mordieu!* For I would enjoy to have to do with you always, my lady, though I never did anything."

For an instant my lady looked at him frankly. "When I hear how you speak it," says she, "I wonder what you'ld have said had you been born to speak English, Monsieur de Beaujeu."

"Without doubt my tongue had been more bold," said Beaujeu.

"Preserve me from that!" cried my lady, laughing; and as my Lord Churchill came up M. de Beaujeu made his bow.

Beaujeu passed through the rooms, and was attracted by the harsh voice of Mr. Wharton. Mr. Wharton was describing to a circle of men M. de Beaujeu's rapier play. "In a word, Tom, like your own—infernal!" cried the Marquess of Twyford. Wharton grinned at Beaujeu through the crowd. Among them was my Lord Sherborne. Beaujeu tapped him on the arm, and judged from the face that turned to him that my Lord Sherborne had been much wrought by the eloquence of Mr. Wharton.

"I was to give you my thanks, my lord," said Beaujeu sweetly, motioning towards the door. They went out together. "Eh, it is better. Let us take a walk, my lord," and my lord saying never a word cast his cloak about him, and the two passed out to the park and the cool night air. "Your acuteness, my lord, will see that I wish to complain——"

"I hear no complaints from any man."

M. de Beaujeu went blandly on. "I was disturbed in my country walk by the necessity to drive off your bullies. They spoiled the landscape, you see."

"My bullies, sir?"

"Since you know what I mean, to explain—that would weary. I am charitable, I. Also your bullies were about to

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spoil my dear friend, M. Jack Dane. You see? I wish not that he should be spoilt. You see clearly?"

"And I'll take your tone from no man alive. Do you see—do you see clearly?"

"*Enfin*—a so little affair we can settle quickly, you and I. I am ready always. But, my lord, but I am just, I. I confess that you have to complain yourself of my dear friend, M. Jack Dane. He is—do you say it?—in your way with your Mademoiselle Charlbury. *Bien*—punish him. I do say nothing to that. But kill him—no. Do you see, for that I will kill you. M. Wharton, he also will kill you. I think my friend Healy, he will kill you besides. But do you see, that you should drive him from Mademoiselle—we like that. Do that and we will rejoice with you. A hip-hip-hurrah for you, do you say so? *Bien.* And now I have told you—now, my lord, if you will, I will meet you at the end of a sword—*hein?*"

My Lord Sherborne stopped in his walk and stared at Beaujeu, who smiled at him politely through the gloom. "Wait," says my lord. "Do you tell me that you'll not back the boy against me with the Charlbury?"

"M. Jack Dane," said Beaujeu, "is my dear friend. And so I desire that the incomparable Charlbury should belong to some one else—some one for whom I do not care so much as this," he snapped his fingers: "by example—yourself, my lord."

"I'ld have you to know, monsieur," Sherborne cried, "Mistress Charlbury is a lady of honour."

"My lord, you will without doubt achieve her conversion. In that I covet for you success. Also, I do not wish that M. Dane should preserve her from you—or by marriage (oh yes, he is capable, that foolish boy), or by anything less mad." Sherborne stood before him peering at his face through the darkness. "Why?" said Beaujeu, with a laugh, since Sherborne appeared so ask. "*Corbleu*, I have told you. Because I have some affection for M. Jack—but for you and your incomparable Mademoiselle, my lord, none in the world. Ah,

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bah, but how you have been foolish. To attack him with swords in the open fields! A *bêtise*. He is killed? *Bien*, she weeps for her martyr—she hates his murderer. He triumphs? Then she beholds a hero who has conquered by his sole arm many. They like that, women. Also, he has fought for her. We love the lady we have fought for *à merveille* we men. In all cases, my lord, you ruin yourself. Now see what you should do. You discover a day, an hour, when the Incomparable has granted M. Jack an audience to himself. On that hour you send to the Palace of your Incomparable your bullies. But not with swords (in fact, they do not know how to use them, your bullies)—with sticks, *corbleu*, with dog whips. *Bien*, they chastise him like a naughty boy. So to her M. Jack becomes ridiculous, and he, M. Jack, conceives himself betrayed by her, and will hate vastly your Incomparable. So—do that, my lord, and I give my word we have no quarrel for it, M. Wharton and I. *A propos*, I can tell you M. Jack has his little assignation with her on Friday at four afternoon. If it would apply, my lord, I would say *verbum sapienti*."

Sherborne stared at his smile for a minute, then "What have you to make by this?" he growled.

Beaujeu yawned: "I tell you a thousand times. The cure of M. Jack. Faith, my lord, I have no benevolence for you. You may go to the devil with her and I wish you God speed!"

"I'ld be glad to know if you want the Charlbury for yourself," growled Sherborne.

"I?" Beaujeu laughed. "I? *Mordieu*, I have never had an affection for women of the town."

Sherborne flushed: "You lie, and you lie like a boor," he cried.

But Beaujeu only smiled at him: "Eh, the pure passion! *Bien!* I am your servant always. But believe me, my lord, I desire for you and the Incomparable no worse than this—for each to possess the other. So I go to pray for your good

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fortune. I kiss your amorous hands." With a laugh he turned on his heel and was lost in the gloom. An ability in vanishing distinguished him always.

My lord Sherborne stood still for a while. He found M. de Beaujeu a trifle confusing. But certainly there was something in what he said . . . He spoke with understanding, this Beaujeu . . .

And Beaujeu striding homeward much pleased with himself was entirely of that opinion.

CHAPTER XV

"A WOMAN WHOSE NAME WAS DELILA"

Over a posy of rosebuds the golden eyes of the incomparable Charlbury laughed at Mr. Jack Dane. It was Friday afternoon.

"You make," says Mr. Dane gallantly, "all other roses ugly."

"Oh, the brave compliment," Rose cried; "Now for that you shall be rewarded—with a cup of my lord Sherborne's wonderful new tea." Mr. Dane sat down and scowled. "Faith I owe you that," says Rose generously, "He has had it brought all the way from the Indies, in a box of sandal wood, for me——" she paused and, with her head on one side, watched Mr. Dane glower at the floor. The dimples trembled in her cheeks and her eyes sparkled roguishly. "'Twas vastly delicate in him, was it not, Mr. Dane?" Mr. Dane grunted. "But do you know I doubt sandal-wood does not agree with tea?"

Mr. Dane laughed. "My lord has no taste."

"Now that is a mighty poor compliment to me," said Rose, pensively, and Mr. Dane must needs scowl again.

A while earlier on that bright afternoon Mr. Healy and M. de Beaujeu stood at the window of their house in Essex Street, looking out at the rising tide and the gay wherries

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skimming over its golden waves. Beaujeu glanced up at the sun and "Will you walk, Healy?" says he.

"You're unrestful to a decent man," said Healy, yawning; "Have with you!"

Beaujeu turned westward. Mr. Healy, professing that to smell it gave him a feeling of superiority, desired to cross the filth of Covent Garden. So they came out to the fields beyond St. Martin's and the haycocks. "Do they not make you feel innocent, Beaujeu? Not even the breath of a haycock? Sure you're far gone! But—hola!" He muttered the cry in his friend's ear and pointed. Below them in the lane were some gentlemen gaudily clad. "'Tis two of our heroes in Holborn Fields," said Healy, "and two that might be their brothers in sin." Mr. Healy chuckled. "So two are still in their bandages praising my name."

The four halted, and at once Healy and Beaujeu fell, swift as mown grass, behind a haycock. The four gentlemen looked round, and the sunlight fell on unlovely faces. "You desire solitude, my dears?" muttered Healy, as the four searched the landscape. "'Tis a poetical taste but unsocial. Sure, Beaujeu, your cousin is a gentleman in much request." The four marched on up the lane, swiftly. Healy and Beaujeu arose dusting their clothes, and struck across the field with the long easy strides they affected when there was need to hurry. "Faith," says Mr. Healy, "you or I will have to put a sword through my lord Sherborne. 'Tis a harassing gentleman and would be the better of a decent hole in him." Then suddenly he sprang forward and broke into a run: "Damme, Beaujeu, you'll have the lad under the turf. 'Tis the lady's house they've gone into, our four evangelists."

"And what of it?" said Beaujeu (running himself nevertheless). "I told you she was a lady of general charity."

"You have told me a deal more than I believe. If 'tis nothing, why do you run?"

They rose together to a fence: "To congratulate the

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Incomparable," said Beaujeu, "at the due time." Mr. Healy gave it up—and spared his breath for running.

And all the while Mr. Dane had been sitting at his ease under the apple green hangings of Miss Charlbury's sunny parlour. He held superciliously the tiny cup of French porcelain, and: "Does the tea please you, sir?" Mistress Charlbury asked, looking at him under her eyelashes.

"If 'twere poison," said Mr. Dane gallantly, "it would still please me—from that hand."

Her cheeks dimpled; she held up the dainty hand, rose-white in the sunshine: "La, the adored fingers!" she cried. "Why they are all your servants, Mr. Dane—"; and then as Mr. Dane moved to kiss them—"oh, merely to give you of my lord Sherborne's tea," said she, and folded her hands in her lap and looked down at them demurely.

Mr. Dane flung back in his chair. "Egad, you are as teasing as Lyndaraxa," he growled. At the word she started and gazed at him. Now she was not demure: there was pain in the wide eyes and fear. Mr. Dane was amazed and sprang from his chair and came to her: "Why, Rose, why so pale?" he cried.

"Why did you say it?" she gasped.

"Lyndaraxa?" She nodded and he laughed. "Why, to tease you, sweet. Faith, if I had thought you so," with an air of vast politeness, "I had never said so. Now why did it whiten your cheeks?"

"Did it so indeed?" Rose laughed. "Oh—oh, I think I was startled—and indeed it was a sorry jest, Mr. Dane. It is so hot, too," for now her cheeks were red and burning; she moved to a chair in the shade. "I am always tired in summer in the town."

Mr. Dane smiled down at her. "You are a country lass at heart," said he; then suddenly fell on one knee by her side and caught the adored hand: "Rose, if you hate it, why will you stay in the town?" he whispered amorously. "It needs not, dear, not another day. I am here but because you stay——"

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"'Tis obliging in you," said Rose laughing, and trying to withdraw her hand. "Nay, Mr. Dane, nay indeed——"; but the torrent of romantic love swept on—

"Dear heart, let us go together, you and I. We've tasted the pleasures of the town, and bitter they are at last. Come away to the downs with me. I've a home for you that you'll love, and you——"

"La, Mr. Dane, I have heard it all on the stage. Nay; rise, for your own sake, rise. We are both ludicrous so."

Mr. Dane sprang up flushed: "Ludicrous, ma'am!"

"Indeed, I have no wish to wound you, but if you could see that what you talk of is folly, you would be happier."

"Folly, ma'am! And why?"

Rose played with her flowers a moment, then looked up and met his eyes frankly: "Since you ask, Mr. Dane—because neither you love me nor I you." Jack stared at her and at last laughed.

"Are my deeds and my words all a lie then? Oh, ay! 'Tis convenient to tell me so. My lord Sherborne is vastly a nobler swain than I. Pray heaven, ma'am, that he means you as honestly as I."

Rose drew herself up: "For that word, Mr. Dane, I'll leave you to blame yourself," she said very quietly.

"Nay, not I, ma'am," cried Jack. Rose turned away from him and rang the bell.

It was not answered at once. In the hall was the sound of a scuffle and a woman's scream, then the four heroes of the lane broke into the room together, and "Bottled the prigster, now, boys!" cried the leader, and with lifted cudgels they rushed at Jack. Rose caught at the mantel and stared amazed and dumb, but without in the hall two maids screamed efficiently.

Jack sprang back and snatched up a sturdy chair. With a full-armed rattling blow of it he swept the cudgels clear of him and sprang away safe to the open window. Then he hurled his chair in the heroes' faces and leapt down to the

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garden, drawing his sword as he went. By the yew hedge he turned, breathing hard through his nostrils, bright-eyed, white of face. They were upon him and trying dangerously the temper of his rapier with their oak, when "Tally ho!" cried the joyful voice of Mr. Healy, and the impressive forms of himself and Beaujeu rose majestical in the air as they leapt the fence above the lane. "Occupy till I come, my dear," says Mr. Healy, feeling for his sword hilt as he picked up his stride again.

But his voice, his aspect, recalled to the heroes joyless memories. "Oh, curse me," gasped one, and the four turned and fled four different ways.

Beaujeu and Mr. Healy flung back their shoulders and checked thudding in the lane. "Sure, they are mighty shy," says Mr. Healy panting. Jack Dane, looking after the fugitives, laughed a bitter laugh (so laughs your hero, triumphant over his foes, yet in his tenderest affections wounded sore) and slammed home his sword.

Rose came to the open window white as death, her hand pressed to her heart. "Jack!" she murmured fearfully.

Jack laughed again. Jack made her a splendid bow. "Delila," says he, "good-night!" and turned on his heel and went out of the garden. He came full face upon Healy and Beaujeu. "Gentlemen," says he with another bow in the grand style, "I am your debtor again. It is for the last time."

"See if he is hurt, Healy," says Beaujeu carelessly, passing on to the garden.

"Zounds, monsieur, you had best go warily there!" cried Jack with a laugh. Beaujeu made him no answer, but Mr. Healy, who was regarding Jack with no affection, took him by the arm:

"Now will you be decently quiet?" says he. "In your ecstasies, my friend, you have forgot your hat. Will you get it? You are a thought picturesque without it."

"I do not pass that door again, Mr. Healy," cried Jack.

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"Faith, 'tis cruel to the door. What has come to you now?"

"Why, M. de Beaujeu was right when he warned me against that ——"

"Stop!" cries Mr. Healy. "'Tis mighty ill taste to curse what you've tried to kiss, my friend."

"Begad, then, I'll call her the Incomparable. And so she is, and monsieur was right to say she would play me false." Mr. Healy looked at him curiously. "I was a fool—a fool!" says the hero in bitter scorn. "She 'ld feign to care for me and I believed her, and there in her room she made a mock of me—till my lady was tired and rang the bell for her master's bullies to come and thrash me."

"Humph!" said Mr. Healy, and looked him between the eyes. "Now, did I hear you call her something?"

Jack Dane laughed. His wit was a brilliant memory. "Why yes, 'Delila,' good-night,' said I, and damme, 'twas a fit farewell."

"Delila? Did you say so? Sure then you are Samson himself. Mr. Samson, good-night," said Mr. Healy, sharply, and turned on his heel.

Jack Dane looked after him, puzzled. Then, being in no temper for riddles, strode off to home and Mr. Wharton.

(*To be continued*)

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FREE MEALS FOR UNDERFED CHILDREN:

A MEANS TO AN END

WE have got through another winter, and still nothing is determined about feeding the underfed children of London and other great cities. The discussion goes on, articles appear in the magazines, and lengthy correspondence in the newspapers, and the National Labour Conference has held its grand meeting in the Guildhall and passed a far-reaching resolution; but no great national scheme has been evolved, such as would command any Parliamentary following. No unity of plan has appeared, which would obtain the assent of men both reasonable and humane. Ever lurking in the background of people's imagination is the spectre of socialism, and the philosophical economist is only too ready to trot it out. Then we are told of what will happen to parental responsibility if such meals are given; how nothing will be left for parents to do except to bring children into the world.

Now there seem to be three schools of thought on the subject. First, that of the National Labour delegates, advocating the State maintenance of all children (whatever that may mean); secondly, that of Sir John Gorst, M.P., Dr. Macnamara, M.P., and others, who would supply free meals only to the underfed, while meals to be paid for were given at the same time and place to all others; thirdly, the

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severe school, represented by the Charity Organisation Society, whose one great principle is that children can only be dealt with through the family, that minute inquiry to find out what is wrong must first be made, and a remedy for the distress then applied, if the case is helpable; but in no cases are the children to receive free meals apart from their homes.

Having for three years helped to give free dinners to the underfed children of three County Council schools in the West End of London, and having myself made the home inquiries in the cases of two of these schools, I should like to make some remarks as the result of my experience.

In the two schools whose cases I investigated there are some 1700 children, and it is needless to say that I could only get into touch with the poorest of them. The plan has been that in the first place the teachers report the names of all children apparently underfed or who apply for the dinners. Also, as I am a manager and a member of the School Attendance Committee, and am otherwise connected with charitable work in the neighbourhood, the names of the poorest families are brought up in various ways. Then the lady who makes the inquiries for the third school, which has over 1000 scholars, is both a manager and member of the Attendance Committee and a Poor Law Guardian. She has also worked amongst the poor of the place for many years. As a result of this experience, and of these sources of information, we know pretty well the names of all the very poor families—such as those of widows, invalid fathers, constant out-of-works, drunken and dissolute parents and such like. About two-thirds of the underfed children (we feed 150 to 200 in all out of some 2700 children in the three schools) belong to these classes. The remaining one-third belong to the unemployed proper; and to obtain the names of and to deal with these cases is the most difficult part of our work. The information we have acquired year by year renders the listing of the cases contributing the two-thirds a comparatively easy task. But with the unemployed

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proper the feelings of respectability and independence are matters of such delicacy that one has to walk very warily.

The method of feeding the children adopted by us has been to put up trestle tables, immediately after school, at midday in the infants' hall of one of the three schools, which are all near to one another, and, with the help of five or six ladies, make all ready for the children by ten minutes after noon. We have seating accommodation for 160 children, and we find we can easily give the dinner in about forty minutes; so that shortly after one o'clock the tables are removed and the hall swept and cleaned for afternoon school. These meals are provided on three days a week, and consist of a joint of meat with bread and potatoes on one day, and stews or soup or suet-puddings on the others. The cooking is done in the basement of a private house near, and the food is brought over in air-tight carriers. The cost works out at about 3*d.* per head per dinner, but might, I think, be reduced to 2*d.* The children thus sit down at tables, and they certainly are given no illusory meal of some weak soup, so that we are not open to the criticism of providing such meals as would be condemned as wanting in nourishment if given by the parents themselves, as I am afraid is the case in many of the attempts to deal with this difficult problem.

What I want to consider is whether a plan such as is sketched above meets the felt want of making some provision for half-starved and underfed school children; and whether it would bear transplanting in any form to other areas of London or elsewhere. But first it is necessary to clear the ground by discussion of the principle laid down by the Charity Organisation Society, that children should only be helped through the family and in the home. Of course no one will deny that each case denotes something wrong either with the industrial and social system, or that the parent or guardian has some moral or physical weakness. Now here are common types of cases that contribute some two-thirds of the underfed: (1) Widows with two or more children; (2) fathers

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temporarily or permanently disabled; (3) fathers of large families either not in full employment or on low wages; (4) parents dissolute or lazy. It may be answered that in cases (1) and (2) the children should be sent to the Poor Law schools. This sometimes would be the best solution, but not always so. Anyhow, under the present law, such parents cannot be compelled to part with their children, and as a fact many refuse to do so, and keep their children on inadequate means; and if such cases were universally forced into the workhouse, even the present enormous edifices would have to be enlarged, and such an increase of rates would ensue as would soon check the ready resort to this means of relief. I will now give a few actual cases dealt with at *one* school this year: (*a*) Widow, seven children; two boys over fourteen and mother tried to support family. In the end she broke down, and had to send four children to the Guardians' schools. (*b*) Widow, eight children, all small. She tried to support four. Children necessarily got neglected and dirty, and she had to part with two more. (*c*) Deserted wife with seven children, two girls over fourteen in work. With help of latter mother is dragging up the other five. (*d*) Mother, grandmother, aunt and three children, all living in one room. One child was at last given up to the Guardians. (*e*) Father emigrated to South Africa, leaving wife and four children. For a long time he made no remittance. Then the cases of the chronic out-of-work and invalid fathers, whose children often live in squalor and semi-starvation, are too numerous to mention. What, except, feeding them, can be done for these children, short of forcibly deporting the whole families to a farm colony? If such cases come up before a C.O.S. Committee, the usual verdict would be "Poor Law Case" or "Unhelpable." Such also would be the decision where there was drink in the case; also when the distress came from the largeness of the families, say six, seven, or eight children, all under fourteen, father with wages of an unskilled labourer, that is in London, twenty to twenty-four shillings a week. If one of the

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seven or eight children gets acutely ill, a hospital or the infirmary will receive it; and when cured it will be returned to the family quarters and rations. For instance, in one case in the same school there are seven small children, father only a carman and not in full work. The father and mother are both healthy and strong, and have excellent characters. Two of the children are invalids; one with paralysis, and the other with some brain and nervous affection. The parents attribute these defects to falls, but their physical collapse, I am advised, is more probably due to poor feeding and want of air-space. Unless some new organic principle is imported into our social system, I do not see how charity can help these children through the family. There are laws against overcrowding and neglecting children, but as a rule no one with the necessary power of initiative has sufficient knowledge, and those with knowledge seldom have organised power of initiative. The C.O.S. declares that people should not be pauperised. But would the lifting up of some of these weak ones on to a higher plane of living as regards food be pauperising? The housing question may or may not be more urgent than the feeding one, but can it be reasonably argued that better food would not be of great benefit to the physique, even if unaccompanied by housing improvement.

Again, many of the children we are dealing with never know what it is to sit down to a spread meal. Some live with parents, brothers and sisters, all in one room. Surely one may well contend that to such the cheerfulness, order and method of the dinner, served as I have described, would be much more likely to raise and civilise than to lower and pauperise. Still I admit that among some of the slum-dwellers some loss of independence may follow if you are not very careful. But I have found in my many visits to these poor people that their public opinion fully justifies help of this kind in the case of widows, invalid fathers, and so on. In the case of large families, opinion is not so clear; while with the children of drinking and lazy parents, the disgrace is

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rightly imputed to the latter, and the children are pitied and recommended for free meals.

But we have not done with objections urged by the C.O.S. They say, and I think rightly, that free meals to all children would tend to lower wages; and as for discriminating between those parents who can feed their children, and those who cannot, it is all theory. The latter assertion I deny. I don't mean to say that an exact line can be drawn, and that there will be no mistakes; but I contend that the bad cases of underfeeding can be dealt with without much admixture of fraudulent ones. All that is necessary is to have a standard of bare sufficiency to be applied with discretion. For instance, you might fix, above rent, 4*s.* 6*d.* a week for an adult, and 2s. for a child, as a minimum. Thus, a labourer with 24*s.* wages and having a wife and four children, and paying 6*s.* rent, would have 1*s.* to spare. If he had five children the sufficiency of course would stand. But when he had six, seven, or eight, and none of them wage-earning, the consideration of giving free meals would arise. Unfortunately many of the wives in these cases are driven to go out and work to supplement the family income. Under this high pressure, thus induced, the husband or wife may break down, and then comes the mischief. If some of the children were taken off their hands in the middle of the day, the strain might be relieved with much advantage to the children.

But I must qualify my assertion of the possibility of discrimination by saying that probably this can only be done if there be certain administrative changes of the kind suggested by me in an article published in the *Contemporary* of last August. Shortly speaking, they consist of the formation of Ward Committees, with delegated authority from the Guardians or other local body charged with the care of the poor and destitute. The present Managers' Attendance Committee might be regarded as an embryo Ward Committee. The school visitors or attendance officers could be their executive, and it would be their duty to prepare, under the direction

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of the said committee, a list of all such families as I have described as contributing two-thirds of the present underfed children. These children should never be lost sight of. As a rule they cling to the same neighbourhood, but should they migrate, the fact should be reported to the Ward Committee concerned.

If it were determined to find the solution of the underfed children by first making such a selection as suggested and then using the schools themselves as the place of feeding, the plan might be carried out in an economical manner by the local or educational authority having a kitchen in each convenient area, and despatching the meals in proper "carriers" to each school concerned. There they could be received, either by the school-keeper or a paid servant, and probably with one other paid woman assistant, and say two voluntary assistants, the thirty, forty, or fifty underfed children of each school could be fed. The whole failure or success of the scheme would chiefly hinge on the selection, and on its being carried out in a judicious yet kindly manner. To ease off the difficulties of this responsible work it would probably be desirable to have an entirely separate organisation for the more clerical work of giving the meals. To ensure a supply of voluntary workers, so as to prevent the meals being given in a sort of Do-the-boys Hall fashion, and to humanise and socialise these dwellers of the slums, a guild of servers might be formed. Some sort of ordered method and training could then be secured, and an enthusiasm provoked to carry out the objects required. Many ladies of the richer classes are full of sympathy for the poor, and here would be an outlet for its exercise in an orderly and approved fashion.

The essence of the above plan is, that there should be co-operation between the State and private charity; but the charity of service rather than of almsgiving. The State would give the authority and the guarantee of continuity along with funds, while charity would supply the personal interest and enthusiasm to soften the harshness of law and regulation, and to adjust the machinery to the circumstances of each case. It

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may be objected that such procedure might lead to extravagance and unwise interference with social arrangements at dangerous points. But the local authority would of course hold the purse-strings, and would itself lay down rules for guidance, and would also appoint the Ward Committees. Then again, some central authority would check and control the local one as regards the principles it was bringing into action under its prescribed rules. It is also to be hoped that the Ward Committees would educate public opinion on the duties of parents, and that such opinion would have a wholesome effect for good. It may also be assumed that the powers of help conferred on the committees would rapidly bring with them increased powers of cautioning and admonishing parents of lax habits, and under their direction the corrective laws of sanitation could be more easily brought to bear on cases affecting children. For instance, in one case of a crowded basement-home I visited, I found it was the practice to keep a couple of small children all day for the mothers while they were at work. I felt I had no right to inquire further, though there seemed need of such inquiry. It may be added that the care of a nurse-child is often the last resource of the destitute. I am aware of the wholesome English aversion to interference with the home life of the people, and there can be little useful interference except under cover of a genuine and honest attempt to help the children. There must not be the least attempt to cast a stigma on large families. The philosophic and doctrinaire dread of them is in all probability the outcome of less virtue than the impulses which bring them into existence. Nations are not ruined by a larger birth-rate, even among the poorest, but rather the contrary. There is assuredly nothing that more provokes pity and sympathy than to see poor people with large families, when you also find love and unselfishness expended in their upbringing. At the present day there are only too many in every class of life ready to avoid marriage and its cares altogether; and one of the dangers in local administration nowadays is the influence of those who do not know the whole

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gamut of life, never themselves having had families, and so not knowing by experience some of the strongest influences at work. Selfishness and laziness are the greatest of all social crimes, and large families certainly do not tend to foster them.

Having thus combated the somewhat negative views of the C.O.S., perhaps I ought to say something as regards the proposal of feeding all the children. In its essence it is more socialistic than free education, and failing strict co-operation among all workers it would certainly tend to reduction of wages. But leaving this difficult and intricate question alone, one need only urge that the expense would be enormous, both in providing the meals and in building the necessary dining-halls. The great reason for the democratic advocacy of such an extreme measure is, that if free meals are given only to the very poor, it is thought that the distinction will cast a reproach on them, and by a loss of self-respect induce many of the evils of pauperism. My experience, as I have said, is that in most of the very needy cases public opinion will not cast any slur on the children. "Those who are down need fear no fall." With the drinking, idle parents the stigma will fall on them, and well it would be if they could feel it. Again, with the honest out-of-works public opinion is very sympathetic. That they should not get work is considered a social injustice; and that their children at least are being fed will allay some of the bitterness of public feeling. I may here add that I consider that while free dinners will much benefit all poor children, it does not save the pockets of really distressed parents to any appreciable degree, for the dinners that would have been supplied would be of infinitesimal cost.

Again, though I confess that free public dinners to all children as part of the school curriculum has a certain fascination as giving a little more joyousness of life to those whose lot, at least indoors, is generally so dreary, it is, anyhow under present circumstances, too utopian to deserve serious consideration. There is also an objection to it which I have not seen urged, namely, that it would still further emancipate

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the young from the control and influence of their parents. The children of the well-to-do go, it is true, to boarding schools, but they well know that their parents are paying for them. If free dinners are given only to the really poor, one would at least require some kind of application expressed or implied, and the parents should be seen and asked as to their need. As it is, a great many free soup-kitchens, I am sorry to say, ignore the parents, and so have a harmful influence on loosening home-ties. This may now be necessary to meet the large body of distress amongst the children, when there is no organised method of dealing with them through the parents. Authority is growing small by degrees and beautifully less all round, and the complete independence of the very young is not a desirable object. The State, after all, can only be a stepmother, and she should not be called in more than is absolutely necessary.

There remains the scheme of feeding so strongly advocated by Dr. Macnamara, of having a common table for those given free meals and for those paying for their meals, and of keeping secret the fact whether the admission ticket had been paid for or not. To this scheme there seem to be strong objections. First, it is doubtful if there would be many paying guests, if cost price were charged; and if the tickets were sold much under cost price and the number sold was large, there would be the great cost both in supplying the meals and in building dining-halls. Next, the idea of granting free tickets with an attempt at secrecy has a moral objection. These children of the poor know a great deal about the family budget. I have heard a little tot of seven or eight say with perfect simplicity that she kept house for father. But fancy a mother saying: "Now, Mary, mind you don't let on that we don't pay for the dinners." Probably all the purchasing of the tickets would be done through the children, and the fact that some had to produce pence for them and some got them free would be patent to all. At present the freeness of the dinners is an open fact, and one can put the parents on their honour. When I visit the

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home, I make a point of saying, in all doubtful cases, that these dinners are only for the very poor, the children of widows and of fathers long out of work, and so forth; and I have often had instances of parents withdrawing their application when it was so put before them. If there is any concealment, it will make the inquiries more difficult and remove one of the safeguards against fraud.

There is yet another objection urged against the State having anything to do with free meals—what is called the thin edge of the wedge argument. Free meals, it is said, will be logically followed by free boots, free clothes, and, finally, free houses. Also that free meals, only given when schools are sitting, are incomplete. But surely giving free meals, if substantial, for only nine months of the year, would be of great physical benefit, even as I believe they are if given only during the winter. But those who use this argument hardly consider that schoolgoing does in very many cases deprive the parents of much help at home. The babies have to be minded and messages run at all hours; but on washing-days and when there is illness the children's assistance is so valuable that often nothing will induce the mothers to send their bigger children, neither the threats of the Attendance Committee nor the fines of the magistrate. Then again, children can so easily earn wages. So altogether their schoolgoing often involves a substantial loss to the parents, especially to those with large families, and free dinners in their case would only be a slight "solatium." How well those who sit on Attendance Committees know this, and how they have to harden their hearts toward the parents' woes, thinking only of the good of the children.

But the policy of feeding or even clothing and housing destitute or partly destitute children will never be approached in a reasonable spirit till certain facts are laid to heart. First, we surely all admit that the chief aim of every society should be to make justice the first consideration: that men should, as far as possible, reap, even here on earth, what they sow. We

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also know that this ideal never has been and never will be reached. Prophets may declare the way of righteousness, and yet we seem as far off from it as ever. It is still true that wealth accumulates and men decay; perhaps truer than when the poet uttered the words. But still we cannot otherwise; as Emerson said, we must hitch our waggons to a star. Yet it is disconcerting to hear it stated, apparently on good authority, that in England 1,000,000 rich persons receive more than twice as much as the 26,000,000 who form the manual classes. One need not be a Socialist to think that this and real justice are not quite consistent. Then again, it appears from an article in the March number of the MONTHLY REVIEW, by Mr. Benjamin Taylor, that while in Glasgow there is most terrible overcrowding in the slums, municipal figures show that there are over 8000 "houses" of one, two and three rooms unoccupied. What imbecility of social arrangements is suggested by such facts. It is true that much fault is imputed to the lazy and drunken habits of the poorer inhabitants. Still, for what reason do the 1,000,000 of the richer classes receive some two-thirds of the income of the country, if it be not to rule, govern, and moralise their less fortunate brethren. Therefore it is no excuse for the rich to say that the poorest people are in their present sorry plight because of their faults and vices. The poor and degraded want more help and direction in their affairs than those who are brought up under every protection that wealth and leisure can devise. It is true we are compelling the very poorest to send their children to school, even though at times it may sadly embarrass them. So far so good. But should we not go a step further, and give them still greater sanitary protection in their homes? Any extra municipal expenditure thereby incurred would be amply repaid. The houses or tenements of the very poor and of the degraded should be placed under the most paternal inspection, strictly yet kindly carried out. The extra expense of doctors and sanitary officers would be of very small account compared with the advantages gained. Land-

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lords should, of course, be registered, and taught that private property exists for the good of the community. They, on the other hand, should be given much greater facilities for getting rid of dishonest tenants. At present a bad tenant can only be ejected after the loss of several weeks' rent, and often after the destruction of fixtures and other like property. In the interest of honest and respectable tenants, there should be a summary process of immediate ejectment, if there is no prospective ability to pay or if there is misconduct. I would make the giving of free meals to the children of the poorest a starting-point for drastic measures where it was clearly to the benefit of the community, on the ground that inability to support their children justified such interference. At present if parents are seen dragging about their children in the streets for purposes of begging, they are liable to be prosecuted. But if at the schools we were carefully scanning each child, we should soon discover the wretchedness in the home. Starving and illused children are not only a disgrace to the community, but their existence injures the national conscience and in the end will cause a national loss. If we do not know about their condition, we ought to, for we *are* our brother's keeper.

It is clear, therefore, that in the slums of our great cities there is much salvation work to be done quite apart from the pressing question of unemployment. But even some of the unemployment would be avoided if the dissolute and disorderly habits of the slum poor were curbed. To read the list of the weekly drunks and disorderlies in London local papers is most distressing. Are we not carrying too far Archbishop Magee's famous dictum, that he would rather see England drunk and free than sober and enslaved; as if drunkenness and freedom can long keep company. Have we not too much dissoluteness of living both amongst the rich and the poor? The complaint is universal that you can no longer get work out of the British workman, and that he despises all authority. On all sides foreigners are being employed as hotel and domestic servants on account of the unsteady and undisciplined habits of our

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own lower classes. Surely we shall be chastised nationally if there is no reformation of manners. We cannot compete with foreign nations when so many of our workers (or often idlers) are wasting themselves in riotous living. Many regard as very serious our unemployment problem—chronic out-of-works in our towns, yet increasing immigration of foreigners; no one to cultivate the deserted fields, yet our proletariat refusing to leave the softer and more exciting life of our cities. Would it be an impossible policy to compel those out of work in towns, at least those with families, to migrate, under State direction and help, to English farm colonies, to live temporarily under a mild socialism? After all *salus populi suprema lex*. Or shall we wait till further unemployment, increasing the number of the demoralised, intensifies our difficulties? Do we not want some reconstruction of society? Our city unemployed are to a great extent unemployable under ordinary industrial conditions. The youths who in foreign countries would be serving with the colours and gaining strength and discipline are with us too often underfed, undersized, and without training of any sort. I often pass a large beer-bottling establishment which employs numbers of these youths. To see them pale and stunted as they smoke their cigarettes in the dinner-hour does not inspire one with confidence in the future of our working classes. In the meantime politicians at Westminster wrangle about party questions, and the Churches squabble over dogmas. It all reminds one of Nero fiddling while Rome was burning, except that Nero made no profession of Christian or any other charity.

My object is by no means only to advocate some form of free meals for underfed children, but to try and accentuate the need of importing more "authority" into our social system, beginning at the base, where the need is most urgent, and using the free meals rather as a means and justification for the interference of the State. Licence is not freedom, but rather leads the way to degradation, oppression, and wrong. We want our individual wills braced up by the stricter and higher

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one of the community. By all means let us appeal to religion, and it is of good augury that there are tokens of a revival in our midst, but let our religion be an honest one socially and individually, and not merely the crying of peace, peace, where there is no peace. Let not our religion be only a cloak for our covetousness. Let the poor man be taught that he should not spend a great part of his wages on beer. If he has wife and children dependent on him it is criminal. Let us try and enforce his duty by the supervision of the community. The rich man holds his wealth as a trust; let us not be a party with him in permitting licentious living amongst the poor, because a fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind. If we are stricter with the poor, public opinion will soon be stricter with the rich. As is often truly said, the poor want justice, not charity; but labour leaders who champion the wrongs of the labouring classes must wisely remember that there can be no oppression of the poor in a free country, if they are not first enslaved by their own vices. It is a clear case of, they who would be free, themselves must strike the blow, and here the blow is a moral one. If an increase of authority, say, for instance, in requiring those who cannot support themselves in the town to remove into the country, were introduced, it is the poor themselves who would benefit. More equitable land laws could be demanded, and instead of a demoralised mob in the London streets, we might have orderly and self-respecting cultivators in the country ready to insist upon having the land of their country placed at their disposal on just terms.

But one of the first extensions of authority should be to deal with the slum questions of the poor of great cities, and useful hints might be taken from Mr. Taylor's comprehensive article on the housing question in the MONTHLY REVIEW already referred to. The more or less failure of municipal house building, as a cure for slums, is described; and the result is said to be to intensify the overcrowding of the lowest classes. To disturb and to root out these is not to remove the nuisance. They naturally only move on to re-create other

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slums, and to infect other quarters. This, as pointed out by Dr. A. K. Chalmers, of Glasgow, at a Sanitary Congress, is the consequence of dealing with results only. "Hence," he says, "a housing problem, a food problem, a clothing problem, a labour problem, a drink problem." As another speaker at the same congress said, the corporation should rather set about the housing of the very poor, the drunkard, the vicious and the criminal. And I see that the Glasgow Municipal Commissioners, admitting that they should not compete with private enterprise in providing houses for the labouring classes, now suggest that they should rather provide accommodation for the very poor, both the respectable and those of dissolute, disorderly, and destructive habits, and these latter they would put into barracks. With such accommodation at their disposal for these two classes there would be a prospect of really enforcing sanitary by-laws. We should not hear of landlords being allowed to take advantage of the poverty of the one class, or of the low instincts of the other, to draw large profits from premises really unfit for human habitation; and of the authorities being obliged to wink at such breaches of the law, because humanity forbids the people being turned into the street. Even if municipalities had to take less than the market rate of rent from the very poor and the degraded, a just return would be found in an increased power of supervision; and so the outcasts of civilisation might be reclaimed, disease be prevented, and much cruel destitution amongst the honest poor be removed. Kindness and strictness could coerce some of the demoralised masses into sobriety and cleanliness of living. All this may have an element of socialism in it, but is not individualism often a concession to the less worthy side of our nature, and socialism an appeal to our higher and nobler side?

F. H. Barrow.

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"THE WHIMSICAL TROUT"

TROUT in the streams of Hampshire, as White of Selborne noticed, "begin to rise" shortly after the middle of March. This implies that they have returned to the places in which they were during the summer before. In autumn, when running up the waters to the spawning-grounds, they would take worms greedily, if these were offered, and would even rise at flies, real or artificial; but, as any honest poacher could vouch, they do not rise at flies, or bite at more substantial baits, when on the way back to the places which they occupy in spring and summer. Indeed, their habits for a few months after spawning are rather mysterious. Even in Hampshire, the streams of which are not so large as to render a pretty exhaustive scrutiny impossible, any person not highly skilled in the lore of the naturalist would be puzzled if he went forth to catch a few before the middle of March. He might cast his flies in vain over some attractive stretch on which in summer he was wont to make heavy baskets. Then, if he had curiosity, he might peer into the water to see whether the fish were really there and find that they really were not. He would almost be disposed to conclude that the trout had quitted the stream.

If that evening, or next day, he went to study the problem by the banks of one of the great running waters in Scotland, the mystery would deepen. During the whole of March there seems to be scarcely a trout in such a river as the Dee or the

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Tay. Not a rise is seen by the persevering salmon-fishers; neither with a fly nor with a worm does the man with a trout-rod meet with a success worth mentioning. There is no sign of trout in any of the places where they swarmed six months before.

Where are they?

They have long left the spawning-grounds, and they do not seem to be anywhere else. One might be tempted to suspect that they must be hibernating in the mud. A Yorkshireman, at any rate, might make that conjecture readily. In his part of the country a great wonder is sometimes witnessed. There is a long drought, and the becks cease to run, and it may be supposed that all the trout have perished; but the rains descend, and the floods come, and lo! the trout are as plentiful and as blithe as ever. In the *Badminton Magazine* about a year ago there was an account of a similar marvel in Hertfordshire. It is supposed, by way of explanation, that trout are able to remain alive in fluid mud.

That, however, is not the solution I would propose. It is not in the mud that the trout, either of the Test or of the Tay, hide until March is nearly over. They are, I think, resting at the bottom of the river in places where the water is deep and slow. This surmise springs less from experience than from analogy. Both in Hampshire and in the Highlands, during March, I have fished in such pools, as well as in shallow waters, and that in vain; but any one who seeks the March trout in a lake, instead of seeking him in a stream, will have a different requital. All along the north shore, where the sun is warming the lake, the fish will rush at his flies eagerly. Before the enactment of a close-time many a basket of trout was taken from the Scotch lakes in February, and the capture of fish in January was not unknown. Perhaps our analogy will commend itself. Lake trout return to the still water very soon after spawning, in the streams. It is, therefore, reasonable to suppose that river trout, which usually spawn in tributaries, seek, on returning, those parts of the

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river in which the process of recuperation is least arduous. The fact that the river trout do not rise, while the lake trout do, is not against this suggestion. The water of the shore of a lake is shallow as a rule, and the fish there readily see a fly thrown over them; but the pools in which the river trout take refuge are the deepest they can find, and the fly may well pass unseen.

Why, then, it may be asked, does any poacher seek them earlier in the year than the law allows? If trout are not to be caught, why does such a practical person go forth to try for them? Why, indeed, does the writer himself, not yet convicted of having poached, show a certain intimacy with the ways of trout at a time when they are not to be caught? These are cogent queries. The last of them may be settled by the remark that, although many trout are not to be expected from a large river in March, the law does not forbid angling then. The others must be answered reflectively.

Flowing into the North Sea on the coast of Scotland there is a fine trout-stream on which the burgesses of a little county town are free to fish. Before the recent Act regulating the seasons, this right was exercised in no stingy spirit. Many of the beneficiaries fished not only through spring and summer but also through autumn and winter. The burgesses seemed to include the boys of a school in the little town, some of whom spent Saturdays and other holidays by the waterside. There, late in November, I met a familiar figure. It was that of an ancient gipsy who haunted the stream night and day. It was believed that he made his livelihood by selling trout to a fishmonger in a large town not far off, the inhabitants of which, not being more learned in the ways of Nature than most people are, took it for granted that, if not stale, any fish offered them were good to eat. The gipsy was an approachable man; and, having heard my elders and betters say that it was a shame to fish after September, and that the stream was being ruined, I ventured a shy remonstrance in the considerate form of a request for knowledge. Was it really true

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that trout were not all right at that time of the year? "Most of them are not," the gipsy answered; "but some of them are. In this water, all winter, there are aye trout of a kind that don't spawn. Not very many o' them; but they're here, and they're just as good at Christmas as at Whitsunday." The old man's quiet words and thoughtful black eyes seemed to be charged with generations of weird wisdom. They set me thinking; and, perhaps to justify dissent from the doctrine of the elders, whose pragmatical conservatism was distasteful, mentally I framed a proposition. "It is wrong to catch trout that are spawning or about to spawn. All trout in that state are in the tributaries. Therefore, it cannot be wrong to fish in the main stream at this time, because the trout in that state are not there." Here, for the moment, the reasoning stopped. It did not reach the corollary that if the gipsy caught any trout they must be trout that were not in the usual run and therefore not out of condition. Perhaps that was because, as he had none in his basket and was not getting a bite, I may not really have believed his legend of the strange fish. Since then the schoolboy logic has been justified as regards the brief period during which the general run of trout are away from the main streams, spawning. Towards the close of March this year I caught two trout in the Tay. One weighed 1 lb. 8 oz.; the other, ¾ lb. A lady had used the landing-net, and, of course, I left the fish at her house. Next day she told me that roe had been found in both of them, and that she had had it kept in a phial of spirits. Roe in trout at that time of the year! I went to see. The eggs were small; but they were unmistakable. If the fish had been rainbows, which spawn five or six months later than the British trout, there would have been less cause for astonishment; but they were undoubtedly brown-trout. The matter seemed to demand an explanation from the *Field*. Fearing that if I myself made inquiry I might display ignorance, I persuaded the lady to write a letter, and to despatch it, together with the phial, to the Editor. What was the meaning of brown-trout with roe

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in March? The authoritative answer ran: "It is uncommon, but not unknown. One theory is that there are trout which spawn biennially." We had actually, on an afternoon, caught two of the peculiar trout which years before, with the omniscience of old age at thirteen, I had dismissed from mind as being a gipsy superstition!

Soon afterwards the basket began to contain trout of the ordinary kind. One day there would be a brace; the next, a brace and a half; one fish, or none, a day or two later; and suddenly as many as the creel would hold. Resembling most of the processes of Nature, the return of the trout to the quarters of spring and summer is gradual. The fish appear in the pools as if they were ghosts of themselves, stealthily, singly; but at length the pools are alive with them, just as the woodlands are filled with the notes of the wandering cuckoo, which has come not in flocks but in solitude. Nature, in short, is at once individualistic and social. If we could read with complete intelligence the life of an ant-heap, or of a rookery, or of a trout-stream, we might have a better understanding of human commonwealths. Mankind may be wrong in assuming itself to be outside the ordinary processes of Nature.

Musings such as these, however, are not opportune in angling. That is an employment charged with points of interrogation more immediate.

Why does it so often happen that all the trout caught on a single day tend to be of the same size? This question has no kinship with the well-known royal problem as to why a bowl of water holding a living fish was not heavier than a bowl of the same size containing the same quantity of water without a fish. "I doubt the fact, my Liege," said a courtier to the King. The assertion that is implicit in our own problem cannot be utterly gainsaid. Most anglers will admit it to be roughly right. At times, it is true, the basket will have in it trout of all sizes characteristic of the water, or of nearly all; but at other times it will not. One day the small fish rise, and the large ones stay down; another day every fish landed is large,

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and the small ones seem to be gone. This is more noticeable on a lake than on a stream. A lake in Perthshire on which I sometimes spend a few days is a typical case. Unless the weather is unfavourable, twenty trout in a few hours are to be had there. One day they will be not only four to the pound but also quarter-pounders individually; another day they will be three to the pound and a third of a pound each; sometimes, though not often, all of them will be approximately half-pounders. On a great river not far from the lake the uniformity in the size of the trout caught is in a certain respect more striking. There are in it fish of all weights; yet on any day only fish of practically the same weight are taken. Sometimes they are light, from a third of a pound to a half, and then one usually has a dozen in an afternoon; sometimes they are heavy, within an ounce or so, more or less, of 1¾ lb., and then one has four as a rule. Of the very small trout, those of the parr size, of which there must be millions in the river, I have never caught a single specimen. This, perhaps, is the most astonishing fact in the problem. What is the secret?

Any anglers whom I have heard discussing the question have a very simple view. They assume that sometimes only the small fish are feeding; sometimes only those of middle size; sometimes only the large ones. This is a good "working hypothesis," enabling you, on occasion, to foresee the state of the basket at the close of the day; but it is no more. Weather, as is well known, affects the appetite of the trout; but it has never been suggested that the same atmospherical conditions influence fish of different sizes differently. It is taken for granted that they influence fish of all sizes in exactly the same way. Were this not so, there being small trout in some streams, middling fish in others, and large ones in a few, we could not have a generally applicable science of the weather in relation to angling. That we do have such a science invalidates the simple explanation. My own belief is that the puzzle we are considering is due to there being an order of precedence among the trout. If you watch carefully what

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goes on in a stream, an odd usage will be detected. During spring and summer trout never lie closely together side by side. Rather, they are in Indian file. This peculiarity is best seen just below the entrance of a ditch or other tributary bringing worms or grubs or similar tit-bits. You will find a good many trout there. The largest is poised close to where the tributary joins the stream; the second-largest is a foot or so behind him; the third-largest at a similar distance from the second; and so on in diminishing scale. Why? Observe the vigilance of the first trout, and you will understand. See him snapping at the juiciest grubs and rising at the most attractive flies. How alert he is, and ravenous! He is nearest the entrance of the tributary because in that position he has first choice of the good things it is bearing down. For what he leaves, the others, in their turns, are on the look-out. If any of these sought to usurp the place of the first fish there would be battle and a rout. Indeed, if you hook the first, the second will be established in his hover long before you need the landing-net. Does this lesson in the ways of trout shed light on the uniformity in the size of fish by which a basket is so often characterised? If every trout in your creel is large, may it not be because, although all the fish in the water were in a mood to feed, the larger ones, being in particularly good appetite, bore themselves, towards the flies floating or fluttering down, in a manner that intimidated the youngsters? A more minute investigation will reveal something like a crouching fright among the small trout when the great fish are thoroughly "on the feed." They may rise now and then; but in doing so they are careful never to be in the big ones' way.

Now and then, however, there comes a day the experience of which has perplexed every wielder of the fly-rod. Trout after trout rises; but not one is caught. You look to see whether the hooks are right, and find no explanation. There is not the slightest doubt about the rises. You see the breaks in the water. You feel the jerks at the line. How is it

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possible that time after time fish can take such a risk and never pay the penalty? They are "rising short." That is the accepted phrase. It suggests its own meaning. If they rose a little less short, we are to understand, they would be hooked. They are merely snapping at the wings of the flies, and so escaping. Why they should snap at the wings, or how they can do it with such accuracy, is not always mentioned; but there is a theory. It is believed to be possible that some peculiarity of the light may deflect the vision of the fish; that their aim is upset; that they just miss flies which they really mean to seize. This sounds plausible; but it cannot be considered satisfactory. The tugs at the line are so palpable that they could not possibly be produced by contact of the trouts' teeth with the soft wings of the lures. The steel also must be in some contact with the fish. What contact? I think that, instead of being with the mouths of the trout, it is with some other part of them. This notion arose one day when, after many short rises and no fish, I landed one lassoed by the tail. The hook had looped itself with the gut, and the trout was fast. In favour of the surmise I have ventured is the consideration that sometimes, although feeding busily, the fish are paying no attention to flies on the surface. In the position of a sulking salmon, which is tail-up and head-down, they are preying upon flies or other insects hatching out at the bottom of the water. Is it not easily conceivable that, although they are ignoring the full-fledged flies and your own imitations, they may frequently, by accident, strike against the hooks, which scratch though they do not hold? Trout are sometimes in a strange humour that may have a similar result. They try to drown flies that they see on the surface. They leap up and sometimes out, and strike the insects with their tails. This proceeding I have witnessed three or four times. Why the fish should wish to drown the flies, which rise again as quickly as fragments of cork, it is not easy to tell; but that they do try occasionally is beyond question.

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In practically all emergencies the trout is strikingly sagacious. The peril of drought which he miraculously survives in the Yorkshire becks is hardly greater than a risk which he frequently runs from flood. Quarter of a mile from where these words are being written is a river that is not infrequently obliterated. Heavy rains set in upon the mountains; inch by inch the stream, which has its source in a great lake, begins to rise; within twelve hours it is overflowing here and there. If the storm lasts two days more, the valley, half a mile broad, is under water. Only the railway, near the middle, is to be seen. If they have a journey to make, villagers must get to the station in a boat. Sheep, rabbits, and other creatures on the meadows are in terror, and many of them are swept away. At the last flood a herd of Shetland ponies found themselves surrounded by the rising water. Their plight was pitiable. They neighed and screamed. Only a few contrived to stand their ground. The others perished. When the flood comes, man, though he has been familiar with these parts for centuries, is helpless. He cannot even save his cattle or his harvest. The very earth itself succumbs. The banks break, and thousands of tons of soil are carried down the river. Gazing upon the turbulent waste of waters, the roar of which fills the air for miles on either side, one would think that the trout must have lost their bearings; but have they? When the flood has passed, how many shall you find stranded in the meadows? Not one. The whole little world around them is in anarchy, and they explore the fields and even the roads, picking up much fine booty as they go; but when the normal order of Nature is restored every trout will be in his old hover, serene.

W. Earl Hodgson.

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MUSIC AS A FACTOR IN NATIONAL LIFE

IT was many years after emerging from the process which calls itself a classical education at our public schools that it occurred to me to wonder what a classical education really was, and what was the real meaning of the tenacity with which those whose judgment one cannot but respect, yet cling (without being able to give adequate reasons) to a system the faults of which are obvious; a system, too, which in spite of this, produces some results, hitherto apparently unobtainable in any other way. It seems a safe rule, when faced with an apparent contradiction of this kind, to see whether there has not been some worship of the letter and loss of the spirit; and when one comes to inquire what a classical education really was, it is fairly obvious that this is what has occurred. When the Greeks are considered from an educational standpoint, it is clear why they must of necessity be the standard whereby the educationist measures his own aims and ideals; for—of all the nations of whom we know much,—the Greeks appear to have produced great men well equipped for their work in life, out of all proportion to their population, and to have succeeded in so educating the "masses" that their great poetic drama, which among us is food only for the most cultured, was, apparently to every one's satisfaction, the "bank holiday" entertainment of the ordinary Greek citizen. To point out that among these, the classes corre-

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sponding to our lowest classes were not included, because the Greek State was founded on slavery, does not, to my mind, lessen the marvel. It is almost easier to conceive of an audience of workmen appreciating noble poetic drama dealing with the greater issues of life, than to imagine the ordinary English population above that class, faced with such a demand on their imaginative intelligence. There is ample evidence that it was not only in this one line of their culture, that the great Greek could appeal to a whole population of lesser men who understood. The remains in their very dustheaps show us that, while they were extending their sea-power in all directions, and conquering their world by its means, the Greeks of old, as the Japanese of to-day, could not touch anything, from a cooking-pot to a temple, without touching it rightly, and leaving something, which was a thing of beauty and a joy, if not for ever, at least for twenty-five centuries.

To produce a large number of very great men, and a whole nation who could understand, and enable them to do their work as efficiently as possible, is, I take it, a standard of educational result which will be accepted as satisfactory by the most materialistic utilitarian among us; and since these people, beyond any doubt, achieved this result, their methods seem worthy of attention. I am, unfortunately, no Greek scholar, and have therefore to depend on the information obtainable from those who are, and on translations, for the following conclusions. But it seems undisputed, that the first instruction of Greek youth consisted in reading and learning poetry, in the study of (what we call) music, along with rhythmic movement or dancing, the whole thing being called music. Next came a study of their own language, so exact and thorough that it was considered that a man could not write his own language unless he could write it in verse, and, lastly, the study of mathematics and logic.

Here we come upon something of which our own public school curriculum seems a distorted reflection. It is easy to see that, in order to express thoughts at all, mastery of an

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exact and flexible medium must be obtained—hence the close study of language.

It is also clear why, having thoughts to express and a medium for expressing them, it should be necessary to study the laws of right thinking—hence the study of mathematics and logic.

But in our scheme, as compared with the Greek, we find that, of their trinity of subjects—music, language, and mathematics, the last two are in some form always accepted as the groundwork on which all culture is built up; and the first is either wholly omitted, or delayed till just about the time when the Greeks began to teach the other two. So that even when it is used at all, it is never treated as they treated it, as the groundwork on which the whole structure was to rest, but as a thing unnecessary to the structure, as a window box of flowers is to a house.

Great men in the past have spoken in very different terms of the true reasonableness of the study of music; but because the results which they predict, cannot be tested by examination, we appear to have disregarded their advice, and dismissed them as dreamers or poets, who naturally express themselves in exaggerated and poetical language—"poetical," in our modern loose way of speaking, meaning out of proportion, and, therefore, unworthy of serious attention.

It is worth inquiring what the Greeks really meant by music, and why they placed it in the forefront of their educational system.

One can perhaps get a hint of what is the real thought of a nation on any subject, by the embodiment of that subject in their myths and legends, and subsequently in their religious ritual, better than in any other way; so taking the stories concerning music as related to Orpheus, Apollo, Amphion, and Arion, we find something which gives the key. These stories tell of three direct results obtained through music by the semi-divine singers:

1. The taming of wild nature, common to all.

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2. Mastery over the dark side of the unseen world in the redemption of Euridice.

3. The up-building power of music in actual material form, in the rising of the Walls of Thebes and Troy to the strains of music. These conceptions of the power and office of music differ very widely from the ordinary ideal among us.[1]

Did the Greeks really believe all this of music: The first point, the power to tame the bestial nature, is the simplest and most readily tested, and there is an enormous body of evidence, ancient and modern, on this point. Miss Harrison, in her book, "Prolegomena to the Study of Greek Religion," quotes in reference to the myth of Orpheus:

> The spotted lynxes for joy of the song
> Were as sheep in the fold, and a tawny throng
> Of lions trooped down from Othrys' lawn,
> And, her light foot lifting, a dappled fawn
> Left the shade of the high-tressed pine
> And danced for joy to that lyre of thine.

And she passes on to point out the idea behind this lovely myth, as expressed on a vase at Berlin, where "Orpheus plays on the lyre with upturned face, aloof, absorbed, and round him are not wild beasts, but wild *men*, Thracians . . . all intent on the music: one suspicious of this new magic, one determined to inquire into it, one with his eyes shut, head fallen, mesmerised, drunken, but not with wine."

This is the myth; now for the theory and practice of the Greeks. Polybius says:

> Nor are we to imagine that the earliest Arcadians had no reason whatever for doing so, when they introduced music into every department of their

[1] I venture, at the risk of giving some offence, to try to put into words the feeling which, I think, underlies our treatment of this, and possibly of all art, saving perhaps some forms of literature. The ordinary Englishman, I think, looks upon a love of music very much as all but fanatics, regard a real knowledge of wine; it is a refined and gentlemanly taste, if not indulged in to excess. It is no longer considered disreputable to be a musician or artist if a man happen to belong to the upper strata of society; but every man over fifty must remember the time when it was so regarded; and, I think, ninety-nine

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management of the republic; so that, though the nation in every other respect was most austere in its manner of life, they nevertheless compelled music to be the constant companion, not only of their boys, but even of their youths up to thirty years of age . . . not so much, however, employing musicians as singing in turn . . . to refuse to sing is accounted a most disgraceful thing. . . . Not for the sake of luxury and superfluity, but from a consideration of the austerity which each individual practised in his private life, and of the severity of their characters, which they contract from the cold and gloomy nature of the climate which prevails in the greater part of their country. . . . And as the people of Cynœtha neglected this system (although they occupy by far the most inclement district of Arcadia, both as respects soil and climate) they, never meeting one another except for the purpose of giving offence and quarrelling, became at last so utterly savage that the very greatest impieties prevailed among them alone of all the people in Arcadia.[1]

And Athenæus says:

It was a regular custom to introduce music (at a feast) in the first place in order that every one who might be too eager for drunkenness or gluttony might have music as a sort of physician and healer of his insolence and indecorum and also because music softens moroseness of temper; for it dissipates sadness and produces affability and a sort of gentlemanlike joy. . . . Music also contributes to the proper exercising of the body, and to sharpening the intellect.

Again:

It was a good saying of Damon the Athenian, that songs and dances must inevitably exist where the mind was excited in any manner; and liberal, and gentlemanly and honourable feelings of the mind produce corresponding kinds of music, and the opposite kinds of mind produce the opposite kinds of music.

Again:

Pythagoras the Samian, who had such a high reputation as a philosopher, is well known from many circumstances to have been a man who had no slight or superficial knowledge of music; for he indeed lays it down that the whole universe is put and kept together by music.

The Lacedæmonians do not assert that they used to learn music as a science, but they do profess to be able to judge what is done in art . . . they were those who preserved the art of music most strictly . . . for owing to the general moderation and austerity of their lives, they betook themselves gladly to music, which has a sort of power of soothing the understanding.[2]

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out of one hundred parents would rather see their son a good average soldier or a respected partner in a successful business, than even a really great painter or musician.

[1] Athenæus, xiv. 22. [2] *Ibid.* 24, 25, 32 and 33.

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And Aristotle says also of them, "Without ever having learned music they are able to judge accurately what melody is good and what is bad. . . ."

Aristotle, who devotes five chapters of the "Politics" to the discussion of the place of music in education, decides that:

> We say that music should not be applied to one purpose, but to many; both for instruction, and purifying the soul . . . and as an agreeable manner of spending the time, and as a relaxation from any uneasiness of the soul.

I may be forgiven for drawing attention also to the well-known and remarkable passage in Plato's "Republic," in which he discusses how to produce by right education the ideal soldier, or "guardian of the State." The natural characteristics he finds indispensable, are "a disposition philosophical and high-spirited, and a body swift-footed and strong." He decides that "we could hardly find a better education than that which the experience of the past has discovered, which consists, I believe, in gymnastic for the body and music for the mind."

(Here again our public schools partially reflect the past, as regards one of these subjects; there is certainly no lack of exercise for the body to complain of.) He goes on, "Shall we not rather begin our course of education with music rather than with gymnastic? and under music shall we include narratives (or fables)?" He then discusses these narratives at great length, but throughout with one purpose in view, of the forming of an ideal in the unconscious mind of the child. "In every work the beginning is the most important, especially in dealing with anything young and tender; for that is the time when any impression, which one may desire to communicate, is most readily stamped and taken." The whole passage is too well-known and too long for quotation, but the argument throughout is for the need of impressing on a child, too young to reason yet, a right and beautiful ideal of God and man, by the use of the traditional tales of his race.

He passes on to another branch of music—that form to which we have limited the term—and discusses, with a closeness, which shows how very strongly he felt and knew the

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power of the force of which he speaks, the nature of the rhythms, of the instruments to be used, and the results to be expected; and his conclusions are so entirely in line with the Orpheus story, that they are worth quoting in full :—

> Then good language and good harmony and grace and good rhythm all depend upon a good nature, by which I do not mean that silliness which by courtesy we call good-nature, but a mind that is really well and nobly constituted in its moral character. . . . And the absence of grace, and rhythm, and harmony, is closely allied to an evil style and an evil character: whereas their presence is allied to, and expressive of, the opposite character, which is brave and sober minded. . . . Is it then, Glaucon, on these accounts that we attach such supreme importance to a musical education, because rhythm and harmony sink most deeply into the recesses of the soul, and take most powerful hold of it, bringing gracefulness in their train, and making a man graceful if he be rightly nurtured, but if not the reverse? and also because he that has been duly nurtured therein will have the keenest eye for defects, whether in the failures of art, or the misgrowths of nature; and feeling a most just disdain for them will commend beautiful objects and gladly receive them into his soul and feed upon them and grow to be noble and good; whereas he will rightly censure and hate all repulsive objects, even in his childhood before he is able to be reasoned with; and when reason comes, *he* will welcome her most cordially who can recognise her by the instinct of relationship, and because he has been thus nurtured.[1]

We can now see clearly what the Greeks meant by "Music," and why it was to them the first and supremely important factor in the education of the young. They most certainly did not mean—what we usually mean by it—the training of fingers and voice of a small section of the population, in order that an infinitesimal proportion of these may become second-rate performers. They meant the soaking in by a young child, of all that will make him, throughout his whole life, sensitive to what a Chinese sage of the fifth century (speaking of painting) calls the "life movement of the spirit through the rhythm of things." They felt Art as "the great mood of the universe, moving hither and thither amidst those harmonic laws of matter which are rhythm." This is what music is, and what it has ever been and will be, to

[1] "Republic of Plato," iii. 400, 401 and 402.

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all poets, dreamers, fools—"the mad blind men who *see*." Shakespeare has spoken in no uncertain note :—

> There's not the smallest orb that thou beholdst
> But in his motion like an angel sings,
> Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim.
> *Such harmony is in immortal souls.*
> . . . . . .
> The man that hath no music *in himself*
> Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
> Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils.
> The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
> And his affections dark as Erebus;
> Let no such man be trusted.

"Poetic licence," indeed, if alluding to what we call music; such nonsense as would seriously reflect upon his capacity to speak with weight upon any subject.[1]

Wordsworth is full of the same sense of the great rhythm of nature :—

> By one pervading spirit
> Of tones and numbers, all things are controlled
> The heavens . . .
> Innumerable voices fill
> With everlasting harmony;
> The towering headlands crowned with mist,
> Their feet among the billows, know
> That Ocean is a mighty harmonist.
> Thy pinions, universal air,
> Ever waving to and fro,
> Are delegates of harmony, and bear
> Strains that support the seasons in their round.
>
> "Power of Sound."

Browning again sees all life, all sorrow, all strife, as pulsation in a great rhythm :—

> The high that proved too high; the heroic for earth too hard,
> The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
> Are music sent up to God, by the lover and the bard:
> Enough that He heard it once, we shall hear it by-and-by.
>
> "Abt Vogler."

[1] Compare also "Julius Cæsar," Act 1, sc. ii.

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And again:—

> . . . This is the old woe of the world,
> Tune to whose rise and fall we live and die;
> Rise with it then: rejoice that man is hurled
> From change to change unceasingly
> His soul's wings never furled.
>
> "James Lee's Wife."

And in our time how has Science taken up the wondrous tale; showing how from the every-day miracle of the rhythmic flow of water—its incarnation, its life-giving sacrifice, its ascension and the mediation of its risen life—to the very farthest stars, and to the unimaginable minuteness of the electron, all that is, lives, moves, and has its being as pulsating rhythmic motion.

The study of Science can undoubtedly serve to draw out in the student a perception of the rhythm and unity of things, and where there is even a touch of the true scientific imagination, it must reach heights of which the ordinary man can have no conception. But if, as is frequently urged, scientific training is substituted in early years almost entirely for art and language, it seems to me there is one serious risk. The purely intellectual and unimaginative scientist is far commoner —strange as it may seem—than the purely intellectual and unimaginative artist; and a purely intellectual interest in Science is so much more easily aroused in a child, than a purely intellectual interest in music, painting, or poetry, that a child so taught, may wander for years in a dry desert of fact; and this partial understanding of indisputable truths, has often led to years of needless antagonism to the more or less archaic presentments of other sides of truth; whereas an intelligent, or even a deep sub-conscious familiarity with art in any of its forms, would have naturally led to a perception of the harmony and essential unity of all truth—in whatever form it be presented. It brings about the experience in the perception that all things, outward and inward, physical and mental and moral, are indeed the "life movement of the spirit in the rhythm of things."

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The divine art which we call music is of course the faintest phenomenal expression in terms of one sense of this pulsating life movement; but it is one channel, and the easiest and earliest, whereby a child, who sings before he can speak, may learn to become sensitive to this vital vibration; and, seen thus, it is small wonder that the Greeks worshipped Apollo and Orpheus, and that Plato holds it to be the fundamental, civilising, redemptive, character-building, educational force. Glancing once more at our system, there certainly does seem to be something left out; for though we may try and teach a medium of expression by the study of languages, the laws of right thinking by mathematics, and strength, swiftness and physical power by gymnastic, what do we do, understandingly and deliberately, to lay the foundation of the whole—the rightly-formed sensitive mass of feeling, emotion, and imagination, in which these find their material to work, and the objects worth working for?

There is another aspect of the question, which may appeal to those who would dismiss as visionary the testimony which I have produced, but who may be convinced by what they call "practical" considerations. To be "practical," I take it, usually means, to consider as an isolated fact the last, most external and inevitable material result of a long chain of cause and effect. But being a favourite exercise of many minds, it is worthy of all respect, if only owing to its extraordinary difficulty.

We are now watching, with amazed incredulity and mixed feelings as to the possibilities of the future, the results in the very practical field of war, of training a whole nation for 1000 years to rhythmic sensitiveness. The Japanese have a strange unanimity of opinion with the dreamers and ancients we have considered. They, too, for centuries have made music, poetry, and rhythmic motion—the Greek "music" in fact—the first factor in the education of youth. Kakasu Okakura in "Ideals of the East," writing of the Chinese in their great days (and how great a time this was and what it

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meant, and still means, the future alone can show), tells how the influences which made China, passed on to the happy islands, in gentler waves, and often without the violence of war and confusion, which marked their impact on the Chinese civilisation. He says (as far back as 500 B.C.):—

> The supreme canon of life was the self-sacrifice of the individual to the community, and Art was prized for its service to the *moral* needs of society. Music, it is to be noted, was placed in the highest rank, its special function being to harmonise men with men, and communities with communities. The study of music, therefore, was the first accomplishment of a Shu youth of gentle blood. There are some who will recall in the life of Confucius, not only the seven dialogues in which he dwells lovingly on its beauty, but also the stories of his choosing to fast rather than forego the hearing of music; of his following a child, on one occasion, who was beating an earthen pot simply for the pleasure of *watching the effect of the rhythm on the people*; and finally of his journey to the province of See (Shantung) in the enthusiasm of his desire to hear the ancient chants which were then extant. . . . Ancient ballads were collected by the Sage, by way of illustrating the manners of the Chinese Golden Age . . . *when its songs furnished the test by which the welfare or misgovernment of a province was to be determined.*

And in Professor Nitobe's fascinating little book, "Bushido," we read:

> In the Principality of Satsuma, noted for its martial spirit and education, the custom prevailed for young men to practise music; not the blast of trumpets or the beat of drums—"those clamorous harbingers of blood and death,"—stirring us to initiate the actions of the tiger, but sad and plaintive melodies on the biwa, soothing our fiery spirits, drawing our thoughts away from scent of blood and scenes of carnage.

He also tells how the training to rhythmic expression in language is now so much an instinct with the people, that it is quite common for a soldier on the march, to draw out his tablets and write a little poem on any passing scene or thought. This is confirmed by Lafcadio Hearn (in "Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan"), who states that on the pilgrimages undertaken by the poorest, the pilgrim leaves a little sonnet behind at the nightly resting-place.

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(It is worth noticing here the agreement of Greeks and Japanese, both as to the theory and the practice.)

The author tells again, how a crowd of holiday folk, in walking on their wooden sandals, often drop intentionally into a rhythmic beat; and how in a remote country district he saw a harvest dance, where, without organisation or direction, a crowd of 500 or 600 peasants formed themselves in a few moments into revolving wheels of dancers round a central figure, keeping the measure and peculiar steps, for hours through the night.

The book was written some years ago, but it shows throughout that the author considers that the feeling of the harmony and rhythm in things has gone right into the souls and bodies of the people, unconscious and unreasoning, but, so that, as Plato predicts of musical training in the child, "when reason comes *he* will welcome her most cordially who can recognise her by the instinct of relationship, and because he has been thus nurtured." And now all the world marvels at the unanimity of this people, in their apparently impossible task, at the patriotism which has intensified the sacred flame that burns in the innermost holy place of every man in every nation; at the perfection of detail in their organisation (and organisation on this scale is a great imaginative effort); at the self-restraint not only of the armies, but of the people and even of the Press; and of course, most of all, at the gigantic imaginative effort by which they have again, as has happened before,[1] surveyed the world, and discriminating between principle and practice, deliberately appropriated all they wanted of Western science and methods, and as deliberately rejected the rest, quite undazzled and clear in their estimate as to cause and effect. There can be little doubt left in any reasonable mind that the Japanese are very practical people.

[1] See "Japanese Barbarism," in MONTHLY REVIEW, November 1904; also chapter on "The Christian Missions of the Sixteenth Century," in "Japan" (Story of the Nation series).

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To some of us it seems that many of our most practical troubles may arise from a neglect of the great imaginative training on which all right education should be built up; and that the glory of Elizabethan England (when the foundations were laid for the mighty structure since raised) may not be wholly unconnected with the fact that England was then "a nest of singing birds," leading the world in music and poetry, and, from Queen to peasant, having no mean estimate of the value of those forces.

The results of a lack of training in art, leading to a natural lack of imagination, are manifold, as must be apparent to any one who considers the various problems constantly before the country: the whole condition of the drama (which, in Germany, is a great moral, educational, and recreative force, perpetually appropriating the best from all nations, and largely using English work, practically unused here), the drink question, and the manner of meeting its difficulties; a whole series of problems concerning educational and military organisation and forethought; and the many notes of opposition which arise from forces unable to throw themselves into line with the general trend of thought—all indications of forces apparently running to waste, but which might powerfully renew and develop national life.

It will, of course, be understood that there is no suggestion that divergent views and actions are undesirable. On the contrary, the finest rhythmic effects are produced by masterly use of cross rhythms. But they can only be so used when they are interdependent, and subordinate to the scheme of resultant rhythm. In like manner opposite forces are a source of strength, not of confusion, when it is realised that it is the relation to the resultant (not solely the relation to the force in direct opposition to that of a man's own party, or preference), which has to be first and last considered. This principle, always acted upon instinctively, in a moment of great and immediate danger, if even partially recognised in all national affairs, would make it impossible that great questions

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affecting the very existence of the nation in the next generation, questions such as those of military defence, education, or trade, should be fought out upon side or party issues.

There remain yet most interesting considerations as to the manner of the application of the great force we have considered, and the evils which may result from neglect of it; for neglected forces sometimes have an uncomfortable way of making their presence felt. Plato points out what may be expected from its wrong use: "rhythm and harmony sink into the soul . . . making a man graceful if he be rightly nurtured, *but if not, the reverse*," and in this connection it is interesting to remember that the French Revolution produced a song and a dance,[1] and to consider the nature of these.

Had mediæval Europe realised, as Plato did, the enormous power of music as a formative force, modern music would never have been allowed to develop undisturbed. But it has so developed, and is now among us; and other forces making for restraint and humanity appear to be losing their hold, at any rate, in the forms in which they have hitherto been presented to us—as the slums of our great towns abundantly show. It may be wise to recognise it and use it; not as a decorative ornament to life, but as an expression of what that life really is. And the result may possibly be, not that we shall have players, singers, or articulate poets among us in greater numbers; but that when a man proves himself a statesman and not a politician, because he feels in every fibre of his being the opposing forces which sway the national consciousness: when a thinker arises who feels superstition and materialism both as pulses of a great rhythm, they will find their greatest work for the nation possible to do, because the nation itself has become sensitive to the greater rhythms. And although the rank and file of us can never expect to measure action "sub specie

[1] Shakespeare is again in agreement:

"Music hath such a charm
To make bad good, and good provoke to harm."

"Measure for Measure," Act IV. scene i.

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æternitatis," we, through understanding subordination of freely developed forces, such as Greeks and Orientals have never known, might learn to recognise and give a free hand to those who can, not by a mere shifting of responsibility, but because, "having been thus nurtured," we shall recognise the great men of great movements when they appear, "by the instinct of relationship."

ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

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THE PEOPLE OF LITTLE EGYPT

FROM the old records of the town of Deventer, in the Netherlands, we learn that in the year 1429 a company of "the people of Little Egypt" received free lodging in a building known as the *Want-Huis*, which appears to have been specially reserved for them and their kindred. According to Molhuysen, this building, which stands—or lately stood—in a well-known alley of the town, was also called the *Heidens-Huis*, otherwise, in English, "The Gypsies' House." This, then, was kept as the temporary home of any of "the people of Little Egypt" who might visit Deventer. And, as the records show, such visits were frequent. In 1420, for example, Lord Andreas, a duke of Little Egypt, had come to Deventer with a hundred followers, men, women and children, and about forty horses. And if all this large company found accommodation in the *Want-Huis*, as the local chronicle leads one to believe, it argues much for the spaciousness of that building. Nor did the good burghers omit to give their visitors yet stronger proofs of hospitality; for much food and a considerable sum of money was voted for their entertainment at the town's expense. It is not to be overlooked that Lord Andreas, who stated that he had been driven out of his country for professing the Christian faith, was the bearer of a letter from Sigismund, King of the Romans, asking that alms be given to him. But Deventer hospitality was not showered upon him

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and upon his successors of 1429 alone. Deventer paid a sum of fifteen guldens to "the king of Little Egypt, with his company," when they came to the town in 1488; and in the very next year twelve guldens went as a gratuity to "the duke of Egypt, with his people, who lodged in the *Want-Huis*." In 1441, "the king of the Heidens [*i.e.*, Gypsies], with his company," received ten guldens from the same source. But a suspicion arises that such guests were not entertained with the most absolute goodwill. For, hearing of the approach of a similar company in 1445, the burghers sent messengers to them ere they reached the town, with a sum of money proffered on the condition that the strangers should pass on their way without coming within their walls; a course of action, it may be mentioned, followed by the townsfolk of Middelburg, near Flushing, in the year 1460. Who *were* those people of Little Egypt that they should have such good reason to expect free lodging, food and money whenever they came to Deventer? And was that town singular in its attitude towards these uninvited and exacting guests?

Perhaps the best way of attempting to obtain a satisfactory answer to such questions is to glance at the experience of other parts of the Netherlands and of Europe. And, since the town of Middelburg has been mentioned, some additional information obtained from its archives may be suitably quoted. It appears, then, that on February 21, 1480, Middelburg paid twenty schellings out of the public purse to a certain count or duke (*hertoghe*) of Little Egypt, who stated that he "had come here to receive alms, having letters from the Pope, which allow him to travel throughout the land for five years." In the following January, Middelburg also paid three Burgundian guldens to the *hertoghe van Egipten*, "because he was the bearer of letters from our gracious lord of Burgundy (Philip)." Twenty years later the "Egyptians" stabled their horses in the high school of Middelburg. It is no wonder, therefore, that in 1460 the authorities sent ten schellings to Constantine, count of Egypt, then at the neighbouring town of Goes, with

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a company of Greeks, "in order that they may not come here." But Middelburg felt itself in a position to take higher ground with the people of Little Egypt when a difficulty arose in connection with them sixty-four years later. For its records state that in February 1524, Sebastian Faisan and Baron Wiltosia, *Gyptenaers*, were banished from the town for three years on account of their riotous conduct. That, however, was in the sixteenth century, when Little Egypt had suffered some abatement of dignity. Continuing to look at the Netherlands of the fifteenth century, we find that the town of Utrecht has the following entry in its municipal accounts in October 1429: "Given to the duke of Lower Egypt, who had come into our town with the Heathens [or Gypsies], having a written permission from the Pope to visit the Christian land, iv. jars of wine"—valued at four pounds sixteen schellings. It was probably the same company that received entertainment from the town of Arnhem, in Guelderland, in the succeeding month, when the municipal accounts record these two items:

Item, on the eve of St. Andrew's, to the count of Little Egypt [*des Grave van Klijn-Egipten*], with his company, to the honour of God, vi. Arnhem guldens; *Item*, to the same count and to the Heathen women, to the honour of God, a half malder [a corn measure] of white bread, a barrel of beer and a hundred herrings.

One other reference may be selected from the numerous notices testifying to the presence of Gypsies in the Netherlands during the fifteenth century. This was a letter of protection granted in 1496 by Charles, Count of Egmond, under his privy seal, to "Count Martin Gnougy, born of Little Egypt," couched in similar terms to those given to Gypsy chiefs by the Emperor Sigismund and the Duke of Burgundy. It is stated in this letter that the Pope (Alexander VI.) had ordained Count Martin and his family and company "to go on pilgrimage to Rome, to St. James of Galicia, Compostella, and to other holy places"; and to further this purpose the Count of Egmond strictly commands all his representatives throughout his principality to succour and protect "the foresaid Count

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Martin, his family and company, with their goods, animals, gold, silver, &c." wherever they may go; but with this reservation, that the Gypsies do not stay longer than three days in one place—a stipulation, be it noticed, still in vogue in some countries.

It will be seen from several of the references quoted above, that the obscure and scattered people whom we now know as "Gypsies" occupy a vastly lower position in the European world than their predecessors did in the fifteenth century. The reasons which underlie this change are full of interest. In this place they can only be very briefly and imperfectly sketched. But before attempting to do this, I shall turn to two questions which emerge prominently from even those few extracts which have already been given. One relates to the various names by which the people of Little Egypt were formerly known, and the other to the probable situation of that somewhat elusive country itself.

The English name *Gypsy*, at one time *Gypcyan* or *Gyptian*, is a corruption of *Egyptian*, as are also the variants, *Gyptien* (France and Belgium), *Gyptenaer* (the Netherlands), and *Gitano* (Spain). This, however, was by no means their only designation. In Spain they were known besides as *New Castilians*, as *Germans*, as *Flemings*, as *Greeks*, and as *Bohemians*. Those of South-Western France were *Cascarrots* and *Biscayans*, and in France they were also *Bohemians* and *Saracens*. They have been frequently styled *Tartars*, notably in Scandinavia, where they are also called *Fante-folk*. English instances of the application of *Bohemian Tartar* and *High-German* to people who were apparently Gypsies are cited by the late F. H. Groome; and in Scotland there is mention of "Gypsies or Saracens," otherwise "Moors or Saracens," the period of whose presence in Scotland was the fifteenth century. In Poland they have been called *Szalassi*, *Philistines*, and *Cygani;* which last word assumes also the forms *Zigans* (Russia), *Czigani* (Hungary), *Zigeuner* (Germany), *Ciganoi* (Portugal), *Tsiganes* (France), *Cingani* or *Acingani* (Corfu),

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Tchinghiané (Turkey), *Zingari* (Italy), and *Zincali* (Spain). Several of these names are obviously local and ephemeral, bestowed by people of one country or province at a time when numerous bands of Gypsies were arriving from one particular quarter. The name of "Egyptians," however, has been the most widely used. It is found as an alternative to "Czingan" in the will of a Hungarian noble which was made in 1490, and is preserved in the archives of Prince Battyáni. The context is interesting. The testator is allocating four of his "smaller horses." "The third," he says, "which I bought from the Egyptians or Czingány (*ab Egiptys sive Czynganis*), I leave to my servant Istók. This horse is a grey one, and used to be a carriage horse." Thus, the people of Little Egypt were horse-dealers in the fifteenth century, as many of them are even now in the twentieth.

In the passage just cited, "Egyptian" connotes "Czingan." But in one of the extracts given above it is also synonymous with "Greek." When Constantine, count of Egypt, "with a company of Greeks," was in the neighbourhood of Middelburg in 1460, it can scarcely be doubted that those "Greeks" were some of "the people of Little Egypt." Nor is this a unique instance. In the "Constitutions of Catalonia" of 1512, the Gypsies coming to Spain are called "Greeks," as well as "Bohemians" and "Egyptians." There are also some payments by James II. and James III. of Scotland, in 1459 and 1502, to "knights of Greece" and to an "earl of Greece," that strongly suggest an affinity between these eleemosynary gentry and Count Constantine's band. What is more to the point, however, is the statement made by two writers of the sixteenth century, quoted by Bataillard, that "Little Egypt," the alleged home of the Gypsies, was really Epirus, "commonly called Little Egypt." Bataillard further cites Mazaris, a Byzantine author, who, writing in the year 1416, says that at that date the Peloponnesus was inhabited by "seven principal nations," of whom one was that of the "Egyptians." The acceptance of these two localities, or of Epirus, as "Little

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Egypt" is quite in consonance with the repeated assertion of the fifteenth-century "Egyptians," that they had been driven from their country by the Turks, for it was in the fifteenth century that the Turks became masters of the Morea and Epirus; and Grellmann points out that the Turkish Sultan, Ahmed IV., styled himself (1652) "King of the Greater and Lesser Egypt."

Even if this be accepted as a correct equation, "Little Egypt" must nevertheless be regarded as a shifting quantity. It could hardly have been Epirus that was indicated in the amusing story told by Tallemant des Réaux of "a famous captain of Gypsies" in France, named Jean-Charles, who flourished in the end of the sixteenth century. He must have commanded a large following, because Des Réaux (himself a native of La Rochelle) states that he "led four hundred men to Henri IV., who rendered him [the king] good service." It is probable, however, that only his immediate followers were with him at the time of the episode thus related:

> They were lodging in a village, the curé of which was rich and miserly, and much disliked by his parishioners; he never stirred from home, so the Gypsies were unable to get hold of anything of his. What did they do? They pretended that one of their number had committed a crime, and condemned him to be hanged at a place a quarter of a league from the village, whither they betook themselves with all their baggage. At the gallows, the condemned man asked for a confessor; so the curé was sent for. He objected to go; but his parishioners insisted that he should. During his absence, some of the Gypsy women entered the vicarage, possessed themselves of five hundred crowns and quickly rejoined the band. As soon as the supposed criminal saw them, he said that he appealed his case to the king of Little Egypt. "Ah! the traitor!" exclaimed his captain, "I feared that he would appeal." He at once gave orders to truss the baggage; and the Gypsies were a long way off before the curé got home.

Two points in this anecdote are in complete agreement with other accounts. These are, the acknowledged right of Gypsies to execute justice upon their own people, and the appeal to the supreme decisions of the king of Little Egypt. Each is of much importance in the study of Gypsy history.

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The remarkable and pregnant fact that Gypsies, in whatever country they happened to be, were outside the jurisdiction of that country, so far, at any rate, as concerned the punishment of offences committed among themselves, is well attested. A Scottish reference of the year 1612 shows that this right was formerly recognised in Scotland, although it was falling into desuetude at that date. The occasion was the trial of certain Gypsies, before the Sheriff-Court of Scalloway, for the murder of one of their number. They were duly condemned by that Court, but it is worthy of note that the counsel who defended them pleaded "that it was not usual to take cognisance of murder amongst the Egyptians." The right to regulate their own affairs in such matters had been recognised by a Privy Seal writ, signed at St. Andrews on May 26, 1540, wherein a certain John Wann, "a count and lord of Lesser Egypt, and Master of the Egyptians dwelling within the Kingdom of Scotland," has full power to punish (*plectere et punire*) his offending subjects. What is still more important is that this Master of the Egyptians in Scotland (or possibly his father, for there is some uncertainty) had previously obtained Letters under the Great Seal of Scotland, directed, in the words of the King (James V.),

> To you all and sundry our said sheriffs, stewarts, bailies, provosts, aldermen, and bailies of boroughs, and to all and sundry others having authority within our realm, to assist him in execution of justice upon his company and folks conform to the laws of Egypt, and in punishing all them that rebel against him.

These powers are further reinforced by the King in a Privy Council writ, signed at Falkland Palace on February 17, 1540, and having special reference to some of the community who had rebelled against their leader's authority. The King therefore charges all his officers and loyal subjects

> That ye in like wise take and lay hands upon them [the recalcitrant Egyptians] wherever they may be apprehended, and bring them to him [the Master] to be punished for their demerits conform to his laws, and help and fortify him to punish and do justice upon them for their trespasses, and to that

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effect lend to him your prisons, stocks, fetters, and all other things necessary thereto as ye and each one of you, and all others our lieges, will answer to us thereupon, and under all highest pain and charge that after may follow so that the said John [the Master] have no cause of complaint hereupon in time coming, nor to resort again to us to that effect

Truly, an *imperium in imperio*, with its laws upheld and enforced by the Government of the country.

Similar evidence comes from Tournai, in Hainault, where the council registers of that town announce the arrival of a company of pilgrims from Egypt in May 1422. "And these Egyptians had a king and lords whom they obeyed, and had privileges, so that none could punish them save themselves." Further, a hundred and seventeen years before James of Scotland had commanded his subjects to render every assistance to the Master of the Scottish Egyptians in his efforts to rule "conform to the laws of Egypt," a nearly identical letter was issued by the Emperor Sigismund, King of the Romans, to a "Governor (or Count) of the *Cigani*." The imperial letter was written at Zips in April 1423, and it is addressed "to all our faithful nobles, knights, castellans, officers, vassals," and others throughout the German Empire. It recites how "our faithful Ladislas, Governor of the Cigani, came in person into our presence with others belonging to him," and how this letter was granted to him at his request. It ordains that "each time that the said Ladislas and his people shall come into our said possessions, be it free cities, be it fortified towns, from that time we charge you strictly on your loyalty that you favour and keep without any hindrance or trouble the said Count Ladislas and the Cigani who are subject to him; and even that it may please you to preserve them from all obstacles and offences. That if any variance or trouble should occur among themselves, then that neither you nor any other but the said Count Ladislas shall have the power of judging and absolving."

The presumption is that "our faithful Ladislas," although a governor, count, or *vayvode* of the Gypsies, was not himself a

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Gypsy. The Chevalier de Zielinski states (1890) that the Gypsies of Poland and Lithuania, during the sixteenth century and subsequently, were ruled over by a "king (or regent) of the Cigans," who was selected from among the Polish nobility, and received his appointment from the chancellor-royal. And the Hungarian scholar, Emil Thewrewk de Ponor, writing (1890) of his own country, informs us that "the Gypsy captaincy was vested in the nobility of Transylvania and Hungary." He continues:

> The voyvodeship, or captaincy of the Gypsies has long been with us an office of state, combined with which were *iura praerogativa, fructus et emolumenta*, which the crown bestowed on distinguished persons as a reward of merit, but not on Gypsies. In Transylvania we find sometimes one, sometimes two such captaincies. In Hungary there have been four—one on each side of the Danube, and one on each side of the Theiss.

It is not likely that Hungary and Poland differed from other countries in this respect. In his Privy Council writ of 1540, the Scottish king calls the Master of the Egyptians "our lovit," an expression (signifying beloved) which, in the legal phraseology of Scotland, denotes a loyal subject. The Marquis Colocci points out that in Corfu there was a fief or barony of the Cingari, which was held by successive Venetians during the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries; and he cites a document of so recent a date as 1692, which was issued by a Venetian baron who was *Giudice e Capitano delli Acingani* (Judge and Captain of the Gypsies of Corfu). Emphatic evidence of the noble birth of two other Gypsy rulers is furnished by Crusius in his "Annales Suevici" (Frankfort, 1596, ii., pp. 384, 510); for this Swabian chronicler records how, in the year 1445, "on St. Sebastian's even, there died the high-born lord, Lord Panuel, duke in Little Egypt, and lord of Hirschhorn in the same land." And further how, at Pfortzen in 1498, "there died the well-born Lord John, Free Count out of Little Egypt, to whose soul may God be gracious and merciful." Emblazoned on the tomb of Lord Panuel, at Fürstenau, are his arms—a golden eagle crowned, and for

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crest, above a crowned helmet, a stag-horn erect. Krantz states that the early Gypsy leaders used to keep hunting-dogs "after the manner of the nobility." He had not realised that *because* they were nobles they kept hunting-dogs.

One is tempted to linger beside the tombs of these two Swabian Gypsy nobles, so much do they call for remark. There is a definiteness in either case that is too often lacking in references to the counts of Little Egypt. Crusius, whose page bears the marginal gloss of "Panuel Aegyptius," tells us that Lord Panuel's monument is placed in a little monastery beside Schloss Fürstenau, a castle of the Counts of Erbach (in the Odenwald). And that the epitaph runs thus: "Als man zahlt nach Christus vnsers seligmachers Geburt 1445, auff S. Sebastians Abend, ist gestorben der Hochgeborn Herr, Herr Panvel, Herzog in klain Aegypten vnd Herr zum Hirschhorn desselben Lands." Were the situation of this Hirschhorn not so emphatically stated, one would naturally suppose that it was the neighbouring castle of that name, whose ruins may yet be seen, a dozen miles to the east of Heidelberg, on the Neckar. That Lord Panuel was a scion of the baronial family of Von Hirschhorn seems more than probable. It is a point that a German antiquary could clear up with little difficulty. His description as Herr *zum* Hirschhorn, and the locality assigned to that lordship, favours the supposition that he was a cadet, and that, like many a cadet, he had carried the ancestral place-name to another land. That an estate in Epirus, assuming that territory to have been identical with Little Egypt, should bear a German name is not very surprising, if one remembers that there were many German castles and estates as far south as Syria during the Crusades. Bataillard mentions that there are certain ruins in Greece which to this day are locally called *Guphto Kastron*, or Gypsy castles. Lord Panuel's Hirschhorn offers itself therefore as one of these. Having doubtless a similar history was the estate ascribed to "Sir Miquiel, prince of Latinghem in Egypt," who, with his company, received a gift of

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money and food from the town of Tournai (Hainault) in 1421.

"Pfortzae an. 1498. Auff Montag nach Urbani, starb der wolgeborn Herr Johan, Freygraff ausz kleinern Aegypten: desz Seel Gott gnedig vnd barmh. [ertzig] woll seyn." Such is the other entry made by Crusius in his "Annales," who adds the gloss, *Zygenus comes*. It need only be added that the place indicated is the village of Pfortzen, and not the town of Pfortzheim, as has been sometimes supposed.

One of the most instructive statements made with regard to the voyvodeship, or captaincy, of the Gypsies in Hungary and Transylvania is that it was an office of state, conferred upon persons of distinction, and carrying with it privileges and emoluments. If this was the system followed in other countries of Europe, that circumstance would go far to explain much that is puzzling in the later history of the Gypsies. Those who have studied that history know that although laws were enacted and re-enacted for the expulsion or suppression of the Gypsies, yet, during many generations, those laws were very imperfectly put into practice, and were often ignored altogether. Yet their enforcement would have brought relief to the great majority of the people of Europe; to whom the Gypsy system, at its zenith, must have been acutely obnoxious. A town or a quiet country village might be invaded any day by a band of Gypsies, and the townsfolk and the villagers were expected not only to tolerate the invasion but to aid in providing the invaders with food and lodging. Nor had they any power to regulate the conduct of their visitors. They might camp in the market-place; they might drink and brawl in the streets; nay, they might kill one another in open day, and neither the civil nor military power of the land had a right to interfere. Gypsy quarrels could only be settled by Gypsy jurisdiction, which included a final appeal to a mysterious potentate who lived somewhere in a region which was sometimes vaguely designated "the parts beyond seas." Such a state of things must have been almost

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intolerable to the ordinary population, and it is no wonder that laws were framed for the purpose of removing this oppressive burden. It would be a further wonder that such laws were for a long time inoperative, did we not know that, thoughout the Holy Roman Empire if nowhere else, the continuance of this system meant a continuance of revenue and dignity to the fortunate few who were appointed to rule over the Gypsies. Thus it was that, again and again, the ends of justice were defeated and the system still flourished. This is frequently manifest in the history of the Gypsies of Scotland, a phase of the question which the present writer has specially studied. An offender has been solemnly convicted of "being an Egyptian" at a time when the establishment of such a proof warranted instant execution or banishment; and yet at the end of the trial he has been acquitted and discharged—with whispers of a great name somewhere in the background.

It was not that they were inoffensive and harmless people. Far from that. One has only to glance at their record in the various countries to realise what manner of people they were. One of the Dutch edicts issued as recently as 1726 against the "land-loupers and vagabonds commonly called Gypsies [*Heydens*]" states that they overran the country in great troops, armed with guns, pistols and swords; and they are charged

> not only with begging, stealing and plundering, but also with violent threats of death by shooting and burning, in the event of nothing being given to them, or should any one bid them depart, or endeavour to deal with them according to the law of the land.

Similar accounts come from nearly every other part of Europe. The outward appearance of those formidable brigands, as they marched through Lorraine in 1604, has been minutely portrayed by Jacques Callot in his famous etchings of *Les Egyptiens*. Their number everywhere must have been very great. It has been mentioned that a Gypsy captain of South-Western France brought a force of four hundred men to the army of

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Henry of Navarre. But these were only a fraction of the armed Gypsies then in France. The Earl of Surrey, writing in 1545 to the Privy Council of England from Boulogne, which was then occupied by the English, asserts that the French army was about to be reinforced with

> six thousand Gascons to be new levied, and six thousand pioneers, besides four thousand Egyptians that shall serve for pioneers, whom it is thought the French King, minding to avoid out of his realm, determineth before their departure to employ this year in that kind of service, and that by their help, before their dispatch he hopeth with a tumbling trench to fill the dykes of this town.

Whether the King of France carried out this plan or not, it is evident that in France alone there was then a large Gypsy population, yielding no fewer than 4000 men capable of bearing arms. That these were not all "avoided out of the realm" in 1545 is shown by the existence of Jean-Charles's band at a later date. Besides, there are other instances. In 1611 the mayor and magistrates of Bordeaux gave orders to the soldiers of the watch to arrest a Gypsy chief then in possession of the tower of Veyrines, at Merignac, whence he sallied forth at times and plundered the surrounding country. His arrest, a difficult feat, is not recorded. In the previous century (1532) a band of 300 Gypsies attacked the town officers of Geneva, who were stationed at Pleinpalais to prevent their entrance. A force of citizens coming to the rescue, the Gypsies retired to the monastery of the Augustin Friars, in which they fortified themselves and sustained a siege. A similar scene was enacted at Cheppe, near Châlons-sur-Marne, in 1458, when some sixty or eighty Gypsies, coming from Courtisolles, were refused admission to the town. "During their unwilling retreat, they were pursued by many of the inhabitants of the town, one of whom killed a Gypsy named Martin de la Barre; the murderer, however, obtained the King's pardon."

It is obvious that the existence of numerous bands of these irregular troops was a standing menace to the peace of Europe. The Gypsies were allowed to live in any European country with a greater degree of freedom than the ordinary inhabitants,

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and without being answerable to the laws of that country in many of their actions. Moreover, by uniting their forces they could form a formidable army, to be used in whatever way their policy dictated. They could also sell their services to the highest bidder in any international conflict, and this they appear to have done frequently. There was a Gypsy contingent in the Swedish army during the Thirty Years War; and the Danes had three companies of them at the siege of Hamburg in 1686. In the Earl of Hertford's invasion of Scotland in 1545, the English army included a body of light cavalry from the Peloponnesus under "Thomas of Argos." It is not said that these Greeks were of the same description as those commanded by Constantine, count of Egypt, who were wandering about the Netherlands in the previous century; but they might well have been. The two-edged nature of such a weapon seems to have been realised by the English in 1554, when a Bill was before the Commons "For making the coming of Egyptians into the Realm Felony." The resultant Act ordained that any Englishman importing Gypsies after January 31, 1555, should forfeit £40; and that any Gypsy so imported who remained in England one month should be deprived of the privileges of sanctuary, of benefit of clergy, and of a mixed jury (*medietatis linguae*); and should be deemed a felon, subject to forfeiture of life, lands and goods. Previously a Gypsy, arraigned for murder, robbery, or other felony, could claim a jury composed one-half of Englishmen and the other half Gypsies.

And yet those obnoxious and truculent people, whom all the countries of Europe were latterly trying to get rid of, had at one time been welcomed as holy pilgrims! They had received gifts in money and food, and in many places free lodging, all "to the honour of God." If this fact has not been already made apparent, a few additional references will establish it. They are described in an anti-Gypsy edict issued in 1539 by Francis I. of France as then wandering about "under cover of a simulated religion and of a certain peni-

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tence." It is probable that by that date both the religion and the penitence were simulated. Yet it may be noted that in England their pilgrim character continued to be at least partially recognised during the sixteenth century, if one may judge from such a detail as the action of the church-wardens of Stratton, in Cornwall, who received payment from "Egypcions" in 1522, 1559, 1560, and 1561 for lodgings granted to them in the Church House. In the fifteenth century, however, their claim to be regarded as Christian pilgrims was more amply acknowledged. In September 1427, Thomas, an earl of Little Egypt, received eight *livres parisis* from the corporation of Amiens

> to help him and his people, to the number of forty persons or thereabouts, all excluded and driven out of the country of Egypt by infidels; seeing that by letters Our Holy Father the Pope gives, and has given, great indulgences and pardons to those who give alms to the said Thomas and to those of his company.

In the previous August twelve *penanciers*, a duke, an earl and ten men all on horseback, who said they were good Christians, and were from Lower Egypt, had arrived in Paris. In 1419, Andrew, duke of Little Egypt, with his 120 followers, received alms in the shape of bread, wine, and money from the town of Mâcon. The municipality of Frankfurt-on-the-Main gave bread and meat to "the wandering people from Little Egypt" in 1418; and in the same year the Saxon Count of Herrmannstadt (Transylvania) granted "to the people from the Holy Land food and fodder for their horses, worth eight denar." In 1417 the noble Transylvanian family of Horvath presented forty sheep "to the poor pilgrims out of Egypt, in order that they, returning to Jerusalem, may pray for the health of our souls." And, for like reasons, the town of Kronstadt (Transylvania) voted a sum of money, corn and poultry to "Lord Emaus from Egypt and his 220 comrades," in the year 1416. Undoubtedly the people of Little Egypt were at one time regarded as genuine pilgrims by popes and princes, nobles, citizens, and

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peasants. That they formerly wore the dress of pilgrims is testified to by Peucer in his "Commentarius" (1572), where he describes them as *habitu peregrino*. Of the references given in these pages none is more significant than the account of the three hundred Gypsies who, in 1532, fortified themselves in the Augustinian monastery near Geneva. Borrow tells a similar story of Gitanos in Spain, who found a like refuge ready for them when hard pressed. And although any real or pretended claim to special piety has been long ago relinquished by Gypsies as a class, it is a remarkable fact that those of Southern France still make an annual pilgrimage in May to the Church of Les Saintes Maries (Bouches-du-Rhône), the crypt of which, by immemorial usage, is exclusively reserved for them during the series of services then held.

One conclusion to be drawn from the statements of the years 1416-1418 last quoted, is that the term "Little Egypt," if it specially denoted Epirus, was not restricted to that territory, but had a much wider application. There can be no reasonable doubt that "the wandering people from Little Egypt," "the poor pilgrims out of Egypt returning to Jerusalem," and "the people from the Holy Land," were all of one and the same order. Thus the fifteenth-century Gypsies not only made pilgrimages to Rome, St. James of Compostella, and other holy places in Europe, but to Jerusalem itself. Moreover, two of the above references imply that Little Egypt was another name for Palestine.

A common explanation given to account for the influence undoubtedly possessed by the "Egyptians" in the beginning of the fifteenth century is that they had cajoled the rulers of Europe into believing, erroneously, that they were genuine pilgrims; and that by this means they obtained those highly favourable credentials and passports, some of which have been noticed in this article. Such an explanation is tantamount to charging those rulers with imbecility, and their loyal subjects with pusillanimity. For, if one thing is more evident than another, it is that the privileges possessed by the Gypsies

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must have been highly exasperating to the settled population; who would have absolutely repudiated such privileges had they not believed them to be rooted in law. That such a legal basis did actually exist is manifest in more ways than one. The action of the Emperor Sigismund in 1423, and of King James the Fifth of Scotland in 1540, would be quite inexplicable if the people dealt with by them were merely so many gangs of tramps, newly arrived from some unknown country. The German Empire and Scotland, at these particular dates, are here selected because they happen to afford us certain definite information; but it is quite likely that evidence of the same kind may be obtained from other countries. In both of these cases the Gypsies were placed above the law of the land, whose officers were commanded by the sovereign, on their allegiance, to give the ruler of the Gypsies all the aid in their power, even to the extent of lending the public stocks and prisons to him, in order that he might use these for the punishment of his own subjects according to Gypsy law. And the Scottish king adds that he does this in order that the Master of the Egyptians may "have no cause of complaint hereupon in time coming, nor [require] to resort again to us to that effect." These words state as plainly as possible that the Gypsy leader had then a defined and well-established position in Scotland, and that the king was under obligation to give him his support. Evidence of this kind, and more could be cited did space permit, is clearly quite opposed to the assumption that the letters of commendation carried by the Gypsy leaders in the fifteenth century were wheedled out of extremely simple kings and popes by craft and misrepresentation. It is only by making a survey of contemporary Europe, and especially by examining the relations then existing between the European nations and the quasi-nationalities resulting from the Crusades, that we can hope to find a satisfactory solution of the problem.

DAVID MACRITCHIE.

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SOME ASPECTS OF THE AUTOMOBILE

A CURIOUS thing about what we call motors—for want of a better generic name—is that both friends and foes agree on one point at least—viz., that "the motor has come to stay." This is shown by the number of licences which have been granted by municipal and county authorities to all sorts of vehicles—from the bicycle to the £2000 car, not including commercial vehicles—in the few years since liberty was given us to use the common highways of our country.

The time when self-propelled vehicles had to be preceded by a man with a red flag is well within the memory of the youngest driver of to-day; then came the great emancipation, when leave was given to progress at not over twelve miles an hour, without the necessity of the said flag; and, finally, the Act of 1908 raised the speed limit to twenty miles an hour, a rate of progression which is constantly exceeded by all good motorists from the Prime Minister downwards, whenever occasion presents itself to do so safely! By safely I mean with due regard not only to the car and its occupants, but also to the public. For instance, we were returning to London a few weeks ago on a big car handled by one of England's best-known speed drivers, and were travelling at between twenty and twenty-five miles an hour, in the dusk with our lamps alight, when suddenly a cyclist whom we were meeting (and

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whom we had, of course, seen) elected, for some unknown reason, to throw himself in our path at a distance of about fifteen yards, together with his machine. He did not fall, but blundered across the road, as it were on all-fours, dragging his machine with him. The car stopped, as does the Kansas steer when his career is checked by the lariat, and the cyclist got clear by a couple of yards at least; but fancy his fate if we had been driving a dogcart at half that speed!

The good motorist—and by this I mean driver—is bound to be a man of parts, for, if we consider his position for a moment, we shall see that he is called on to face all sorts of emergencies, not occasionally, but repeatedly, and as a rule, as in the case mentioned, when time is much too valuable to spend in thinking; he must act *instanter*. Compare him with the driver of a train: the latter has a surface to run on as good as can be made; he has his road so far to himself that he need not concern himself with any who may meet him, and he has a large host, from the platelayer to the traffic manager, all working to make his way clear before him. The motor-man has a surface to run on that varies from good to unspeakably bad in no great distance, he not only has no one to make his way clear before him, but must consider all whom he can see either meeting him or going in the same direction, and, in addition, all those who may be about to turn into the road he is on, without any warning at all. He must ever watch for the toddling infant who uses the highway as a playground; for the drunkard whose distraught feet lead him to cross the road inopportunely and suddenly; for the ignorant and careless driver who never thinks of the traffic behind him (London only excepted), but pulls his team across the road without any warning; for the stray dog, or horse, or mob of cattle, and, at night, even for the lovers strolling along and neglecting the road and its occupants, because, forsooth, they tread on air! Occasionally, it is true, the engine-driver must act on the instant, but this is the almost momentary lot of the driver of a good car capable of some speed, and it is without any doubt

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this necessity for concentration, this ever-present call for watchfulness, that makes up a great part of the charm of driving a motor; the pace we travel at, the requirements of our machine, the niceties of driving—and they are many—all go to make up the complement of joy to the complete motorist.

Even those who know little about a car, even its enemies, will admit that there is a vast difference between the car of to-day and that of a few years ago—which provided so much food for the "comic" papers, and such a fearful joy to its owner and driver. It was a weird machine, that old car, composed—as a famous maker said the other day—"of a number of parts, each of which was wholly inadequate in shape, size, and material for the work it had to do!" He described how a trip, begun on a Friday night with Brighton as an objective, lasted till Monday morning. Not only did these enthusiasts never see Brighton, but they never even went to bed in that interval, the bulk of the time being spent in making every conceivable sort of repair, with short but blissful interludes when progress was once more possible. "We did not look on these episodes," he added, "as anything out of the common; they were rather what one usually expected." Nowadays the delay caused by a tyre puncture is a *contretemps* worthy of comment! and other trouble we do not look for any more than we expect our horse to cast a shoe or the wheel of the dogcart to collapse suddenly. But these early days have been invaluable to the maker as well as the driver; he has learnt in the hard school of experience what to do and—even more important—what not to do, what materials to use and what to discard, which is best pattern of cog-wheel and rod to use in the 1700 odd parts that go to make up a big car. If you had asked an engineer, say fifteen years ago, to make you a pair of cog-wheels which should transmit the power of your sixty or seventy horse-power engines to the road wheels, and had added that five-eighths of an inch was the utmost width you could allow him for such wheels, he would have cried, "Im-

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possible." But the amateur owner would have it, and would not hear of cost, consequently to-day it is an accomplished fact; the amateur has got what he wanted, and the engineer has achieved the impossible.

In those old days—as time is judged by progress in the motor world—we were content with, say, an engine of six or eight horse-power, and a machine which weighed nearly as much as a 'bus was asked to carry certainly four people; to-day an engine of the same power, but infinitely more adequate in every way, is put into the small car built for two people only. There are many who prophesy that the day of the single-cylinder engine in any car is well-nigh over, and that ere long we shall use only two-cylinder, and even three-cylinder engines in our two-seated vehicles. Be that as it may—and the single-cylinder engine can give a beginner as much as he can cope with, until he shall have learnt wisdom—there is no doubt that the chief tendency in the modern construction of motors is towards the use of much higher powers than were thought to be commercially profitable a few years ago, and with these higher powers, and consequent possibilities of greater average speed, has come a demand for simplicity of management and such an arrangement of parts as shall make the various details of the machinery more readily accessible for inspection and repair.

The elasticity of the steam-engine is now required in the case of the petrol-engine, so that the latter, while being simple, since there are no complications of boiler and fire, may ever have at hand such a reserve of power as will enable it to mount any ordinary hill merely by opening the throttle a little wider, and be under such control as will enable the speed on the level to be reduced to a walking pace without any necessity for a change of gear. To such an extent has this been done that one racing-car I know of has but two forward speeds, though the car with driver and *mécanicien* on board weighs a ton, and the engine will develop over 100 h.-p. at its best! This is hardly possible in the touring-car of from 20 to 30 h.-p.

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which weighs a ton without passengers; but, even in these, modern British practice is tending to the employment of three, as opposed to the Continental use of four speeds; and since a very much larger amount of work can be, and is, done on the high speed, which generally is in the form of a direct drive from engine to differential, a vast amount of wear and tear on the gears themselves is saved, and the life of one of the most vital parts of the car's machinery proportionately prolonged.

This again tends to that reliability which has come to be a *sine quâ non* of the best modern cars, a proof of which was recently given by a comparatively small English car that covered 5000 miles, at an average of 150 miles a day, during the worst of this winter's weather, under close official observation, and under conditions more severe than those which obtain when touring in the ordinary way. The official report states that mechanical troubles were practically non-existent, and, even as regards tyres, the number of punctures was certainly no more than one would expect in the year's touring which this distance about represents.

No doubt a result like this is due not only to excellence of design and construction but to a large extent to the skill and knowledge of the drivers, a fact which makes one marvel how it is that otherwise reasonable people will buy a car and expect it to do its work with an infinitesimal amount of care and skill. It would be as reasonable to expect to be able to maintain a stable full of horses, with their proper outfit of harness and carriages, at their best without the usual complement of headman and grooms, as to imagine that a good car—or any car for that matter—can be kept in good tune with such hurried attention as a busy owner can give, supplemented by the zealous, but usually inefficient ministrations of the gardener or the ex-coachman, to whom the appearance of the *chassis* is a nightmare, and who is often unable to screw up a nut without finding out the proper direction by actual experiment! And yet I remember the experience of one medical man who bought a car for £1500 some two years ago. He would have

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no *mécanicien*, not he; he had kept horses for fifteen years and surely he could understand the purport of a few bars and wheels without professional assistance! So he had a few lessons in driving from the vendors, and a few days later had the pleasure of ordering a new set of gears, having completely destroyed those in the car through want of knowledge; a repair that would nearly have paid a competent man's wages for a twelvemonth. And bear in mind that makers do not really profit by such folly, for human nature is the same all the world over, and that man would—the odds are 1000 to 1—tell his friends that the wretched machine he had bought was "no good," though, as a matter of fact, it was quite one of the best cars on the market at the time.

We may now consider for a moment some of the characteristics which go to make up the ideal car, not so much from an engineering point of view, as from that of the owner or driver. We will presume that all the workmanship and material is of the best and that each particular portion of our mechanism represents the *dernier cri* of the automobile engineer's practice; furthermore, our ideal, while capable of a good turn of speed, must not be too costly to buy, nor so powerful that it will be practically impossible to let it do its utmost on our delightful but crooked English roads, though the hill-climbing powers must be above suspicion. So we will limit our horse-power to not over 30, and shall probably find the engine described as of 22–30 h.-p. by its makers. Four cylinders it shall have, for they make for evenness of running as compared with a lesser number, and for a smaller first cost when compared with six cylinders; though I may be allowed to say that, if money is no object, let us take the six-cylinder engine in preference to the four, for it runs still more smoothly. Whether our engines are vertical or horizontal—and we can have either, since our ideal is wholly of British make—is one of those questions which have not been definitely settled on this side of the Channel, though the Continent will have vertical cylinders only; our clutch shall be "metal to metal,"

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though whether of the "cone" type or one of the "plate" types is not very material, provided the question of lubrication is carefully considered. Then as to our change-speed gears, we will have three forward and one reverse, and I fear they must be some form of *le train baladeur*, the sliding type, made famous by Panhard and Levassor, and with three speeds our drive on the top one shall be "direct"—*i.e.*, from engine to differential; we may have a chain drive from the latter to the road wheels, and perhaps, for a heavy car, it has advantages over the "live axle" driven by cardanshaft from the gear-box, though the modern racing-cars are now built with the latter form, which, in the hands of that wonderful race of men that drive these monsters, seems effective enough. On the whole, we will vote for the chain drive, but, *bien entendu*, these chains must be thoroughly protected from dirt, as indeed must be the whole of the mechanism. The frame will be of pressed steel, and the wheels of the usual artillery form, and the steering gear of the ordinary irreversible type, but with due provision made for taking up wear. Our radiator shall be of the honeycomb variety and efficient enough to dispense with a water-tank, though we shall have a pump to accelerate the circulation, and we will also lubricate our engine with a force-pump: a jet carburettor with an automatic device for regulating the amount of air drawn in, in accordance with the engine speed, and we will fit both accumulator and coil with some form of high-tension ignition. To obtain the best of ignition apparatus of either kind we shall, I fear, have to go to France, unless we are prepared to pay a very much higher price at home for practically the same article. We have now got our *chassis*, which will cost about £600 to £700, and on it we can place any sort of body we fancy, though, as the car is for everyday use, it must not be too big or too high. Our car is for travelling in England, and must hold four and some luggage, and if we put on too much top hamper we shall lose in pace, so the body shall be of moderate size. Our ignition and throttle levers are on the steering wheel, the clutch pedal

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under the left foot and one of the brakes connected to the other pedal; the change-speed lever can be arranged to work in "gates," so that there is no notch to find at night, and the hand-brake shall pull towards us and not be pushed away; in the former case the whole weight can be applied, and it will be wanted some day in an emergency stop. Our levers shall be close to hand, so that there is no necessity for the driver to lean forward and disarrange his rug every time he changes gear; in fact, in every way the comfort and convenience of driver and passengers shall be consulted.

And now, what will our ideal car do for us, as it stands waiting for the touch of the human hand to wake its pulsations into life? How will it affect our lives, whether we dwell in the depths of the country, or whether we have to be in London during working hours and wish to escape therefrom at close of day? It will give us an increased radius in which we can move as freely as we did in the small circle allowed by our consideration for our horses. We can go and shoot with a friend thirty, ay, forty miles off, and, presently returning home, can sally forth once more to dine at another house as far away in the other direction; or, given due protection from the weather, we can betake us to London daily in much the same time that it now takes to go from door to door by cab and train, with the added advantage that the rush at each end of the day is abolished, as we have no time-table to tie us down. Take the doctor, too; he can, perchance, save an hour of his day in town, and more than that in the country, when on his rounds, so the car gives him nearly an extra day a week to use as seems best to him. In short, to all who have to get about from place to place—unless, indeed, along the main line of a railway—the motor comes as a time-saver and as a help.

I know of one dear old lady to whom recently befell the necessity of looking for a new home in the country; the journey was, as far as railways were concerned, practically impossible, so a motor was borrowed or hired, the sixty-five miles duly traversed and the house or houses inspected between

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10 A.M. and tea-time, and, mark you, with the following result, that she adds in writing thereof: "I am quite bitten with the joys of motoring, and confess I enjoyed it immensely!"

And of the further advantages the car gives us, what shall I say? Of the joy of traversing this lovely old England of ours, of which most of us know so little, and how lovely it is, I think only those who have been to the ultimate ends of the earth, and dwelt amid all the rawness of a new world, really appreciate to the full. As Kipling says, the car has given us the power of exploration "of this amazing England." Little old-time villages that had been out of the world since the days of the stage-coach, old inns that had slept since the same time, have sprung once more into full life, as did the princess at the touch of the fairy prince. Even yet some of these, new wakened from slumber, hardly realise what is in store for them in the days that are coming.

That the time of development is imminent no one will deny, but the speed with which it will come will depend to some extent on those who now use this modern vehicle, and on the way in which they behave towards the rest of the public who have as much, but no more, right to the highway. For the new thing is as much accursed as the modern bicycle was twenty years ago, and for the same reasons: (1) it is new; and (2) some of the users are not as considerate as they ought to be to those they meet. It is true the motor cad is very largely in the minority, but the black-sheep are always conspicuous, and one of this tribe on a big car will do more, when tearing through a county, to arouse opposition than the conduct of twenty decent resident motorists can do to overcome it.

Time cured, or maybe killed, the bicycle scorcher, and let us hope it will do the same to the motor cad, and the sooner the better. The bicycle has done much to improve our roads, and the motor will do more, at least as far as surface goes, for nothing will ever make them even decently straight, and

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eventually both horse-driver and car-driver will learn to respect one another, and the ultimate advantage to England, not only in the possession of a vast new trade, but in the added knowledge of their country to its people, will be invaluable.

The last year or two has shown another direction in which we can look for progress, viz., in the application of the petrol engine to marine work; and here the fringe only has been touched on, for while the engines are as reliable as those in the cars, with very few exceptions little has been done to alter the lines of the hull to suit the new conditions of power in a small compass. Still, progress has been made, and only recently a boat forty feet in length, designed by Messrs. Yarrow of torpedo-boat fame, was timed to do over twenty-seven knots an hour for one knot, as opposed to a speed of about sixteen which Mr. Yarrow said would be all he would care to name for a similar boat propelled by the latest form of steam machinery. Here again the petrol-engine has given us results hitherto unknown, and a big field has been opened up for both maker and owner. Motor-boat racing, apart from speed, may not have the same excitement as driving a racing-car on the road, but will surely prove a fascinating adjunct to roadwork, and one no more costly to undertake than the latter. Motor-boat work does more than this: it holds out the promise of improvement of all our small power-propelled boats, whether on salt or fresh water; it gives a large gain in space and the power of carrying weight to the ordinary launch, and enables even a dinghy to become self-propelling. It will be possible to build boats worked in this way for shallow waters much more readily than if they have to be burdened with the weight of steam machinery, and should add greatly to the pleasure of those who prefer to travel, where possible, by water; it will enable builders to fit auxiliary screws to yachts of all sizes, and even the bigger boats may in time profit—as they have profited by the introduction of the turbine—by the reduction in weight of machinery and of fuel. There is no doubt that with petrol

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as a fuel on board ship greater care is necessary than on land, for the spilt petrol in the former case gets into the bilge, and the heavy vapour is apt to lie there waiting for a chance match. It will be a greater blessing to the marine motor engineer, when paraffin shall become a possible fuel, than to his *confrère* on the road, since in the case of the latter any spilt petrol falls on the road and is left behind.

At present the same engine is put in launch and car, but this will have to be altered if only for the reason that, in the launch, the engine is only "get-at-able" from above, while in the car it can be perhaps best tackled from below. The makers of small launches for the most part use a propeller with reversible blades, but in the more powerful boats a fixed propeller is fitted with some form of epicyclic reversing gear, which practice seems to be the sounder. The Olympia show, held in February, presented two extreme forms of motor-launch—the one as dainty and neat as the fair passengers it was built to carry, and the other big and strong as befitted a boat destined to carry a torpedo for use in times of war.

Of the commercial aspects of automobilism there is not here space to write, but just as certainly as the pleasure car and launch are henceforth to be a factor in our lives, so will the motor 'bus, the self-propelled lorry, and other forms of the automobile, become in the near future of more and more importance in the commercial life of our Empire.

E. A. Greathed.

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WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

THIS year witnesses the fortieth anniversary of Landor's death, the one hundred and thirty-ninth of his birth. Many that remembered him in his age have not long departed from our midst. None that knew him in his youth have survived the preceding period. He stands in literature a parenthesis (and one written in italics) between a now ancient and a still modern period. His character and attainments have important affinities to and important contrasts with both; nor are they to be dismissed by the sparkling sallies which his idiosyncrasies naturally provoked, or by the conventional platitudes of a generation versed in little of him but his name.

Macaulay, in his review of Southey's "Colloquies," attributes to their laureate-author the faculty "of believing without a reason," and of "hating without a provocation." Such, we believe, was eminently the temperament of Southey's great friend, who himself averred that generosity and ill-temper are the characteristics of Englishmen. His political creed was that of an aristocratic republican, the creed of Harrington or of Ludlow, a creed impracticable in times when the constitution cannot be subverted by armies. His literary creed was that of pagan scholarship, the creed of Mirandola or of Fontenelle, a creed impossible in an age of ever-broadening knowledge; he even allowed himself to hope that his Latin works would hand down his fame more durably than his English. His religious creed was stoical, "That unsubduable

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old Roman," as Carlyle termed him; and yet nobody was less a philosopher in his life. Its course was one long series of turbulent tiffs; he was always "knocking off the tall poppy-heads" with a stout stick. He revelled in what Dr. Johnson styled "anfractuosities." In his youth he defied a father to whom he was tenderly attached. In his manhood he spent a large fortune on a big estate which he abandoned, practically because his eccentricities debarred him from being a justice of the peace, though they did not prevent him from upbraiding the Lord Chancellor by letter; nominally, because, after setting the county and his tenants by the ears, "the laws of his country would not protect him." He ran away from the bride whom he had suddenly married at the age of thirty-six with as little reason as he again deserted her in his advanced years. He was perpetually squabbling with his publishers, and sometimes with his friends. Even when he had passed the Psalmist's allotted span, he was litigating and wrangling like a male Xantippe. With him, constantly, prejudice stood for belief, just as in his view other people's beliefs stood for prejudices. He advocated the spelling of an era when writers spelled as they pronounced. His purism affected such words as "chorography," yet he was guilty of such a solecism as "*highth*" in "Gebir." He dictated decretals of correctness; and yet in one of his "Conversations," he makes Porson discuss a poem of Wordsworth unpublished until after Porson was dead. His opinions were equally inconsistent. The average Briton's loyalty was to him "a feeling intemperate and intolerant, smelling of dinner and wine and toasts." He execrated the "drunken democracy" of Pitt, and he begrudged even genius to Napoleon. He venerated alike Tom Paine and Sir Robert Peel. He admired such opposites as Chesterfield and Burke. He detested such opposites as Canning and Eldon. In his literary affinities too, never was a discriminator more catholic or an eclectic more miscellaneous. Cowper, Pindar, and Catullus, Homer and Euripides, Herbert and Lafontaine, Filicaja, Petrarch and Alfieri, Milton and

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Mrs. Hemans were among his favourite poets. He preferred Macaulay's poetry to his prose, and Milton's prose to his poetry; while both the prose and poetry of Southey were in his eyes immaculate. Among painters he classed Hogarth and Landseer with Raphael. He was opinionated and unsocial to distraction.

Both his aloofness, his pedantry and his political fanaticism caused the brilliant circle of the *Anti-Jacobin* to brand him as the prince of prigs. A few lines of Hookham Frere's "Appeal"—a satire that certainly does not deserve oblivion—may be here recalled.

. . . . .

Pre-eminent in priggery supreme
Let Walter Savage Landor be your theme:
Neither a Tory, Radical or Whig
But an immaculate consummate prig.

. . . . .

Compared, I say, with Walter Savage Landor
The most distinguished statesman and commander
In future ages will be deemed a gander.

. . . . .

Discard Lord Byron in his loose shirt-collar,
Our glorious Landor is a better scholar,
Riper, as Shakespeare has it, and completer,
And makes hendecasyllables in metre
As good as any fifth-form boy could do,
Without false quantities or very few.
And though Lord Byron's peerage ranks him higher,
Yet Mister Landor writes himself "Esquire,"
And keeps a groom! and boasts himself to be
A scion of heraldic ancestry.

. . . . .

I should be sorry to be deemed severe
But Byron was a most licentious peer.

. . . . .

Yet Walter Savage Landor in his way
Is often-times unutterably gay.

. . . . .

In his own conduct cautious and correct
But a decided rake in retrospect.

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"I am alone and will be alone as long as I live and after," was his boast in an indignant remonstrance with Lord Brougham, who was one of his *bêtes noires*. Byron, after alluding to his "grim cognomen" in his preface to the "Vision of Judgment," dubbed him in "Don Juan" ". . . That deep-mouthed Boeotian Savage Landor." Indeed so cross-grained were his petulant vagaries that he almost seems to come under the category described by Pope—

> So much they scorn the crowd that, if the throng
> By chance go right, they purposely go wrong.

And yet this remarkable and whimsical man had many good and great qualities. Self-exiled in a huff, he was truly zealous for his country. He was large-hearted and generous, giving in support of the neglected and the persecuted nearly all the money realised by his works; it was mainly owing to him in his old age that the descendant of Daniel Defoe was relieved from misery. He was genuinely indifferent to the vulgar and emulous of excellence. Though he permitted himself, in a fit of warped ancestor-worship, to accord the Speaker of Henry IV. a niche among the immortals, his literary judgments are usually just and always penetrating. An egotist in his conduct, he was the reverse in his criticism. His truthfulness and sincerity were beyond question. His ambition was pure and lofty—that of pride not of vanity, of aspiration not of aggrandisement. He coveted fame but he abhorred celebrity. To cite a distich of his own:

> Neither in idleness consume thy days,
> Nor bend thy back to mow the weeds of praise.

He was absolutely disinterested; he was absolutely and austerely original, though his violence of mood and pen is traditionally associated with the pauperism of the plagiarist. He was both a student and, in one sense, a man of pleasure; he may be said to have studied his flirtations, though he cannot be accused of flirting with his studies. And his originality belongs to a now distant generation, nor will it

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probably ever belong to another. He was young at a period when great intellects gloried in being unpractical. To elaborate Utopian schemes at the expense of private property; to be theoretically spirited for the public, without being tritely public-spirited; to collect bad pictures with the air of a *connoisseur;* to be at once squire, scholar, and poet; to be a literary lion in the country, and a fashionable curiosity in the town, these were the social first-fruits in England of that French Revolution which Landor abominated. With him, if we except Peacock and the late Lord Houghton, the authorship of the landed gentleman became extinct. We doubt if any now living could be at once devoted to Lady Blessington and Dr. Parr. Yet such was Landor.

He was born in 1775, he died in 1864. His earliest poem entranced the undergraduate Shelley; his latest works were hailed by Browning and Tennyson. He was thirteen years old when Byron was born; he was of age at the birth of Keats. He knew Charles Lamb. He lived to know Charles Dickens, to watch the genius of Carlyle, to revel in "The Caxtons," to do homage to "so noble a story as 'Esmond.'" He saw Queen Caroline with her lover on Lake Como. He beheld Napoleon in Paris, when he was proclaimed First Consul, and at Tours when he was flying from Waterloo. He spans the political distance between Pitt and Gladstone, the literary distance between Dr. Johnson and Swinburne. During all this immense period—in change, if not in time—he never relaxed his resolution, his interest, or his individuality. He sang of Ione in 1798, of Ianthe in her girlhood, her old age, and, after her decease, in his "Heroic Idyls." Rose Aylmer's death had inspired those exquisite verses on which Charles Lamb "lived for weeks."

> A night of memories and sighs,
> I consecrate to thee.

Nearly fifty years afterwards his "Cymodameia" was inspired by her niece; more than fifty years afterwards he sang of "The Two Roses." The "Old Tree" was fruitful to the last.

Though his actions denoted more sensibility than sense, his

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thoughts and writings throughout denote more sense than sensibility. It is with these that we are chiefly concerned. The principal events of his career are well known. His Rugby training, his Oxford truculence and insubordination, his volunteering expedition in 1808 for Spain against Napoleon, his purchase of Lantony, his retreat to France, and afterwards to Italy, his late return to England, his final and unhappy end at Florence.

In the flight of all these chances he never ceased writing and thinking. His thoughts, often inflamed by his passions, but rarely disfigured by the extravagance of his behaviour, are deep and constant. Hatred of democracy, affection for the best minds of all ages, a conviction that society is the communion of natures disciplined by study, apathy to opinion, critical erudition at once nice and wide are their prevailing complexion. Over these thoughts he lingered and brooded, until, purified, as it were, in the alembic of meditation, they issued strong, refined, condensed in his works. Exactness of scholarship, and a memory almost as retentive as Bolingbroke's or Macaulay's, furnished abundant fuel to his printed discourse, while the fastidious edge of his acumen lent a trenchancy to his utterance.

We shall consider his poetical qualities hereafter. It is of his prose that we first purpose to speak. His "Imaginary Conversations," of which—if we include the eighteen in "The Last Fruit off an Old Tree"—no less than 145 have seen the light, are the essays through which he is most familiar, and by which he still appeals to "Prince Posterity." Their idea was not novel. Lucian in the old world, Fontenelle and Fénelon in the new, had set the example; our own poet-diplomatist Prior (and this is not generally known) left, according to Spence, such dialogues of the dead among his papers. But all these catered for the needs of their several societies. The medium—something between drama and treatise—attracted generations for whom, apart from scarce histories, the play and the essay supplied the chief intellectual distraction. Landor lived in different days. The historical

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novel was in the ascendant. Sir Walter Scott had given a dramatic impetus to history. The essay had fully emancipated itself from the shackles which Steele and Addison had been the first to remove. Lamb had transformed and translated it into the realm of humorous character. Criticism and satire were no longer restricted to set forms. There were literary reviews. Reflection on the past and reflection on the present had become separate provinces. The century when Swift cited Attic and Roman annals, or Bolingbroke early English history in allegorical polemics, was as dead as Queen Anne. Intelligence had climbed higher up the mountain of speculation. The literary landscape had grown larger, and by consequence, its detached regions were more visibly defined. Lucubrations in dialogue were as obsolete in 1822 as epistolary romances. We do not think that this was recognised by Landor. He disregarded popular demand out of contempt for popularity. His mind was classical, and he communed habitually with the classics. But he felt that his equipment fitted him exceptionally for such an undertaking. In the war of wits that he proposed he would be free as air to indulge his theories, his erudition, his dreams, and his antagonisms. His style, at all times more the concentration of light than its diffusion, rather sunset than sunrise, would be focused without obscurity; and he could range through all time and all existence with an elasticity of stride peculiarly his own.

"I have walked always where I must breathe hard, and where such breathing was my luxury," was his vaunt, and it is certainly justified; when we contemplate the vast variety of his conversing portraits we are amazed. From Solon and Pisistratus, Pericles and Aspasia, Demosthenes and Eubulides, Aristotle and Callisthenes, Diogenes and Plato, the two Ciceros, Scipio Polybius and Panaetius, Epictetus and Seneca, Lucian and Timotheus, Tiberius and Vipsania, to John of Gaunt and Joan of Kent, the Maid of Orleans and Boccaccio, Petrarca and Dante, Beatrice, Agnes Sorel and Gemma Donati, Fra Filippo and Eugenius IV., Lady Jane Grey,

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Anne Boleyn, and Elizabeth and Cecil, Bacon and Hooker, Bossuet and the Duchess of Fontanges, Milton and Marvell, Louis XIV. and La Chaise, Addison and Steele, Lord Peterborough and William Penn, Chesterfield and Chatham, David Hume and John Home, Lord Eldon and Encombe, is a far cry; and there are the more modern dialogues where Landor himself figures. An encyclopædic distance divides, and a bewildering nearness unites them. They can no more be popular than "Bayle's Dictionary." They are repositories of learning, of eloquence, and of understanding. They abound in what he has styled "freshness, crispness, and solidity." But they possess one inherent fault. They are monumental, not vivifying—superb sarcophagi rather than the elixir of life. They commemorate more than they invigorate. They are not really dramatic, because they rather recall characteristic arguments than they reproduce argumentative characters. Nor are they, any the more, real essays on their persons, for they are of the inscriptive, not of the descriptive order. To this two causes contribute. The first springs from Landor's nature. He was not sympathetic. There have been authors, actors, orators, who with every necessary endowment have failed to touch the heart because they lack that quality of feeling which answers to charity in the soul. Though they have had the tongues of men and of angels, their voice has been but a tinkling cymbal for the want of this grace and power. We do not mean that Landor was censorious. Nobody more than he expressly loathed malice or animosity in writing; no one was ever more anxious to be just in criticism and delineation. But he dwelt in an egotistical solitude of books and opinions. He was repeatedly what he calls Dr. Johnson, "a deaf adder in a bramble of prejudice." His heart that could throb for causes was irresponsive to the commonplaces of existence, and so, while he renders the minds of men with the strokes of a master, he rarely convinces us of their hearts. He soars too high in the cold air that wafts his leisurely balloon to observe the dear trivialities of the scene. On the rare occasions when

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he so condescends he is at his best. One of these exceptions was the favourite of Hazlitt—the counsel of Ascham to Lady Jane Grey before her marriage, which thus concludes: "Teach him to live unto God and unto thee; and he will discover that women, like the plants in woods, derive their softness and tenderness from the shade." Another is the pathetic parting of the condemned Anne Boleyn from the king, "Love your Elizabeth, my honoured Lord, and God bless you! She will soon forget to call me: do not chide her: Think how young she is. Could I but kiss her but once again! It would comfort my heart . . . or break it." A third is the equally pathetic passage where Tiberius, once more encountering Vipsania, denounces the cruel wife of Cæsar: "Threaten me to take our son from us! Our one boy! Our helpless little one! Him whom we made cry because we kissed him both together." And then there is the remonstrance which Steele urges on Addison: "I love my glass; I love Addison. Each will partake in killing me." There is also an exquisitely spiritual sentence in the conversation which represents Swift's "Martin and Jack," discoursing on sects: "We must bid high for heaven; we must surrender much, we must strive much, we must suffer much! . . . There is but one Guide. We know Him by the gentleness of His voice, by the serenity of His countenance, by the wounded in spirit, who are clinging to His knees, by the children whom He hath called to Him, and by the disciples whose poverty He hath shared." Such glimpses make us regret that his humanism so often overtook his humanity. It is noticeable that they are most frequent in his shorter dialogues, and this consideration brings us to the second of our reasons.

We allude to his passion for analysis. The first causes his dramatic form to be ineffective and supernumerary; the second further repeatedly turns his conversations into disquisitions. Where the dialogue hinges on literary themes, this constantly beguiles him into excursions on verbal and grammatical criticism admirable in themselves within

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bounds, but unsuited to his "friends in council." When he enlarges on such topics apart from dialectic, as in his admirable critiques on Theocritus and Catullus,[1] they gain palpably by detachment. But, in the frame of his conversation, they are apt to anatomise the features of style at the expense of its complete expression. So again, when the dialogue concerns the problems of polity, of civil justice, or of religion, his analytical propensity forces the characters into digressions that constantly assume the shape of apostrophes, and cause a long-windedness strangely at variance with the normal terseness of his style. The habit comes so to possess him, that even in the "Tasso and Cornelia," where no problems are concerned, Tasso apostrophises love, beauty, and nature, in a stilted and unnatural strain. This fault is not invariable. The most brilliant proof to the contrary is the charming dialogue between Richelieu, Cotes, Lady Glengrin, and Mr. Normanby, where occurs the episode of Miss Penelope, which is worthy of Sterne, and which may be matched by another as humorous, which he elsewhere puts in the mouth of Porson.[2] This dialogue is one of the lengthiest, but it never palls. It abounds in happy phrases such as, "Pretty girls are aristocrats, and will be so while there is a woman upon earth," and "Joy played on the deck like the sun." We cannot refrain from quoting the description of Lady Glengrin herself; it will illustrate Landor's best manner.

> Confident in her beauty, for she really had been pretty in her youth, and possessing in an eminent degree that facility of reply, which, if delivered with sharpness, is called *repartee*, and claims relationship, by a left-hand connection with wit, she never lost an opportunity of passing into the company of distinguished personages. She was of all politics, so that when rank failed her, nobody was surprised to hear that she had headed a deputation of fisherwomen at Paris. Related to some of those who preserve the peace by cocking the pistol, and the gradations of social order by trampling on their equals, she associated and assimilated with the worst in the polar circle of both vulgars.

[1] In "The Last Fruit off an Old Tree."

[2] In "The First Conversation between Southey and Porson."—The episode of the fashionable rout.

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The fact is that his enormous critical faculty tended to outrun his creative talent, which was considerable. There is a signal instance in the long dialogue between Johnson and Tooke on anomalies of English spelling and phraseology. It contains a fund of perceptive criticism; but we are kept waiting till the close for any human touch. Then indeed we are charmed. Tooke remarks of Addison: "Perhaps it is not so much his style, which, however, is easy, graceful, and harmonious, as the sweet temperature of thought in which we always find him, and the attractive countenance, if you will allow me the expression, with which he meets me on every occasion." And this is capped a little later on by Johnson's "Who would examine that could expatiate?" Could anything be more Johnsonian? But it is in the Conversation between Southey and Porson and Southey and Landor that his criticism shines to most advantage. We are not here on the look-out for dramatic portraiture—though the likenesses are admirable—and the subjects of Milton, Wordsworth, and Byron are ever fascinating. Landor's treatment of his two great contemporaries thoroughly proves how he despised the "spice of the scoundrel in most of our literary kinsmen: an itch to filch and detract in the midst of fair-speaking and festivity," and how on such matters he could be dispassionate without being insipid. Nobody ever rated both Wordsworth and Byron better than Landor. Though Southey had joined in the attack on the Satanic School, his views did not blind his friend to Byron's genius. And though Southey apotheosised Wordsworth, his worship did not blind his friend to Wordsworth's defects; nor did his own exuberant strength mislead him into the bullying brutality, which he satirises when he makes Fra Filippo Lippi assert, "There is no controverting a critic who has twenty stout rowers and twenty well-knotted rope-ends." Byron was at this time the Napoleon of English literature, as Landor was the Lafayette. The former was annexing kingdoms, while the latter was preaching anti-despotic liberty. It does the Lafayette credit never to have

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belittled the Napoleon. He knew his faults. He sang of him as "A ringed robber," and a late epigram records:

> True as the magnet is to iron
> Byron has ever been to Biron,
> His coloured prints in gilded frames,
> Whatever the designs and names
> One image set before the rest,
> In shirt with falling collar dreat,
> And keeping up a rolling fire at
> Patriot, conspirator, and pirate.[1]

While in a letter of his old age he actually says that, "Though often impressive and powerful, he never reaches the heroic and pathetic of Ivan and Casabianca!" But in the dialogue he causes Porson to exclaim: "He possesses the soul of poetry which is energy, but he wants that ideal beauty which is the sublimer emanation, I will not say of the real, for this is the more real of the two, but of that which is ordinarily subject to the senses." Yet on the other hand he as truly remarks, *in propriâ personâ*, "Our sinews have been scarred and hardened with the red-hot implements of Byron; and by way of refreshment we are now standing in the middle of the marsh." And so the world soothes and elevates itself in Wordsworth, who demonstrates that, "There may be animation without blood and broken bones, and tenderness remote from the stews," while the "bran" and "linsey-woolsey" of his flatter intervals are summed up in the sentence, "Wordsworth is an instrument that has no trumpet-stop." But we must linger no more on the long, stately billows of Landor's prose. In that ocean are many pearls. We will rescue only a few. "As pictures and statues and living beauty, too, show better by *music-light*, so is poetry irradiated, vivified, glorified, and raised into immortal life by harmony." How fine, too, is that phrase about Milton—"The sabbath of his mind"; how happy that about Voltaire —"The papered pinks and powdered ranunculuses"; and

[1] "Last Fruit off an Old Tree," p. 385.

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the one about Gibbon—"Pacing up and down the unventilated school of rhetoric with a measured and heavy step." How pregnant, also, the aphorism, "Wrong is but falsehood put in practice!" Satirical tropes, too, are frequent, especially anent the critics—"Onion-eaters by the pyramids of poetry"; "By the buzz of the insects we may know that the summer has come." It is curious that none survive in the language, except one which Disraeli borrowed in substance—"Those who have failed as painters turn picture-cleaners; those who have failed as writers turn reviewers." The fact is, that the general public cannot recover these pearls by dips, and refuse to dive so deep. The scholar will always love both the depth and its treasure. "The Conversations" were among the favourite books of the late Lord Bowen and the late Lord Coleridge.

That Landor was a true poet is undeniable; but his poetry, too, will never flutter in the mouths of men. He had more imagination than fancy and more fancy than wit. His muse dwells apart from humanity; it is mainly a vestal muse. These qualities might, however, have furnished forth an English classic had Landor been poetically *creative*. But none of the characters in his longer dramatic poems seem to us to breathe. They live, it is true, but not in the air or on the food of our world. They are glorious ghosts, disembodied phantoms, citizens of the commonwealth of the dead. His own view of the poetical function is best enunciated by two passages—the one from the Conversation between himself and the Abbé Delille, the other from the second of those between Southey and Porson: "The business of the higher poetry is to chasten and elevate the mind by exciting the better passions, and to impress on it lessons of terror and of pity by exhibiting the self-chastisement of the worse! There should be as much of passion as is possible, with as much of reason as is consistent with it." "A great poet represents a great portion of the human race." To the former of these canons he conformed: it is a canon for poetical tragedy; to

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the second he did not. We do not know for what constituency of mankind Landor sits in the parliament of poets, unless it be that of ancient heroes and enthroned immortals. His genius is not constructive, and he was always ambitious to construct. His weightier weapon is handled like the sword of Phineus (in his own poem), which

> . . . white with wonder shook restrained,
> And the hilt rattled in his marble hand.

It is this "marble hand" which causes his longer efforts to fail, although there is not one of them without magnificent moments. On the other hand, his shorter pieces are almost always moving. For his true talent is that of Greek Anthology; and the sad little lyrics, especially those of his later days, are, some of them, incomparably beautiful. Intensity—an underglow and an underfire—these mark his style; but it is not lambent; there is no atmosphere of illumination over the gloomy grandeur; it is the flame of Vesuvius. Who now reads "Gebir," that Celtiberian epic, by a mere stripling, which so powerfully impressed contemporaries; and whose line, "Is this the mighty ocean? is this all?" delighted the youthful Shelley; whose "compressed and chastened majesty," exacted the admiration of Wordsworth, whose vision of Hades evoked a retort from Byron on Southey. It is a wonderful work, but it is a torso. It seems to have neither beginning nor end. Yet it is incontestably classical. Its beauties rise in single outlines, and are never amplified or prolonged. In several passages it anticipated Keats. For instance:

> Compassion can be, but where passions are;

and

> . . . . . And fill
> With liquid light the marble bowl of earth.

But it lacks the airy freedom and spontaneity which eternally modernise Keats; it is in truth much more Miltonic in its restrained pomp and the pauses of its cæsuras.

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Extravagant enormous apertures
For light, and portals longer, open courts
Where all ascending all are unconfined,
And wider streets in purer air than ours.

It is built on those Greek and Roman poets whom Keats worshipped as unknown gods. It fully exemplifies Landor's maxim that "The Muses should be as slow to loosen the zone as the Graces"; it is, if we may coin the expression, an epic epigram. Lines, for example, like

When on the pausing theatre of earth,
Eve's shadowy curtain falls, can any man
Bring back the far-off intercepted hills?

And,

Beyond the Syrian regions, and beyond
Phenicia, trophies, tributes, colonies.

And,

For whether Jove in pity to mankind,
When from his crystal fount the visual orbs
He filled with piercing ether, and endued
With somewhat of omnipotence, ordained
That never two fair forms at once torment
The human heart and draw it different ways.

Or,

Tears, like the needle verging to the pole,
Tremble and tremble into certainty,

explain by their very sound how easily "Gebir" lent itself to that Latin version which Landor himself made. And (though the boy-author was fresh from Pindar) it is fraught with echoes from Theocritus, as witness:

O that I ne'er had learnt the tuneful art!
It always brings us enemies or love!

Or,

O what more pleasant than the short-breath'd sigh
When laying down your burthen at the gate,
And dizzy with long wandering, you embrace
The cool and quiet of a homespun bed.

But, as we read the poem in its entirety, we seem to toil along that Syrian desert on whose ideal oases stand the silent ruins

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of classical magnificence. Such oases of the past are the snatches we have quoted; such, pre-eminently, that condensed idyl,

> They had caught childhood from her in a kiss;

and that noble simile,

> . . . The long moonbeam on the hard wet sand
> Lay like a jasper column half uprear'd.

"Gebir" itself lies like such a column on the moonlit sand of antiquity.

Our previous comments also apply to his poetical dramas. Landor always imagined that he could write for the stage; but he was dramatic without being theatrical; and even a literary drama was beyond his scope. The faults and virtues of his prose-conversations follow him into his verse-tragedies. The groups are expressive and statuesque, but they are of Parian marble. His strength is in altitude, not in gesture; his force is in moments, not in movements; the passions of his characters are orators pleading in a cause, not actors marching towards a doom. And thus he falls into dramatic absurdities like that vapid close of the scene in *Andrea*, where Fra Rupert reveals to Maximin the secret of his birth, and Maximin, thunderstruck in the cloister, brings down the curtain with this bathos:

> Let me consider! Can it be? how can it?
> He is bare fifty; I am forty-one.

Perhaps the trilogy, of which *Andrea* forms the first part, is the best of his dramatic works; it introduced Boccaccio and Fiametta; it created the Mephistophelean friar. And here, once more, we find isolated touches of the most original genius. We may cite,

> How like is everything we see by starlight.

> Yet, at life's thread snapt with its gloss upon it,
> Be it man's pride and privilege to weep.

Fra Rupert's

> Everything in this world is but a bubble,
> The world itself one mighty bubble, we
> Mortals, small bubbles round it.

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And Queen Giovanna's

> Queens, O Maria! have two hearts for sorrow,
> One sinks upon our Naples. Whensoever
> I gaze ('tis often) on her bay, so bright
> With sunwove meshes, idle multitudes
> Of little plashing waves; when air breathes o'er it
> Mellow with sound and fragrance, of such purity
> That the blue hills seem coming nearer, nearer,
> As I look forth at them, and tossing down
> Joyance for joyance to the plains below . . .

We have called the most perfect expression of his best bent, anthological; we should have included Bion and Moschus (those richer relations of the anthologists) among his poetical ancestors. It is indeed in his briefer poems that he moves most easily, if we except the "Hellenics," which show him a Theocritean; but the "Hellenics" will never appeal to the ordinary reader, for their charm is in their transference. There is a Sicilian transparency through all of them: it is a pity they cannot be popular. Surely "The Hamadryad" might enchant even an unclassical age. There are few more beautiful lines in our language than,

> . . . She was sent forth
> To bring that light which never wintry blast
> Blows out, nor rain, nor snow extinguishes,
> The light that shines from loving eyes upon
> Eyes that love back, till they can see no more.

An English "Anthology" might well be compiled from the lyrics and epigrams of Landor. These are always delicate, never flimsy. They were his spring flowers and his autumn leaves. A long lifetime separates the date of

> In his own image the Creator made,
> His own pure sunbeam quickened thee O Man!
> Thou breathing dial! Since thy day began
> Thy present hour was ever markt with shade.

and of,

> I strove with none, for none was worth my strife;
> Nature I loved, and next to Nature Art;
> I warmed both hands before the fire of life;
> It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

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Yet the note is identical—that of a stifled sigh: their symmetry, too, is the same. They are both, as it were, intaglios of emotion. We will quote a few more to prove their anthological character:

> With rosy hand a little girl prest down
> A boss of fresh-cull'd cowslips in a rill;
> Often as they sprang up again, a frown
> Show'd she disliked resistance to her will:
> But when they droopt their heads and shone much less,
> She shook them to and fro, and threw them by,
> And tript away. "Ye loathe the heaviness
> Ye love to cause, my little girls!" thought I,
> And what had shone for you, by you must die.

Does not this remind us in *timbre* and treatment, though of course with much difference, of that famous "Epideictic" on the child saved by its mother from tumbling over the cliff? Very frequent, too, in the Greek epigrams are the graceful allusions to evanescence and decay. So, too, with Landor.

> The leaves are falling; so am I;
> The few late flowers have moisture in the eye;
> So have I too.
> Scarcely on any bough is heard
> Joyous, or even unjoyous bird
> The whole wood through.
> Winter may come: he brings but nigher
> His circle (yearly narrowing) to the fire
> Where old friends meet:
> Let him; now heaven is overcast
> And spring and summer both are past
> Like all things sweet.

And again:

> The place where soon I think to lie
> In its old creviced nook hard by
> Rears many a weed:
> If parties bring you there, will you
> Drop slily in a grain or two
> Of Wallflower seed?
> I shall not see it, and (too sure!)

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I shall not ever hear that your
Light step was there
But the rich odour some fine day
Will, what I cannot do, repay
That little care.

The same music vibrates in another mournful song that closes with

And though the grape be pluckt away,
Its colour glows amid the leaves.

The anthological play on words, too, is recalled by the epigram on Age, where Landor says of death,

Ah! he strikes all things, all alike,
But bargains; those he will not strike.

But of his tender, melancholy refrains we think that the following (probably referring to Rose Aylmer) is the loveliest:

My pictures blacken in their frames
As night comes on.
And youthful maids and wrinkled dames
All now are one.
Death of the day! a sterner death
Did worse before;
The fairest form, the sweetest breath
Away he bore.

Had Landor never indited long verse and longer conversations, how much more familiar would he be! But we should have lost a library; for his works are a literature in themselves —a treasure-house; and these, perhaps, he would have called his trinkets.

Nevertheless, he remains to us a Cato of the literary republic. We respect, we defer to him. But we do not love him. He will not be our friend or guide. He is above us, not with us. We cannot take his hand, as we so willingly do that of more companionable spirits, and walk out with him into the world.

WALTER SICHEL.

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THE HUNT FOR THE POLITICAL SECRET

THE newspaper hunt for the political secret—which may be described as the adventuresome side of journalism—is not conducted now with the daring and perhaps unscrupulousness which sometimes marked it in years long past. I have heard of a mendacious journalist, in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, who paid a liberal sum to the charmen that sweep and dust the House of Commons for the torn scraps of letters and documents with which the floor, close to the Treasury Bench and the front Opposition Bench, was littered at the close of a sitting. He used to go carefully through the scraps, piecing and patching them together, in the hope of alighting upon a State secret or an interesting item of political news. Happily he gained but little for his dishonourable pains. Not once was he made to tingle with the rapture of real discovery. It is one of the customs of our political life for Ministers, though meeting personally every day, to exchange views about departmental matters of importance in writing rather than verbally. But they are more careful of their official correspondence than this journalist supposed. Most of the torn letters which fell to him were appeals for charity, or applications for jobs from constituents. Political letters are preserved by our statesmen for use in the official posthumous biographies, which are now invariably produced as memorials of their careers. In the newspaper region

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of Fleet Street there is a story also told of a "penny-a-liner" who so closely dogged the footsteps of Peel and Wellington from Downing Street to Apsley House, after they had left a Cabinet Council, that he heard sufficient of their conversation to be able to sell to a London daily paper a momentous piece of political intelligence.

Journalists of an audacity so unprincipled and adventurous are perhaps to be encountered no longer. The prosaic resource of a reporter on the hunt for political secrets in these less enterprising times is simply to watch the comings and goings of Ministers, on the occasion of a Cabinet Council, and endeavour, by reading the riddles of their smiling or preoccupied looks, the tilt of their hats, and their departure on foot or in cabs, to unveil the secrets of the council chamber. The meeting-place of the Cabinet is a special room at the Foreign Office in Whitehall. Under the arch leading from Downing Street to the great quadrangle of the Foreign Office may be seen on the day that a council is sitting a group of reporters in a rage for discovery, thus eagerly watching for every little incident in the open that may throw light on the political situation. But as the Ministers hold their conclave in impenetrable mystery behind a door containing, in large white letters, the awful warning "Private," which sacred portal, once the deliberations have begun, no one is permitted to pass upon any consideration whatever, it seems hopeless that the journalists should pick up even the veriest crumbs of official news outside in the quadrangle of the Foreign Office.

Yet instead of thus wasting their time in barren sightseeing and vain speculations, the only outcome being unsubstantial political paragraphs to which such phrases as "It is understood," "It is rumoured," lend an air of unreality, these journalists might get hold of something essentially positive and concrete, and, if fortune favoured, something most precious indeed were they as audacious and adventuresome as their predecessors of old. During the Session of

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Parliament, when the hunt for the political secret is keenest and incessant, messengers of the various departments may be seen any afternoon strolling leisurely and unconcernedly from Whitehall to St. Stephen's, carrying little cases in crimson or dark blue morocco. These are the despatch boxes of Ministers, chock full of drafts of important documents, rich in secrets of State. What a lark if the box of the Prime Minister fell by accident or subterfuge into the hands of a recklessly enterprising journalist! An extract from the "Diaries" of Grant Duff, who was a member of Gladstone's first Administration, dated July 1870, gives a vivid idea of the nature of the contents of these boxes:

> At a quarter-past four a Cabinet box was handed down the Treasury bench to Gladstone. He opened it, and looking along to us said—with an accent I shall never forget—"*War declared against Prussia!*"

To be sure, the utmost precautions are taken to prevent Foreign Office documents from falling into the wrong hands. The Office is divided into several departments, each of which is in charge of a senior clerk. A good deal of business in each department is transacted by this senior clerk without troubling the permanent Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. For instance, the clerk's drafts of letters of no very great importance are not necessarily submitted to him first for approval, only the finished communication, ready for the post, being as a rule laid before him for signature. But in affairs of the highest moment, affecting the relations with foreign Powers, when so much depends on the tone and temper of the whole despatch, and sometimes even on the turn of a single sentence, the Secretary of State himself prepares the draft, in consultation with the Prime Minister, and then submits it to the criticism of the Cabinet. Outside the circle of the Cabinet the knowledge of such a document is confined to the Sovereign. At the Foreign Office there is a small printing establishment in which only a few compositors, old and trustworthy, are employed to put the draft into type and print the copies required for this limited circulation. At the top of each

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copy is printed in prominent letters the warning—"Secret and Confidential. For the use of the Cabinet only." When the terms of the document have been finally approved by the Sovereign and the Cabinet, it is copied by the clerks in the department of the Foreign Office to which it relates, and forwarded, with the signature of the Secretary of State, to its destination.

Yet, notwithstanding this jealous watch over the papers and despatches of the Foreign Office, the *Globe* evening newspaper startled the political world by publishing, on May 30, 1878, the terms of a secret agreement between Great Britain and Russia. To appreciate the effect of this disclosure it is necessary to recall that our relations with Russia at the time were strained almost to the point of a declaration of war. The campaign between Russia and Turkey had been concluded by the Treaty of San Stefano, when the victorious Russians were almost in sight of Constantinople, and our Government insisted that it must resist to the uttermost any attempt to put into operation a treaty which meant the disintegration of the Ottoman Empire. Yet at the very moment when war seemed inevitable out comes this statement that an amicable understanding had been arrived at between England and Russia. In the House of Lords on June 8—the very day it was announced that a congress of the Great Powers was to meet at Berlin to consider the new aspect of the Eastern Question—Earl Grey asked whether there was any truth in the *Globe's* disclosure. "The statement to which the noble Earl refers," replied Lord Salisbury, then Secretary for Foreign Affairs, "and other statements that I have seen are wholly unauthorised, and are not deserving of the confidence of your Lordship's House." The news was accordingly discredited as a hoax or an impudent invention, although the *Globe* pointed out that the official denial was not that it was "unauthentic" but "unauthorised," which was a very different thing. A few evenings later the same newspaper published the full text of the secret agreement, two and a half columns long, in the original French with the official English translation. It

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amounted to this, that the treaty between Russia and Turkey was in substance ratified by the British Government, and was to be supported by its plenipotentiaries at the Berlin Congress. It is no exaggeration to say that the unauthorised appearance of this most important diplomatic document caused a profound sensation, especially as the Congress was then sitting at Berlin.

Of course the Anglo-Russian agreement was a fact; but the two Governments desired to keep it secret altogether. How then did a document of so confidential a nature, on which the eyes of the highest Ministers and officials of the Foreign Office only are allowed to rest, come into the possession of a London evening newspaper? The answer was supplied by the appearance at Bow Street Police Court of a writer in the Foreign Office, named Charles Marvin, charged with having stolen and copied the document and disclosed it to the *Globe*. Only one witness was examined, a clerk in the treaty department of the Foreign Office. His evidence, which was confined to the first disclosure of the agreement in an abbreviated form, was not, in the opinion of the magistrate, sufficient to prove that there had been an abstraction of the actual document, but only a carrying away of its substance by memory, and the prisoner, accordingly, was discharged.

However, a full disclosure of the circumstances was subsequently made by Marvin, and the story he told was very extraordinary indeed. He was not a regular clerk in the Foreign Office, only a supernumerary copyist, employed at tenpence per hour, or thirty shillings a week, in the treaty department. On the afternoon of May 30, the printed draft of the agreement —headed "Private and Confidential. Printed for the use of the Cabinet, May 30, 1878"—which had that very day been approved by the Cabinet, was sent to the treaty department of the Foreign Office with directions that two official copies were to be prepared in writing, for signature by the representatives of the two Powers. The head of the department, and one of his two assistant-clerks, sat down to write out the

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two copies. Before they had time to finish in rushed the private secretary to Lord Salisbury, and told them to hurry up, as Schouvaloff, the Russian Ambassador, was waiting in the Foreign Secretary's room to sign the agreement; but so impatient was he that it was with difficulty they were detaining him by copious supplies of tea. It happened that the second assistant clerk of the department was absent, and Marvin, who was in the room engaged on unimportant papers, was therefore directed to assist in the copying. Moreover, when the copying was finished, the senior clerk got him to read the printed draft aloud in order that he might check the copy of the document which he had prepared. Marvin was consequently able to carry in his mind the substance of the agreement, and after it was signed by the Foreign Secretary and the Russian Ambassador, at half-past six o'clock, he went direct to the *Globe* office and sold them the secret. At nine o'clock the newspaper came out with the news in a special edition.

Marvin pleaded in defence of his action, not only that he was a poor underpaid supernumerary, but that he had heard it said by the clerks of the department that, probably, the agreement would be sent to the Press, or a statement respecting it be made in Parliament, so that he considered he was but merely anticipating the official announcement. The full text of the agreement which the *Globe* subsequently published was also obtained from Marvin. How he got possession of it, Marvin—who is now dead—never disclosed. "I took it to the *Globe*," he simply explained, "to retrieve my reputation as a contributor of reliable news." His sense of honour was hurt by Lord Salisbury's practical denial in the House of Lords of the reliability of the first disclosure. But it was this second act of unfaithfulness which brought about Marvin's undoing. So implicit is the reliance on the honour and discretion of the permanent clerks in the Foreign Office —a confidence which has never been abused—that it was the Russian Ambassador who was at first suspected by the chiefs

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of the department of having directly or indirectly given the news to the Press, but the publication of the complete text of the Anglo-Russian Agreement sadly convinced them that the leakage was to be found in their own office in Whitehall. Marvin cynically concludes his story by saying that on his discharge at Bow Street he joined the crowd at Charing Cross to welcome the return of Beaconsfield and Salisbury from the Berlin Congress, bearing "Peace with Honour."

The well-grounded confidence which is reposed in the loyalty of the clerks in the Foreign Office, is shown by a discussion in Parliament on an earlier disclosure of a State secret to the Press. On Monday, March 18, 1854, questions were asked in both Houses of Parliament about an article in the *Times* of the previous Saturday, containing most important information, not laid before Parliament, in reference to the negotations then in progress between this country and Russia, which ultimately ended in the Crimean War. Some time before the *Journal of St. Petersburg* contained a semi-official statement complaining of references uncomplimentary to the Czar, which were made by Lord John Russell, then Secretary for Foreign Affairs. These public declarations of distrust of Russia by the Foreign Minister of England were, the *Journal* said, inexcusable, as communications of a most friendly character, containing expressions of mutual confidence, and showing the groundlessness of the suspicion that the Emperor Nicholas desired the partition of Turkey, had passed between the two Governments. The *Times* published this article, but denied that it accurately described the relations between the two Powers, and made the momentous announcement that an *ultimatum* had actually been sent to Russia. Lord Derby, who asked for information on the subject in the House of Lords, added:

> I must say, in passing, that this is not the first occasion upon which the *Times* newspaper, within the course of the last few months, has professed to be in possession, and has proved to be in possession, of secret and exclusive information, which ought to have been known only to the Cabinet, and has also

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had possession of or access to papers which have been refused and are still refused to the two Houses of Parliament.

Lord Aberdeen, on behalf of the Whig Cabinet, hotly denied the insinuation that State secrets were disclosed by Ministers to the *Times*. He admitted, however, that in this instance there had been a scandalous betrayal of duty; and hinted that the culprit was a clerk in the Foreign Office, appointed by Lord Malmesbury, Foreign Secretary of the previous Tory Government, who had just left the service. The *Times* next morning was proud and disdainful. A clerk its authority! It treated with scorn the suggestion that it would condescend to accept political information of such a nature from a clerk, or even from a subordinate member of the Government, or from anybody but a Minister having a certain knowledge of the fact. Lord Malmesbury returned to the subject on another evening in the House of Lords. He said there was no recorded instance of an official secret having been betrayed by a clerk in the Foreign Office. "So remarkable is this fact," he continued, "that I believe within a very short period her Majesty's Government have been applied to by a foreign Government who requested to be informed by what system the English Government ensured such secrecy in their Foreign Office." He added that the clerk to whom Lord Aberdeen had referred had not been dismissed, but had left the service for the very excellent reason that he had married a lady of considerable fortune; and he read a letter from the gentleman positively denying that he had ever disclosed the nature of any document which was given him to copy. Lord Aberdeen fully accepted the denial, and expressed his regret for the imputation he had made. "I would advise the noble lord," said Lord Malmesbury in conclusion, "if anything of the kind occurs again, not to rashly lay the blame on the youngest or most insignificant of the department, but to remember the answer given by Sancho Panza to his master, Don Quixote, upon an occasion when accused of an indiscretion: 'Your worship will recollect that a cask may leak at

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the top as well as at the bottom.'" Indeed, it is stated by Greville in his "Memoirs," that it was Lord Aberdeen himself who made the communication to his friend, Delane, then editor of the *Times*, whose visits to Downing Street were regular and frequent. What is, perhaps, the most extraordinary feature of the incident remains to be told. The Queen's messenger, or courier, who was sent with the official despatch to Russia, was detained on his journey in Paris by some other Foreign Office business, so that it is possible that the Russian Government first heard of the English *ultimatum*, not through the regular diplomatic channel of communication, but through the columns of the *Times*.

Strange though it may seem, no punishment for a deliberate breach of official trust, such as that of Marvin, the Foreign Office supernumerary, was at the time provided by statute, though conceivably it might have had the most mischievous results in the field of foreign relations. In consequence of the frequent appearance in newspapers of paragraphs and articles containing official information which ought not to have been made public, a Treasury minute was issued in 1875, visiting the improper divulging of such information with dismissal from the Civil Service. Marvin, of course, was instantly cashiered. But the charge upon which he was arrested was that he had stolen a certain document, the property of the Foreign Office, and the prosecution was brought under the Larceny Act. Yet eleven years were still to lapse after that most extraordinary episode before the betrayal of a State secret was made a criminal offence. In 1889 the Official Secrets Act was passed, to prevent the disclosure of official documents and information by spies, or through breaches of official trust. The Statute provides that a communication of official secrets or papers made or attempted to be made, directly or indirectly with a foreign State was felony, punishable by penal servitude for life, or for any term not less than five years, or by any term of imprisonment of not more than two years.

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The disclosure of official secrets and documents in other cases, such as to newspapers, is a misdemeanour, rendering the unfaithful official liable to imprisonment for any term not exceeding one year, or to a fine, or to both fine and imprisonment.

But what of the newspapers? Is there no punishment provided by the Act of 1889 for those who receive and make public State papers and secrets, which can have been obtained only by a breach of official trust? For the unauthorised publication of a Parliamentary Report, a newspaper editor and proprietor may be hauled to the Bar of the House of Commons, charged with a breach of privilege. But in the case of the disclosure of a departmental secret, the newspaper or news agency gets off scot free. Since the passing of the Official Secrets Act, a news agency sent out a most important piece of military intelligence. The authorities of the War Office concluded that the information could only have been obtained through a clerk in the department, and they wrote to the news agency demanding the name of its informant. Now, it is one of the established canons of journalism under no circumstances to disclose the name of a contributor if he desires to remain anonymous. Accordingly the news agency replied to the War Office that it could not in honour comply with their request. "Well, then," said the War Office, "the usual official news shall be denied to you by the department until you make known the official who furnished you with the unauthorised information." This placed the news agency in a serious quandary. Practically it meant that it could no longer supply the newspapers on its lists with military intelligence. The War Office authorities were, therefore, not surprised to receive shortly afterwards a letter from the news agency making known its informant. He was a clerk of the department who had just resigned his position. The news agency had induced him, in consideration of a substantial sum of money, to get it out of its difficulty by quitting the Civil Serivce and allowing the disclosure of his identity.

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An Irish newspaper, the *Dublin Evening Mail*, which was charged at one time with a breach of the privileges of Parliament, by the premature publication of the report of a Select Committee, stated succinctly and candidly the attitude of the Press in regard to political secrets which reach it through unauthorised channels. "We have all becoming respect for the privileges of Parliament," it wrote, "and would not infringe an iota upon the rights of its members; but we should be wanting in that duty we owe to our readers, were we to withhold from them a piece of interesting intelligence which happened to be in our possession." The story of the way in which this Dublin newspaper obtained the report of the Parliamentary Committee is worth telling, as it shows that the leakage of political secrets cannot always be traced to breaches of trust by officials. In May 1882, a Select Committee of the House of Commons sat upon the subject of Irish tithes. The chairman, Edward Stanley, Chief Secretary for Ireland, prepared a draft report, of which twenty-four copies were printed, marked "Private and confidential," for distribution among the members of the Committee. The draft was published a few days later in the *Dublin Evening Mail*. It happened that one of the proprietors of the paper, named Thomas Sheehan, was in London at the time, and he was summoned before the Select Committee to explain how the document came into the possession of his journal. He admitted it was he who had furnished the report to his paper; but beyond saying that he had not got it from or by means of any member of the Committee, he declined to give any information on the subject. By direction of the Select Committee he was brought to the Bar of the House of Commons. "I beg to decline to answer any question which might possibly criminate another person." This was the only reply he vouchsafed to the cross-examination of Mr. Speaker; and, on the motion of Stanley, he was committed to the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms for a "high breach" of the privileges of Parliament. Next day the House held an

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elaborate inquiry into the matter. Several witnesses were examined. It appeared that Stanley gave the draft to the clerk of the Select Committee; the clerk left it at the Journal Office, openly on a desk—no official being present at the time—with directions in writing for the printing of twenty-four copies; from the Journal Office the draft was sent to Hansard the printer, by whom the required number of copies were printed and sent to the clerk of the Committee; and one morning five porters were sent out from the Journal Office to deliver them under seal at the residences of the twenty members of the Committee. In the afternoon an Irish member of the Committee, Antony Lefroy, complained to the clerk that the draft had not been left at his house, and accordingly he was given one of the extra four copies. It was now clear that it was Lefroy's missing copy which fell into the hands of Sheehan. But how did it happen? The porter who had Lefroy's house in his round asserted that the five packets entrusted to him were all correctly delivered, though it came out that he was half drunk when he left the Journal Office that morning, early as it was, on his journey. Then was this porter the culprit? The Chief Secretary for Ireland apparently did not think so. Antony Lefroy made a vigorous attack upon Stanley for having instituted these proceedings against the *Dublin Evening Mail*. But in his view the action of the Chief Secretary could be easily explained. The newspaper was Tory, and the Minister was Whig. The burden of Stanley's reply to Lefroy's attack might be summarised in the line, "The hon. gentleman doth protest too much." As for Sheehan, he was severely admonished by Mr. Speaker, and was discharged on paying the Sergeant-at-Arms' fee of five pounds for keeping him a night in custody.

The indirect ways in which State secrets get into the newspapers are often very diverting. When Wellington was engaged in forming his first Administration in 1828, his friend and colleague, Charles Herries, left a list of the new Ministers

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and the offices to which they had been appointed on a writing-table in his library, and it was copied by a visitor ushered in during the absence of Herries—by one of those humours of chance. Next day the memorandum appeared in the *Morning Chronicle*. Wellington seems to have been exceedingly annoyed by the publication. In a letter to the unhappy Herries, exquisitely exaggerating the effect of the incident, he said:

> I assure you that there never was an event, comparatively so trifling in itself, that will produce important consequences on the destinies of this country, as will the premature disclosure in the newspapers of the names of the new-formed Ministry, notwithstanding the precautions and the pains I took to prevent such disclosure.

One morning in May 1834, the *Times* announced the speedy break-up of the Whig Ministry, led by Lord Melbourne, owing to differences of opinion on the question of the appropriation of Irish tithes.

As several members of the Administration resigned shortly afterwards there was much speculation as to how the newspaper got informed of the dissensions in the Cabinet. On May 6, 1834, the Tithe Commutation Bill of the Government was before the House of Commons. Edward Stanley made what was tantamount to a declaration on the part of the Government that none of the revenues of the Irish Church, set free by the Bill, would be appropriated to purely secular purposes; but his colleague in the Ministry, Lord John Russell, rose immediately from the Treasury Bench, and stated that the Government were not pledged to any such policy. Stanley then wrote on a slip of paper that phrase which is now historic, "Johnny has upset the coach," and passed it to his colleague, Sir James Graham, who was also opposed to the appropriation of the tithes to the purposes of education. That note, or its phrase, got to the *Times* office somehow. The story is told that Graham stuffed the note into his waistcoat pocket, where it was found by his valet, who carried it to the newspaper. This explanation, however, has not been authenticated. Graham maintained there was nothing extra-

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ordinary in the note or its contents reaching the *Times*, as he showed it to Lord Althorp, the leader of the House, and to two or three others, so that probably it was known to several of the Members before the House adjourned.

It is rather a common accusation against domestics that they are addicted to gabbling to outsiders about the affairs of their masters and mistresses. But it is a remarkable fact that the revelation of a political secret to the Press has been traced only once to the indiscretion or disloyalty of a servant. The episode arose out of the strange proceedings which led to the establishment of an unqualified household suffrage in 1867, by a Tory Government actually opposed to the principle. In the previous year, Gladstone, the Chancellor of the Exchequer of a Liberal Administration, brought in a Reform Bill which proposed an occupation franchise of £7 in boroughs and £14 in counties. The Opposition were joined by a number of Whigs in regarding this proposal as revolutionary, and the Government were defeated in Committee on the Bill. The Liberals resigned, and a Conservative Ministry came into office, though not into power, as there was no General Election and the Liberals, of course, were still in a majority. Disraeli, however, introduced a new Reform Bill, on behalf of the Government, proposing a household suffrage, with an important limitation, which, by making the vote depend upon the personal payment of the rates, excluded the large mass of compound householders, who pay their rates in their rents. In Committee, an amendment to abolish the restriction of the personal payment of the rates was moved by a Radical, and though it was certain that the amendment would have been lost on a division, Disraeli unexpectedly rose and accepted it, to the amazement of the House. The Whigs were "dished" completely.

There was a fierce outcry against the Government for having betrayed their supporters. The Whigs had been driven from office for proposing to increase the voters of the Kingdom by 400,000; and the Tories who succeeded them capped that

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proposal by admitting 1,000,000 voters within the ring of the electorate! But after the Bill had become law it was announced that the Cabinet had had no intention whatever of accepting the amendment, the enormous increase of the electorate being really the sole act of Disraeli, upon which he determined on the spur of the moment. The divulging of this secret was due, according to the accepted explanation of the day, to a footman in the service of the Prime Minister, Lord Derby, who found one of Disraeli's letters in his master's library.

But sensational political information rarely reaches the newspapers through servants, whether it is that such news never comes their way, or that they are unaware of its journalistic value, or know not how to dispose of it, or—what is, perhaps, the more likely explanation—that they have, as a body, too proper a sense of their duty. Sir Stafford Northcote relates in his "Diary" that during the formation of Lord Salisbury's first Administration in 1885, his domestics were much annoyed by the inquiries of reporters on the hunt for news about the new Ministry; and records with great delight and supreme satisfaction the reply of the butler to one of the journalists. "What has your master got in the Government?" was the question. "The under-secretaryship to Lord Randolph Churchill" was the humorous retort of the butler.

Still, everything of importance leaks out in some way or another. Even the most secret and sacred of Cabinet matters reaches sooner or later the ears of the ubiquitous and vigilant journalists. How the leakage takes place it is not always possible to tell. Perhaps political secrets are mostly divulged over the cigars and coffee, when, after a good dinner, men are in an expansive mood, and their tongues wag freely in conversation. A member of the Cabinet in that unguarded moment, forgetful of his obligation to keep the proceedings of that august circle inviolable, drops a hint which is repeated outside, enlarged and magnified, and passes thus from ear to ear until

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it is published broadcast in the newspapers. It often happens also, that journalists get wind of the great secret, without any obligation of honour being violated by a member of the Government, unintentionally or by design. To a sagacious newspaper man a word, a nod, a mysterious look, a meaning smile, is sufficient to enable him to convey in a paragraph the drift of things political. By shrewd guesses and negative deductions he can set at nought the reticence of Ministers and politicians, and give his readers thrilling peeps behind the scenes in Whitehall. This facility of deduction was once cleverly employed by Delane, the editor of the *Times*. At a dinner party one evening in 1872, Sir Andrew Clark, the famous physician, remarked that Lord Northbrook had been asking him that day how he should stand the climate of India. "And what did you tell him, Sir Andrew?" asked the journalist casually. "I told him the country would suit him very well," was the reply. Nothing more was said on the subject. But enough had been said to enable the *Times* to state the next morning that the Vice-Royalty of India, which was about to become vacant, would be filled by Lord Northbrook. When the time came for the official announcement it was found that Lord Northbrook had in fact been appointed.

Undoubtedly, on the other hand, some political secrets have been given away by the indiscretions of statesmen, or their deliberate breaches of confidence. The *Times*, which has exclusively made public many momentous political secrets, never announced anything more sensational than its statement, November 15, 1834, that on the day previous William IV. had summarily dismissed the Melbourne Administration from office. The news was absolutely unexpected.

> Their case is one of rare occurrence [says Charles Greville in his "Memoirs"], unceremoniously kicked out—not resignation following ineffectual negotiations, or baffled attempts at arrangement, but in the plenitude of their fancied strength, and utterly unconscious of danger, they were discarded in the most positive, summary and peremptory manner.

It was to an exalted member of the Government that the

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Times was indebted for its early information of the affair. Earl Spencer had died, and his son, Lord Althorp, the Leader of the House of Commons, succeeded to the peerage. On November 14, Melbourne went down to Brighton, where the King was staying, to make arrangements for the necessary changes in the Ministry; but William, whose aversion to his Whig advisers was notorious, availed himself of the chance to send them about their business, and to summon the Duke of Wellington to form a Tory Government. This, by the way, is the last—and probably will remain the last—dismissal of a Ministry on the mere personal whim of the Sovereign. Melbourne returned to London late that evening. Without communicating the news to any of his colleagues, he sent out summonses for a Cabinet Council on the following day, and even in this letter gave no hint of the fate of the Government. However, Brougham, the Lord Chancellor, on his way home from dinner, happened to call on Melbourne, and was told the whole story. It is said that Melbourne put Brougham under a promise not to say a word on the subject to anybody until the announcement was first made to the Cabinet. However that may be, it is certain that Brougham, desiring probably to propitiate the *Times* (which for weeks had been scathingly attacking him), sent it this sensational and exclusive piece of information. The first news the other members of the Government had of their fate was the following announcement in the *Times* the next morning:

> We have no authority for the important statement which follows, but we have every reason to believe that it is perfectly true. We give it, without any comment or amplification, in the very words of the communication which reached us at a very late hour last night, or rather at an early hour this morning. The King has taken the opportunity of Lord Spencer's death to turn out the Ministry, and there is every reason to believe that the Duke of Wellington has been sent for. The Queen has done it all.

It is interesting to note that the newspaper, in the next issue, denied on the highest authority that Queen Adelaide had the slightest connection with the incident, and ascribed the

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downfall of the Government in a great measure to the unbecoming conduct of Brougham as Lord Chancellor.

As an instance of how carelessness in public officials leads to the awkward revealing of intelligence, a story from Ireland may be related. One of the chief permanent officials of Dublin Castle wrote a letter in the coffee-room of an hotel in Dublin, and dried it on a virgin sheet of white blotting-paper. A person staying in the hotel going subsequently to the writing-table, was attracted by the impression of large sprawling characters on the blotting-pad, and to his astonishment read in the signature the name of a well-known Irish Government official. He tore off the sheet from the pad, brought it to his bedroom, and with the aid of the mirror, was able to copy the entire letter. Addressed to another Government official in London, it contained the freest and most audacious criticisms of the Cabinet Minister who was then responsible for the management of Irish affairs. Its publication in cold type in *United Ireland* must have made the flesh of some members of the Government creep. But no one was surprised to read, shortly afterwards, the announcement that the writer of the epistle had retired from the public service. Indeed, the Irish newspapers have established quite a unique reputation for the discovery of State secrets. In 1888 there were serious agrarian disturbances in the district of which the town of Youghal is the centre. One day the late Captain Plunket, Divisional Magistrate, sent a telegram from Dublin to the local magistrate at Youghal, saying in cipher: "If necessary, do not hesitate to shoot." The "wire" appeared the next day in the *Freeman's Journal*, and was subsequently the cause of many noisy discussions and scenes in the House of Commons. But how did the newspaper get possession of it? Indeed, simply enough. A copy of the message was found on the public writing-desk of the telegraph office in Dublin, from which it had been despatched by Captain Plunket. Evidently he had been dissatisfied with the legibility of the first copy of the telegram, and, making

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a second one, carelessly left the other after him on the desk. The newspaper had no difficulty in deciphering the cryptograph.

One of the most interesting Cabinet secrets of recent years was the exact proposals which were to be contained in the Home Rule Bill of 1893. The public were all agog to know in what it differed from the scheme of 1886. For instance, were the Irish Members to be retained at Westminster? The Press teemed with speculations on the subject, but nothing authoritative was known until Gladstone unfolded the plan in the House of Commons. Yet it was near being disclosed to an eager and expectant country long before the appointed time. The rough draft of the measure was as usual put into type at the offices of the Queen's Printers, and a dozen copies struck off for the use of members of the Cabinet only. In accordance with the great care that is always taken to guard State secrets, the "copy" of the draft was distributed among the compositors in portions so minute that each got only three lines to "set," so that none of them could form even the haziest conception of the proposals of the Bill from the bit he got to put into type; and to one of the most trustworthy overseers in the office was committed the duty of arranging these innumerable lines of type in their consecutive order. Then when the dozen proofs of the complete draft were "pulled," the type was immediately broken up and distributed. Yet one of these proofs was found on a writing-table in the library of the Reform Club before the Cabinet had concluded their deliberations on the Bill! It had been left there by an absent-minded Minister after writing a letter. However, that precious document was not sent to the Press. The finder happened to be himself the private secretary of a Cabinet Minister, and knowing his duty he returned the proof to its owner. That Minister must have been terror-stricken indeed, at the thought of the look which the face of Gladstone would have worn at the Cabinet Council had the Bill, through his carelessness, been made public before it was introduced in the House of Commons. But the incident helps to explain how the newspapers often get possession of

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State secrets. If the document had fallen into the hands of one of the journalists who are members of the Reform Club, the temptation to publish it would, probably, have been irresistible.

Ministers, of course, are extremely wary in the safeguarding of Cabinet papers. But as the fox must sleep sometimes, he is occasionally caught napping, so accidents will happen to Ministers, and confidential documents go astray, no matter how careful their custodians may be. A secret State paper was once sold as waste. Gladstone's Administration of 1880–1884 had a volume printed of the plans of the defences of Constantinople and the Dardanelles from confidential surveys and reports. It was a most unique and valuable publication, and its circulation, of course, was rigidly restricted to Ministers and Permanent Secretaries. Still it was bought by a dealer along with other waste, from unknown sources, as a book of no consequence. The name of a noble lord who was a member of the Government was on it, however, and the dealer, recognising its importance, at once put himself in communication with him, though at first not successfully. Eventually the noble lord sent his private secretary, with apologies for the delay, and the book was recovered. It had accidentally fallen from the Minister's library table into the waste-paper basket beneath.

Of course there are occasions when the publication of a political secret is inspired for some adequate reason by an individual Minister, or by the Government as a whole. One of these connived-at disclosures was the announcement by the *Times* of December 4, 1845, that Sir Robert Peel, the Prime Minister, proposed to repeal the Corn Laws—not merely a piece of political information, but an historical event—which caused one of the great political sensations of the century. As Peel had declared only a short time before his determination to stand fast by the Corn Laws, the news of the *Times* was characterised as absurd and impossible by most of the supporters of the Government. But in the course of time it

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proved to be true, as we all know now. There was naturally a good deal of speculation as to how the newspaper got possession of that sensational State secret. A scandalous version which, though it is utterly unfounded, is still current, relates that Sidney Herbert, a young and handsome Minister—he whose statue by Foley looks down so benignly on wayfarers outside the War Office in Pall Mall—had been beguiled of the secret by Mrs. Norton, a fascinating woman and brilliant conversationalist, who attracted to her house all the leading writers and politicians of the time. At the great divorce trial of Norton *v.* Lord Melbourne (which ended in a verdict for the respondent) a letter from Mrs. Norton was read for the purpose of proving that so constant were the visits of Lord Melbourne to Mrs. Norton's house at Storey's Gate, St. James's Park, that her children became curiously familiar with the phrases of public life. Mrs. Norton said in this letter that one day after luncheon her little boy rose from the table and said, "May I resign?" and when she asked him what he meant, he answered: "I want, of course, to go out. Is not to 'resign' the same as to 'go out'?" But with regard to the secret of the proposed abolition of the corn duties, the popular story goes that on the evening of the Cabinet Council at which Peel made the momentous announcement, Sidney Herbert dined alone with Mrs. Norton, and under the combined influences of her beauty and her excellent dinner surrendered the secret. Further, it is said that, unknown to her friend, the lady drove to the *Times* office and told the news to Delane the editor, who thought the information well worth a cheque for £500.

The fable of the adventure owes much of its popularity to that striking scene in "Diana of the Crossways," where the heroine betrays a political secret of immense importance to the editor of a great London daily newspaper, which is supposed to have been founded on this incident in Mrs. Norton's career. Mr. Meredith, in a recent edition of the novel, has a note—written at the suggestion of the late Lord Dufferin, Mrs. Norton's nephew—to the effect that the

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episode is pure fiction, having no connection whatever with fact. "A lady of high distinction for wit and beauty," the novelist writes, "the daughter of an illustrious Irish House, came under the shadow of a calumny. It has latterly been examined and exposed as baseless. The story of 'Diana of the Crossways' is to be read as fiction." But, no doubt, the fictitious story of an intrigue between Sidney Herbert and Mrs. Norton makes too compelling an appeal to the romance in human nature ever to be disbelieved, no matter how often it may be exposed and refuted.

As a matter of fact, the *Times* got its information from Lord Aberdeen, a member of the Cabinet, who gave it with the full knowledge and consent of Sir Robert Peel himself. Aberdeen was Foreign Secretary. His most earnest desire was to settle the dispute with the United States over what is now known as "the Oregon affair," and feeling that nothing would tend more to the spread of pacific views in a grain-growing country than the intelligence that the ports of the United Kingdom were about to be opened freely to corn, he sent the news to the *Times* so that it should appear on the morning the American mails were to leave. As this explanation is given in the "Life of Henry Reeve"—editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, and Registrar of the Privy Council—who had it from Delane, its absolute accuracy is unquestionable. It is pleasant, therefore, to think that the memories of a great statesman and a charming and accomplished woman are relieved of the charge of weakness and unscrupulousness which for years have wrongly been laid to their account.

Harriet Martineau was a lady to whom Lord Althorp, the Chancellor of the Exchequer of the Melbourne Administration, confided some of the Government's most confidential proceedings. The episode, however, though extremely interesting, is lacking entirely in the element of romance. Miss Martineau had none of the wiles of a beautiful woman, and it was impossible for any man to be more staid or more highly respectable than Lord Althorp. It was in 1838, and Harriet

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Martineau was publishing her series of tales designed as "illustrations of political economy" which were remarkably popular, when Thomas Drummond, private secretary to Althorp, called upon her with a request on behalf of the Prime Minister and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, whether she would deal with the question of Irish tithes in the form of a story, in order to prepare the public mind for the Bill for the abolition of the tithe which the Government proposed to introduce. A draft of the Bill was given to her on the condition that she should keep it a profound secret. "It is a thing unheard of," said Drummond, "to commit any Government measure to anybody outside the Cabinet until it is laid before Parliament." It happened that a Royal Commission was sitting at the time to inquire into the sources of the Excise. Drummond had not gone five minutes when the Chairman of the Commission Henry Wickham, came to ask Miss Martineau to write a story also about the Excise, and supplied her with extraordinary disclosures which had been made at the private sittings of the Commission. Wickham, of course, exacted a promise of absolute secrecy. He was specially concerned that not a breath of what he had done should reach the Chancellor of the Exchequer. "It is a thing unheard of," said he, "that such evidence should be divulged to any one outside the Commission before the Chancellor of the Exchequer has first perused it." "I could hardly help laughing in his face," said Harriet, "and wondered what would have happened if he and Mr. Drummond had met on the steps, as they very nearly did."

A few days later Drummond called again upon Miss Martineau. He wanted to know what she thought of some alterations in existing taxation which the Chancellor of the Exchequer proposed to make in his forthcoming Budget. "I would begin with the Excise," said she, "set free the smallest articles first, which least repay the expense of collection, and go on to the greatest." "The Excise!" exclaimed Drummond. "Ah, Lord Althorp bade me tell you that the Commission on Excise have collected the most

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extraordinary evidence which he will take care that you shall have as soon as he gets it himself." "It was at that moment in the closet, within two feet of my visitor!" writes the lady chucklingly, in an account of the interview.

Harriet Martineau was an able and enterprising journalist. None knew better the nature of "copy" and its pecuniary value. Here was political intelligence of the most saleable nature imaginable, intelligence which her sense of the nature of news convinced her would make that "sensation" which it is the ambition of all journals to achieve; but given as it was under the injunction of secrecy, for newspaper purposes it was useless. The severest trial of the journalist is the possession of news which he cannot publish in honour. Yet no man has so many secrets of State and secrets of private life, which, if he could but make public, would cause a tremendous rush for his newspaper. Paradoxical though it may seem, a journalist is perhaps the most uncommunicative of men, and there is no more discreet or more trustworthy confidant of a secret. The stories he is told, which he dare not use, he will whisper to no one, for fear they should reach the less scrupulous representative of a rival organ. But think of his tantalising position! Here is a man who lives by printing things, possessed of an abundance of secrets novel, startling and entertaining, which he must not print. Is there not something of the element of tragedy in the situation? No wonder that many journalists walk stoop-shouldered, with weary eyes towards the ground, as if literally bowed down by the burden of confidences which they cannot throw off in the form of newspaper paragraphs.

Mr. John Morley, in his "Life of Gladstone," tells a pleasant story of how a great political secret was kept sacredly inviolate by three poor Irish journalists. As Chief Secretary for Ireland, Mr. Morley was in close communication with Parnell during the preparation of the first Home Rule Bill of 1886. One day the Irish leader asked if he might have a draft of the main provisions of the measure, for communica-

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tion to half a dozen of his confidential colleagues. "After some demur," we are told, "the Irish Secretary consented, warning him of the damaging consequences of any premature divulgation. The draft was duly returned, and not a word leaked out." Mr. Morley adds that some time afterwards Parnell recalled the incident to him. "Three of the men to whom I showed the draft were newspaper men," said the Irish leader, "and they were poor men, and any newspaper would have given them a thousand pounds for it. No wonderful virtue, you may say. But how many of your House of Commons would believe it?"

Of course there was no conflict in the minds of these poor Irish journalists between cupidity and honour. Every reputable newspaper man knows that the disclosure of a secret obtained in such circumstances would be a gross breach not only of the sanctity of private confidences, but of the tradition and unwritten laws of the Press. But the weight of that political secret—one of the most eventful interest in the nineteenth century—must have been terribly burdensome to newspaper men having strong within them the professional instinct to proclaim things from the house-top.

MICHAEL MACDONAGH.

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A WORKSHOP OF ROMAN CHRISTIANITY

FROM the catacombs, the subterranean burial-places of the first Roman Christians, to the basilica of St. Peter's, the greatest ecclesiastical building on earth, there is no break in the drama of history. When you come out from the cemetery of Callistus, on to the fields bordering the Appian Way, and look across to the dome of the great church commemorating Peter, you say to yourself, "That is the interpretation of this." This may see in its own humble features the lineaments of that; the church which dominates the Roman country—in imperial possession of Rome—may recognise that the silent underground galleries of the Appia had already taken as effective a possession of the capital of the world.

The Roman Church is founded upon three events: the apostolic preaching, the constancy of its martyrs, its position as the heir of imperial Rome—a position early figured and represented in the persons of its bishops. All these things have their monument in the catacombs, which bear indisputable traces of the sojourn and preaching of the Apostles, which are the earliest shrines of the Roman martyrs, and which preserve for us in the crypt in the cemetery of Callistus, set apart for the leaders of the Roman Church from Antheros to Eutychian (A.D. 285–275), the veritable nucleus of papal domination. It was the successors of these men who were

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to fill the *rôle* left vacant by Constantine's departure for Byzantium; to be forced into a position of overlordship—through the uncertainty of the Emperor's government by lieutenants—first in Rome and then in Italy; to consolidate this power by constant accretions of Italian territory; and, finally, to acquire by spiritual conquest a universal suzerainty as real as that of the Roman Emperor. If those who inscribed the proud words round the dome of St. Peter's had known that hidden in the catacombs there were frescoes representing Peter as the new Moses striking the rock from which flow forth the saving waters of Christ—the name *Petrus* clearly written above him—even they must have thrilled with wonder and awe: the upholders of Petrine primacy could not have imagined or devised a parable of the first centuries better fitted to their hand.

The burial-places of the first Christians were their only certain property. The law allowed to every corporation its *religiosus locus*, its God's acre, and this was not confiscated even in the worst hours of the great persecutions. It was thus that the Christians, though they never lived in the catacombs, came to regard them as retreats, as places where it was safe to meet for prayer, for mutual encouragement, even for the catechising of neophytes and children. Round them were their dead, their loved ones, nay, round them were their martyrs, the men and women who were to prove that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church," whose heroic deaths had been witnessed by many; the memory of whose heroism was to prove almost as potent as ocular witness when their burial-places became the nuclei of the first Christian churches, and the abounding reverence felt for them inaugurated the Christian cult of the saints.

The catacombs lie for the most part within a three-mile radius of the wall of Aurelian. They number forty-five, and it is calculated that the passages, galleries, and chambers of which they consist cover several hundred miles, forming a vast underground city—"subterranean Rome." For the first three

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hundred years until "the Peace of the Church" this was the ordinary place of burial, certain catacombs being affiliated, from the third century, to the ecclesiastical regions in the city Even after the "Peace" Christians were sometimes buried here, until the fifth century, after which the catacombs were visited as places of pilgrimage for another four hundred years.

From the ninth century they fell into complete neglect; no one visited these sanctuaries of the sufferings, these monuments of the human affections and religious beliefs of the first Christians. Visitors heard that Rome was built upon terrible underground chasms, filled with snakes, some part of which was every now and then revealed to the terrified inhabitants. No one penetrated till the fifteenth century—the first pioneer belongs to the sixteenth—and it was not till the second half of the nineteenth that a new world was laid bare to the student by the excavations of De Rossi, who rediscovered the great cemetery of Callistus, containing the now famous "papal crypt," and whose labours have resulted in restoring to us nearly twenty catacombs.

The terrible underground chasms filled with snakes were found to be galleries of tombs, crypts of all sizes, lighted by shafts, some with seats for catechists, some adapted as miniature basilicas—decorated with frescoes recording biblical scenes, New Testament parables, and symbolical representations of New Testament events (in which the "Apocrypha" is not distinguished from the "Canon" and the history of Susanna and the Elders sustained the faith and comforted the courage of Christians by the side of the scene of Moses striking the rock and Christ feeding His disciples)—eloquent with inscriptions in the epigraphy of the first four centuries, recorded in moments of simple human emotion, intended only for the dead and those who survived them sorrowing; and lastly, covered with *graffiti*, with prayers, names, acclamations scratched on the walls of galleries leading to some favourite crypt by pilgrim visitors in later centuries.

In this hidden and quiet place of the dead there is recorded

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a revolution parallel to a volanic upheaval of nature. Here we have a permanent record of the meeting of classical Rome with Judæa and Christianity; here the graceful art of Pompeii meets the imagery of the Hebrew bible; here the Flavii met the Jews of the Dispersion; here, as in a Titanic workshop, Rome, taking its religion from the Jew, moulded the Faith which the Chosen People had discarded into the greatest religious organisation on earth—Catholic Christianity.

The two arch-cemeteries are those of Callistus on the Via Appia and Priscilla on the Salaria. They are arch-cemeteries because their origin and the part they played in the early years of Roman Christianity gave them a pre-eminent importance, and having been bestowed upon the Church by their owners they became the official catacombs of the Christian community. Each bears in its bosom the record of the first Roman converts; each is rich in frescoes and inscriptions; each bears testimony to the fact that from the beginning the Roman Christians counted among them many of patrician and senatorial rank—we meet with the names of the *Aurelii*, *Caecilii*, *Maximi Caecilii*, of *Praetextatus Caecilianus*, and *Pomponius Grecinus*, and of *Cornelius*, the first bishop to belong to a Roman *gens*, in the catacomb of Callistus; and with those of the *Prisci*, *Ulpii*, and *Acilii Glabriones* in that of Priscilla. Priscilla, with her son the Senator Pudens, is the reputed hostess of Peter on his visit to Rome, and in the catacomb which bears her name there occurs repeatedly the Apostle's name—unknown in classical nomenclature—both in its Greek and Latin forms, *Petros*, *Petrus*. It is a region of this catacomb which preserves the tradition of the *Fons sancti Petri*, "the well or font of St. Peter," "the cemetery where Peter baptized," or "where Peter first sat," still unconsciously recorded in the Roman feast of "The Chair of St. Peter" on January 18. Here, too, was buried the philosopher Justin, martyred under Aurelius in A.D. 165, who lived in the house of Pudens, and here, when Justin was describing the rite itself in his Apology to the emperors, was frescoed the earliest repre-

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sentation of the solemn moment of the breaking of bread at the Eucharist. The mystical number of the guests—seven—the fish on the table, archaic symbol of Christ, the "seven baskets-ful," in allusion to the miracle of the loaves, and the fact that the *agapê* was already dissociated from the Eucharist in the time of Justin, mark this out as a typical example of that symbolic treatment of real events which is characteristic of early Christian art. The celebrant stands at one end of the crescent-shaped table breaking the bread; five men and women sit at the table, the only other standing figure being that of a woman wearing the Jewish married woman's bonnet, filling, apparently, the office of *vidua* or woman-elder. The catacomb of Callistus—an agglomeration of separate *hypogaea*, which originated in the *crypts of Lucina* and the cemetery of those *Caecilii* who were among the earliest Roman families to embrace Christianity—is no less interesting.

The unique interest of these monuments lies in the fact that they are the incorruptible record of the sentiments, affections, and beliefs of the first Christians. In these frescoes and inscriptions no forgeries or interpolations could creep, no P^1 and P^2, no "Elohist" or "Jahvist" could confuse the issues and mystify the interpretation. The untouched story appeals to us in mute eloquence.

To what side does the testimony of the Roman catacombs lean? The critical method in history has destroyed the foundations of historical Protestantism; has it laid bare the foundations of historical Catholicism? The people who frequented the catacombs did not feel or think or believe like the men who reformed Christianity in the sixteenth century, but it is as true to say that they did not think or believe like the men of the Catholic reaction. The catacombs record a period when Christian life and Christian discipline still seemed more important than Christian dogma, when this last was not yet fixed, when it was still true that "what can be prayed is the rule of what can be believed"—*lex orandi lex credendi*; and here in the place of the dead "what could be prayed"

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became a veritable norm of what Christians were to formulate as precious dogma later.

In the first place then, the frescoes and inscriptions frequently bring before us the notions of rebirth by baptism, and of eternal life by participation in Christ through the mystical commerce of the Eucharist—the Johannine conception; new birth and new life are the keynote ideas in this place of the dead. Sacraments, conceived as material channels conveying grace, are already an integral part of the Christian consciousness; but the assumption that "the seven sacraments" are to be found in the catacombs shows as little knowledge of the history of the Church for the first twelve centuries as of the habits or belief of the Christians of the first, second, and third.

If there had ever been an age of the Church before controversy we might say that the catacombs recorded it. But there never was such an age; what can be found here, however, are the spontaneous Judaic-Gentile beliefs of Christians who learnt their faith through terrible and comforting experiences almost as much as through the first apostolic preaching or the later ministrations of those visitors between Church and Church called in the New Testament "apostles and prophets." The religion of the catacombs was partly formed in the living; it is the Faith, formulated, gauged, and tested by the faithful. Hence there is not only spontaneousness, but boldness, liberty of spirit, the absence of all fear of being misunderstood, misconstrued. They did not think as we do, and centuries were to elapse before the minimisers or the maximisers would torture what they said and did with meanings they would not bear.

Of these bold, spontaneous doctrines none is more conspicuous than that of the intercourse between all the members of Christ, "those who have gone before us with the sign of faith," and those "who wait till their change comes, till this corruptible puts on incorruption." A Christian called upon his dead to pray for him in the realms of light, he called upon God to give to his beloved a place of light and refreshment,

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he besought the confessors gone to their reward to pray for both them and him. So strong was this belief in a holy and indissoluble union between the members of the one Church and the one Body of Christ that at every celebration of the Liturgy the whole body of the faithful were understood to be present—either really or mystically; and thus the Commemoration of the Living in the mass speaks of those (present) who offer and those (absent) for whom they offer the sacrifice of praise, as all equally "standing round about." And as they offered and prayed for those who were with them in the same town, so they offered and prayed for those who were already with Christ—in *bono in Christo.* The three commemorations of the Roman Canon: the *Memento Domine . . . omnium circumstantium* of the Living, the *Communicantes et memoriam venerantes* of the Martyrs, and the *Memento . . . qui nos præcesserunt* of the Dead, may be thought of as liturgical features crystallised in the catacombs.

It is easy to see, too, how the funeral celebrations of the liturgy—given this initial idea of intercommunion and intercession among all Christians living and dead—extended the idea of eucharistic sacrifice. How easily the oblation of Christ—the Christian's one offering—became the means of intercessory prayer for all men and all occasions, and gave rise to the requiem mass, the mass for some special grace, the mass of thanksgiving, the mass in commemoration of a saint.

Bold treatment of sacred things belongs naturally to an age when the *sentiments* of the Faith, aspiration and hope, outrun dogma—before unfaithfulness in doctrine urged upon the early Church and its leaders the necessity for stricter definition, or unfaithfulness in life had made it easier to substitute a hard and fast creed for "the weightier matters of the law." The symbolism and inscriptions of the catacombs testify how freely such elements were at work there. Take as an instance the fresco representing Christ on a throne giving a book to Peter, with the legend: *Dominus legem dat* ("the Lord gives the Law.") In other examples of this subject Peter is

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replaced by some simple but faithful disciple—"The Lord gives the Law to Alexander—to Valerius." The allusion is to the "tradition of the Gospel" in baptism; it is not hierarchical.

The catacombs influenced the Roman Church in another way. There are none but martyrs' names among the liturgic commemorations of the confessors of the Faith (whom we now call "saints"): and these names loudly proclaimed in the *Canon*—in the solemn portion—of the eucharistic services which were held at their graves, not only on the day of deposition, but on many other stated days besides, were the nucleus of that long line of "*canonised*" saints which figures in the modern calendar. When, after the "Peace," churches began to cover the city, the very grave of the confessor became the nucleus of the Christian edifice—that *confession* or sunk tomb which is the central point of the Roman basilica. And as the liturgy had been celebrated on the stone slab which closed the grave, so when churches were built the altar was placed over the confessor's tomb: "I saw under the altar the souls of those that had been slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held."

Thus subterranean Rome prepared, as in the hidden working of a mine, not only many affirmations of the faith which was to assert itself in the light and replace the religion of classical Rome, but also the sanctuary of those great basilicas which were to spread over the surface of the city as soon as the Christians, in no real but nevertheless in a highly suggestive sense, "came up from the catacombs." The catacombs are the link between pagan Rome "drunk with the blood of the saints" and the Christian Rome which arose in the imperial city from the ashes of her martyrs. The pagan city on the seven hills as truly sunk into the grave with the bodies of the Roman martyrs as Christian Rome eventually took possession of the same *urbs septicollis* by carrying her dead into it.

M. A. R. Tuker.

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IRISH EDUCATION— PRIMARY AND SECONDARY

THE amount of attention given to the Irish University question in and out of Parliament in recent years has to some extent obscured the equally pressing, if not more important, question of primary and secondary education in the sister kingdom. The three departments of Irish education have in the past few years been the subject of several government inquiries, and there is a great consensus of opinion that the present unsatisfactory state of affairs cannot much longer continue, and that a settlement of the several systems on right educational lines is of pressing necessity. Recently the most pronounced expression of opinion, and one covering the whole argument, has been the statement and resolutions passed by the Roman Catholic hierarchy assembled in Maynooth, and which were read in the parish churches throughout Ireland on the first Sunday in November last. There is no united and independent lay opinion among the Roman Catholics of Ireland on educational matters, and the effect of such a pronouncement by the bishops is to carry the opinion of his Roman Catholic laity with it.

Established in 1881, and based on what is known as the "Conscience Clause," so as "to afford combined literary and moral and separate religious instruction to children of all persuasions as far as possible in the same school" the National Board system (primary) has through nearly three-quarters of a

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century worked on the whole well, and conferred essential benefits on the country. But there were inherent defects in the system which hampered its usefulness, caused it to drift into grooves, kept it too long wedded to exploded ideas and methods, and prevented it from advancing with the educational needs of the times. It is needless to dwell upon the results likely to arise from the policy of appointing an unpaid Board of Commissioners to manage the system, whose members are usually selected from the points given of social standing, public position, and creed, rather than from that of fitness as expert educationists. That the Commissioners have performed their work as well as they have by no means alters our view of the risks run in continuing the selection of members of that body by any such principle as that hitherto governing it.

Compared with Great Britain, one of the essential points of difference in the Irish system is that the schools are under the control of managers, the majority of whom, both in urban and rural districts, are the clerics of the various denominations. It is a thing much to be thankful for, that in a country like Ireland, where the religious difficulty is one always to be reckoned with in all public affairs, in connection with the primary schools it has long ceased to threaten the working of the system or interfere with its sphere of usefulness. Faults may be found with the managerial method of controlling the schools, but its general approval by the members of all creeds, and its success in exorcising the spirit of bigotry or religious intolerance immeasurably counterbalances any defects existing in it. In Ireland, too, the State bears the whole cost of primary education, and contributes about two-thirds towards the expense of building the schools; there is no contribution from local rates. The consequence is that the schools are not so well equipped, and do not reach the standard of efficiency in this respect that prevails in England. There is a general apathy among the people in all matters connected with primary education in Ireland. The management of the schools, when spoken of or thought on at all, is considered to be safe in the

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hands of the clergy. The National Board pay the teachers, aid largely in the building of schools, and the people see no reason why they should contribute to their support or further development. Hence the system drifted into a more or less rigid and inelastic form for the want of any local interest and public spirit to frame it or shape it to meet the needs of town or country districts, so that a programme existed until recently which applied equally to the linen centres of Ulster, the rural districts, and the fishing villages of the south and west coasts.

The principle of "united secular, and moral and separate religious instruction" has been largely departed from, and has led to a multiplication of small schools under the control of the various clerical managers. Criticism has been passed upon this, and also upon the want of equipment in many, and the neglected condition of some of the schools. The establishment of small schools is objectionable from an economic point of view, and should only be permitted in cases of pressing necessity; and if such necessity does not exist, the tendency towards a multiplication of small schools should be checked, and so prevent a waste of energy and public money. As to the equipment and the neglected condition of schools, it has to be remembered that a very considerable number exist in extremely poor districts, where the managers find it difficult enough to keep the building in ordinary repair and supplied with fuel during the winter months. Further than this they cannot in such places be expected to go; and until some system of local or other support is initiated such schools must remain inefficient, and the majority in Ireland to fall short of the standard reached in the wealthier sister kingdom.

The result of the Report (1898) of the Viceregal Commission on Manual and Practical Education was to cause a great quickening of the dry bones of national education, and several sweeping reforms were initiated. The payment by results system was abolished, and was soon followed by a revised programme. Liberty was granted, as far as possible, to the managers to suit the education of the children to local require-

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ments. Commendable as this last was, it was yet throwing upon the managers much too serious a responsibility. To carry this out with any prospect of success funds would be needed, and from what has already been said these are not available for any such purpose. We do not wish to cast any reflection upon the managers as a body when we say that most of them are unfitted by their life, training, and calling to initiate radical educational changes with a view to practical results. This would require not only expert knowledge of educational methods and requirements, but a power of organisation and readiness to undertake risks of failure, which, to say the least, is hardly fair to expect from the average manager of National Schools. In Ireland the typical school is marked by an absence of little museums, libraries, pictures, and illustrations of an attractive kind, flowers, and window gardens; in fact, of all those things which go to brighten the surroundings, stimulate the taste, and cultivate a love for what is beautiful in the children which they can hardly get in homes that are so often devoid of taste and comfort as the Irish children's are. Much of this the managers as a body might have accomplished, but they have not done so. To put upon them, then, the heavier responsibility and expect them to bear it will end in nothing but disappointment.

Another change initiated by the Board was an all-embracing system of science, drawing, and hand and eye training. Advisable as much of this was, it was rushed in a manner that brought many misgivings to the minds of experienced educationists on both sides of the Channel. Organisers were appointed who travelled from centre to centre; teachers were brought from remote districts to receive instruction during a short period of attendance; and even inspectors had to assemble and be introduced into the mysteries of such arts as paper-folding, brick-laying, and wire-twisting. The impossibility of giving sufficient instruction in practical science during a month's or six weeks' course, so as to be of any real educational value, is apparent on the very face

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of it. What should have been the work of a generation was attempted to be accomplished in the course of a very few years; there was not only haste but waste in the whole ambitious scheme. From what has already been said, the difficulty of equipping the schools with the necessary apparatus for teaching science and hand and eye work is also evident, since the cost was thrown upon the managers. The Board, however, are now granting considerable sums in the way of free grants for the teaching of elementary science; but a very heavy expenditure will be involved if science teaching is to be made really effective throughout the country.

The hand and eye work having been "weighed in the balance" in some centres in England and found wanting, was adopted by the Irish Board of Commissioners and spread broadcast over the land. Suited no doubt, as it is, for such centres of technical work as the metal workshops of Birmingham, it is quite unsuited for a country like Ireland, the majority of whose children are scattered over rural areas, and whose training should be that which will best fit them for agricultural pursuits. It is evident that in adopting this scheme and applying it generally throughout the school standards, the Commissioners acted without paying due regard to the experience of the trials of the system in England, or considering the special needs of Ireland itself. If education has any practical end at all, it is to fit children for life, to train their faculties so that they may make the best use of them in the world of struggle and competition they are so soon to enter. Owing to many causes Ireland has in the past half-century, or more, been lamentably drained of its population. The teaching in the National Schools hitherto has been almost entirely literary; the children were taught to read, write, and cypher —but little more. The world of Nature has been a sealed book to them; they have had nothing to fall back upon as they grew up in country and village, but to drift into migration, or follow some pursuit that offered an escape from the land. Whether a more rational system of education would

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have prevented the exodus is not the question; but there cannot be a doubt that the old system aided and abetted it. Now the peasant in Ireland is being rooted in the soil by the most generous measure of class legislation that our Parliamentary annals can show in modern times; and the education of the children in rural Ireland should in the future be that which will best fit them for domestic country life, and equip them with the knowledge which will enable them to make the most of their own and Nature's resources, and so find a successful field for their energy in the land of their fathers.

The Board of Commissioners to-day are, we believe, alive to their duty in this respect, and much good may be done if they act wisely and with circumspection. After a couple of years trial the expensive experiment of hand and eye training is now to be relegated to the third and lower standards, and whether it is to remain there or not in its present form is a question we need not speculate upon. Mr. Dale (H.M. Inspector of Schools, England) in his report on Irish primary education, says in the matter:

> What may be successfully attempted under the favourable conditions of a large English Board School may clearly prove quite valueless when transferred at the present juncture to an Irish country school hampered by irregularity of attendance and conducted by a teacher to whom even many subjects long familiar to English teachers are novelties. The simplest forms of hand and eye training, viz., drawing- and object-lessons present, naturally enough, great difficulties to him. It is, therefore, not surprising that he has failed to grapple even after a short course of training with the more ambitious forms of this instruction which in England have only been carried out successfully by a small number of exceptionally competent teachers. Nearly all the lessons in this subject, which I saw, were valueless for older children, so far as any real training of the intelligence was concerned; and this fact was, as a rule, frankly admitted by the teachers themselves, who generally characterised the work in the upper classes as "a waste of time."

This is wisely said, and yet self-evident to any experienced educationist. What astonishes us is, that it should have become necessary for such a comment to be made by an outside authority. We can hardly believe that Irish education-

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ists are so lacking in intelligence and experience as not to have known this, and to have foreseen the results of the Commissioners' heedless rush for sweeping changes.

Free of reform, the Board showed the same recklessness in other things, and, as if with a magician's wand, they determined on having every school in Ireland a little centre of science teaching. In England no branch of science is specified to be taught under the Code, and in only some five or six hundred schools is it taken up as an extra subject. But in Ireland in about two years elementary science was taught in 2628 schools, and some 2000 teachers had received instruction in the subject in 1902, and the numbers must have largely increased since then. In the training colleges the subject can be adequately taught to the students, and a fair standard of proficiency be reached in their two-years course of study. But a few weeks or months course under itinerant organisers, when the total time of instruction, we are told in the report, is about 120 hours, is surely not sufficient to qualify teachers in elementary science, if their instruction is to be of any educational value to the children under their charge. The Commissioners, in their report, can hardly be serious in quoting elaborate statistics of the number of children who received instruction in these subjects, and the number of students attending district classes for a short course of training, and expect the public to believe that this is real educational work from which good results to the country will spring, and to set the seal of their approval upon it. Any one who has studied physical science knows that a certain amount of technical knowledge, and a certain skill in manipulation, is required for teaching purposes, which can only be gained after considerable study and practice. Anything short of this is mere pretence, and can serve no really high educational purpose. Nor do we believe, on the other hand, that it is advisable to bring elementary science teaching to the door of every peasant child in Ireland, no more than it is advisable to bring the technical teaching which would prove advantageous

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to the children of such cities as Dublin or Belfast. The new programme for science teaching, embracing *four* alternative courses, is excellent in its way, but conceived on too ambitious a scale to be carried out with any degree of success. For rural schools the only course we approve of is that which practically embraces Nature Study; this we would make obligatory, and towards the successful teaching of a knowledge of Nature and her ways let the training the teachers have acquired in science also serve. We find ourselves again in agreement with Mr. Dale, who would confine practically three of the courses out of the four to the schools in the larger towns, and the study of Nature might with the best advantage be pursued in all rural schools. As this costly science teaching is being vigorously pursued in Ireland, it may be well to quote again from Mr. Dale:

> Looking to the existing conditions of Irish primary education, I cannot but think that Courses III. and IV., and the higher stages of Course I. in the syllabus, can at present be studied with profit in very few Schools. They are, for many reasons, beyond the capacity of both scholars and teachers. Even the older scholars in most Schools have not yet attained the facility in expressing themselves, whether by writing or drawing, which is necessary for that essential part of a lesson in experimental science—the recording of their observations and experiments by the children themselves. It is also undoubted that to give successful elementary instruction in such branches of science as magnetism and electricity, a teacher needs to possess considerable knowledge of the subject himself. Failing that qualification the lessons become pretentious and useless, and the main purport of them is obscured by the want of mastery over the technical terminology of the subject. . . . Nearly all the country teachers, under which head seven-eighths of the Irish teachers fall, live far from any town where they could have the advantage of the necessary lectures, appliances, and laboratories for following up their studies. They are bound, therefore, to be in the position of knowing but little more than they have to teach—a condition under which really profitable instruction can never be given.

We cannot but think that the eager pursuit of universal science teaching in schools is misdirected energy on the part of the Irish Board. If they want to see fruit for their labour in a generation let them confine themselves to a thorough

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course of Nature Study in the schools, see that every school, where possible, has a garden plot in which the cultivation of flowers at least should be a feature of the school work. No one travelling in Ireland but must be struck with with the dearth of flower plots and climbing plants in the cottage fronts, and the unsanitary condition of the surroundings of the average peasant's home—things which give rise to a sad commentary on the teaching in the National Board's schools in past generations. The Commissioners, however, are now more alive to the cultivation of better personal habits among the children, and have drawn special attention to the duty of the managers and teachers in this respect.

The long-delayed abolition of results fees gave general satisfaction throughout Ireland; but this was accompanied by a new scheme of gradation and payment of teachers which has caused much discontent and been the subject of much comment. It is unnecessary to discuss the scheme here, complicated as it is, but we wish to point out that to the unrest it has created is attributed the serious falling off in the past two years in the number of male applicants to the training colleges. It will prove a serious matter to the cause of primary education in Ireland if confidence is lost in the quality of the teaching profession. The aim of the Board should be to attract the best material to the training colleges. These institutions are all denominational except one, and with that exception have been established since 1882. They are well staffed, well equipped, and receive considerable support from voluntary sources, as the government grants are not sufficient to keep them in a state of efficiency. It is to be hoped that the policy of the Board will not contract their sphere of usefulness, nor weaken their hands in their all-important work. They deserve well of the Board, for they have been the chief means in the past twelve years of raising the percentage of trained teachers from 39·5 to 55. Ireland thus stands well compared to England, the percentage of whose trained teachers in 1901 was 87. The loyalty of the colleges and their con-

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fidence in the Board are essential to the satisfactory working of the whole scheme of primary education in Ireland, and these cannot be secured unless they receive generous treatment, with a due consideration and respect for their position to which their high educational standard entitles them.

With a view to any contemplated changes by the Government in the system of education in Ireland the Roman Catholic hierarchy are early in the field with their views on the subject. They declare at the outset of their statement "that any limitation or restriction of the control which is now exercised by managers over the National system of education would be so injurious to the religious interests of our people as to make it imperative on us to resist the introduction of such a measure, and, in case it were adopted, to reconsider our whole position in relation to these schools." They further truly say that this National system "has removed, broadly speaking, all religious strife and contention from the primary schools." What the attitude of the Protestant managers would be we cannot at the present moment rightly tell. It is more than probable that those of the Church of Ireland would also "reconsider their position in relation to these schools." Since the disestablishment of the Church of Ireland its clergy, as a body, have fallen into line with the National system of education, and placed the parish schools under the Board. This has been a great gain to the children of the disendowed schools and no change should be lightly undertaken with the probability, as the Roman Catholic hierarchy say, of "convulsing the country, and perhaps throwing education back for generations." A system which has become well rooted in the country, which gives all the facilities really needed for religious instruction to the children, and safeguards their interests at the same time, ought not to be altered in principle except on the gravest and most urgent grounds of public policy. We have often in past years heard advocated the establishment of School Boards in Ireland; but the principle has now been abandoned in England. The new British system of County Council control is on its trial; but it

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by no mean follows that should it prove successful that it would be equally fortunate in Ireland. We doubt if there are many people of experience, whose opinion is worth having, in that country who would be willing to hand over with any degree of confidence the destinies of primary or secondary education to the new local boards. The Roman Catholic hierarchy have spoken, and there has been little hitherto in the action of the new local bodies to inspire Protestants with confidence in their capacity or magnanimity for carrying on the great work of general education without friction, or with any degree of success. One education war, such as that now waging in Wales, is sufficient for a generation, if not for a century; we do not want to see it repeated, and probably on a fiercer scale, in Ireland. But there is no reason why local interest should not be aroused, and local help given to primary schools in Ireland. The committees already working in connection with the Agricultural and Technical Department could combine for mutual help and advice with sub-committees of managers' associations, which should be formed in every diocese at least, and some of which already exist. Supported by both the Education Boards in Dublin, we believe that local impetus would be given to primary education in Ireland so sorely needed, and that the schools would develop on those broad educational lines laid down by the National Board Commissioners with far-reaching and important results. The Board might well be strengthened by, say, four members of The Technical and Agricultural Council representing the four provinces nominated by that body on the County Councils, and approved of by the Government. We should gladly see an extension of the principle of expert members by the appointment of one or two more of its ex-officials, who by their long service would bring ripe judgment and experience to the administrative work of the Board.

Down to 1878 the Roman Catholic secondary schools in Ireland had received no monetary support from the State. In that year the Irish Intermediate Education Act came into

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force, open to all denominations, and it was at once taken advantage of by that body. The income of the Board was drawn from a capital of £1,000,000 taken from the Irish Church Surplus Fund. This yielded some £30,000, and since 1891 the available funds of the Board have been largely augmented by the share to Ireland of the Local Taxation Duties amounting to about £56,000 a year. With an administrative revenue of over £86,000, the cause of Irish secondary education should be well served by the Board; and, confined as they have been by the stringent terms of the Act of Parliament, the funds have been allocated with the utmost fairness and impartiality. The grants to schools have been awarded in the form of results fees after an elaborate and searching general examination, covering a wide course of study, in about 250 centres throughout Ireland. A large number of exhibitions and prizes have also been given to the most successful students in open competition in the various grades.

The net results of the work of the Board since its establishment may be briefly stated. It created a high standard of education, which all intermediate schools tried to attain; it gave a uniform curriculum with a varied choice of subjects, which the schools accepted; and it established, from the point of view of mere examination, an excellent system, which was not only unimpeachable, but which was never seriously challenged. In a country like Ireland such a record bears high testimony to the manner in which the operations of the Board and their staff have been conducted. It aided, too, the Roman Catholic schools and colleges, which, from the first, well held their own in the honours and prize tests with the Protestant endowed schools of much longer foundation. The former have the advantage of being controlled by members of the various Orders of priesthood and sisterhood; hence, they can be more economically worked than the Protestant schools, and more of the results fees are available for educational machinery, the improvement and development of the schools, or the reduction of school fees. Practically all the Roman Catholic boys' schools

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in Ireland are under clerical management, and, as far as we are aware, every Roman Catholic girls' school which enters for the intermediate examination is under the control of nuns. That advantage has been taken of the funds available for educational purposes is evident in some of the larger establishments, which we ourselves have seen, which for general equipment and arrangement can compare favourably with the best schools and colleges in the United Kingdom.

After twenty years work the faults of the system, recognised from the first by many, were so generally admitted that the Earl of Cadagon, then Lord-Lieutenant, granted, at the request of the Board itself, a warrant appointing them as a Commission to inquire into the general working of the system, and report as to the results. The one central idea, the essence of the system, dominating everything else in its working, is the great summer examination. On this the whole school work of the year turns. All the energy of teachers and pupils is concentrated in scoring successes at this examination in order to earn result fees and win rewards; and until the Board a few years since ceased to publish full lists of passes, honours, and prizes, the press columns afforded an unseemly scramble for prominence among the schools, and the advertisement pages paraded their distinctions in a manner worthy of the commonest commercial enterprise. The rivalry and jealousy this aroused has been more or less demoralising; such feelings poison the springs of true generous educational effort; and although this publicity has not been quite suppressed it has received a check by the wise action of the Board. Condemned and abandoned as the results system has been in the primary schools throughout the British Isles, it still maintains its position under the Irish Intermediate Education Board. It is idle at this hour of the day to criticise it adversely or defend it; the sense of educative public opinion has expressed itself in the general approval of its abandonment in the primary school system. But there are very special reasons why it has been adhered to in the Irish secondary schools. The Board

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hitherto have been unable to introduce any general scheme of inspection, and in its absence there is no other equitable means of awarding State grants to schools of rival denominations. Without examination, therefore, any other reward, such as payment *per capita*, would be open to the gravest objections. A few years ago an attempt was made to distribute the fees as a "school grant," even with the examination, but the scheme apparently did not work; it produced grave anomalies, and within one year the Board reverted to the payment of results fees on each individual student who passed the examination, although the award is still called a "school grant." This was inevitable in the absence of any system of inspection, and a full consideration of the whole question forces us to the conclusion that the Board have no option but to adhere to the award on the results system, rightly condemned as that system is.

The result fee on each individual student may amount on the average to about £6 in the preparatory grade; in the junior grade to nearly £8; in the middle grade to about £18; and in the senior grade to the large sum of nearly £27. The total amount paid to 268 schools, according to the report of 1902, amounted to £57,518 4*s.* 5*d.*; the largest sum awarded to any one school being £1941 17*s.*, this to one of the Christian Brothers' schools in Dublin. We have taken some trouble to try and analyse the returns of awards paid to schools, and we find that the Christian Brothers received in one year over £13,400; the remaining Roman Catholic schools and colleges over £16,000; all the Protestant schools and colleges together about £11,600; the Roman Catholic girls' schools about £7800, and the Protestant girls' schools and colleges over £7200. We see then that as far as the Roman Catholic establishments are concerned they receive a large pecuniary State aid, and as far as an examination test can go, an aid they are deservedly entitled to. The temptation, however, on the part of the teachers to force boys and girls to become grant earners in this ingenious system of so many pounds and shillings

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per subject is immense, and open to the gravest objections. The commercial element is seen in the manner in which it is said some of the larger schools prospect for clever and distinguished pupils so as to make capital out of their future successes. The pupils are tempted by the valuable exhibitions and prizes into an unhealthy rivalry. Opportunities are offered to parents to speculate in a sense on their children's chance of obtaining an exhibition in determining their period of school life. A mercenary element has been thus introduced into the whole system of secondary education in a country, above all others, from which it has been singularly free. The exhibitions range from £50 in the first division of the senior grade down to £10 in the third division of the junior; the total number of exhibitions won in 1902 was 245, and the amount expended in all rewards to pupils was £13,328. We see what a gigantic system of competition the whole thing is, how unwholesome it is, how mercenary, and how calculated to cultivate sordid ideals among the young in everything connected with mental effort. We admit at once, as we have already said, the impetus the system gave to secondary education in Ireland; but it is time a radical change was made, and that the efforts of the Board were turned not so much to test the amount of knowledge acquired, as to how it was acquired; to improve teaching methods, to institute some means of training teachers, and to help those that are endeavouring to put the teaching profession in Ireland on something like a proper basis.

One result of the present system is the change it caused in the attitude of the Christian Brothers, a well-known and esteemed branch in Ireland of the famous teaching Order. Before the passing of the Intermediate Education Act they were practically devoted to primary education, in which they achieved much distinction. Receiving then no State aid, they availed themselves of the opportunity the Act afforded and entered their pupils for the examinations. Their success has been great, and from the figures given in the yearly report of the Board it may be seen that they take about one-third of

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the money grants to boys' schools. To earn this many hundred boys have been forced year by year from an education that would fit them for commercial and industrial pursuits into a grammar school course of study, which under other circumstances they never would have received, being quite unsuited to the occupation they intended to pursue. Ceasing to attend school at the junior grade year, as the majority of the pupils do, the knowledge of the languages they have acquired is quickly lost and the time spent on the acquisition more or less wasted. The Board have now, however, modified the rules and regulations and the subjects are grouped into four courses—classical, mathematical, modern languages, and experimental science, so that the grounds of objection against the system from this point of view no longer exist, however it may work out in practice with the Christian Brothers' schools. The results fees go largely in the reduction of school term payments, so much so that in the case of some at least of the Christian Brothers' schools they have almost reached vanishing-point, the ordinary fees in the largest Dublin schools being, we understand, 3*d.* to 6*d.* per week. The term "intermediate" or "secondary" must bear an elastic interpretation if it include schools run upon such fees as these.

The annual examination has proved a heavy burden on the resources of the Board; in 1902 the cost amounted to £11,715. In other words, this expenditure was involved in order to distribute in results fees to schools and rewards to pupils a sum of £70,841. We cannot think this is good economy nor that the best interests of education are served by it. Not considering the expenses of the staff, whose whole time is taken up in administering this system of examination, and whose labours must be arduous in doing it, it otherwise cost £1 in order to distribute £6. We doubt if there are many public departments in the kingdom which could show a similar result.

The failure of the Intermediate Education Act to meet the needs of the country and merit approval by its results lay

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first in the fact that it tied the hands of the Board down to a system of pure examination, from which they could not free themselves; and secondly, in the constitution of the Board itself. Selected on the same principle as that which governs the National Board, it has never been an educational body in the strict sense of the word. It cannot be said that ever since the inception of the intermediate education scheme that they ever originated any change in accordance with modern educational movements, ever tried to improve the teaching profession, or tested the quality rather than the quantity of the teaching in the schools. Nay, further, though the Board received and published the reports of examiners in the various subjects, they have never to our knowledge utilised those in a general memorandum addressed to teachers from time to time drawing attention to defects arising from insistance upon mere knowledge for examination purposes, to defects arising from bad methods of teaching, and emphasising the higher aims and ideals of the teachers in their work, which are only too likely to be forgotten in the pressure of preparing for the yearly test. This may not be considered an official duty, but it has been thought so elsewhere, and what the National Board have done in this way is excellent and worthy of praise. But everything has been allowed to sink into a dull official grind in the rut of mere examination and nothing more.

Though the Board had been examining for so many years in experimental science and drawing, they lately handed over these subjects to the Agricultural and Technical Department, a newly established body, untried and inexperienced, and with no specially appointed staff at the time to undertake the duties. They have, however, been actively pursuing the work; they see that there is proper equipment for science teaching in the schools, and that the teaching is adequate; but there seems a tendency that science may unduly intrude on the average Irish school programme. The Board have also permitted the same department to become the repre-

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sentative of the Council for the registration of teachers, whereas they were the properly constituted body to act from their long and intimate connection with the schools and colleges throughout the country. These matters do not increase the dignity of the Board as an educational authority, nor are they calculated to increase the confidence of the scholastic profession in their ability to keep pace with the general educational movement of the times. The Board themselves, as we have seen, by their own request for a Commission of Inquiry, have long been alive to the necessity of reform, and have repeatedly urged upon the Executive to enlarge their powers with a view to the improvement of the system. They have pleaded urgently for a scheme of inspection, and permission was granted for the appointment of a small temporary staff, who worked for some two years. As their report on the school has been kept confidential, we cannot judge of its value or the character of the work done. The appointment of a thoroughly experienced and qualified staff of permanent inspectors should be no longer withheld, considering, too, that this is the unanimous wish of the Board. But something more is needed than adequate inspection; the whole system of awarding results' fees, exhibitions and prizes by public examination should be abolished as the sole means of making these awards. The inspection of the schools should be thorough, not only to test the pupils' knowledge but the quality of the teaching as well. There is plenty of work to be done in seeing that the schools are suitable for the purpose of teaching and that they are properly equipped. Too many schools exist which were never intended to be so used, and even many that were are not up to the standard of modern requirements in the matter—air, light, seating accommodation—and would not satisfy a specialist in school hygiene. Hitherto of all the vast sums that have been granted to the schools there have been no conditions laid down that a single penny should be spent on school equipment, a fact quite Gilbertian, and not the only one to be found in Irish educa-

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tional matters. The awards to the schools should be based on the maintenance of a proper standard of efficiency, the character of the teaching, and the satisfactory nature of the school buildings and their general equipment; in fact, in all those matters which affect the comfort and health of the pupils. The present scheme of exhibitions should be abandoned, and a number of free scholarships instituted which should go solely and entirely to the payment of school fees. Fifty to twenty pounds exhibitions are much too large, especially since it cannot possibly be assured that the money always goes for continuing the education of the successful pupils. A certain number of leaving exhibitions might be retained for students proceeding to the universities, as it is here that some monetary help would prove of most advantage.

The Intermediate Education Board cannot make any grants to primary schools; but there is nothing to prevent the pupils of such entering for the examinations. It is very necessary that some arrangement should be made between the primary and secondary school boards, by which the very best pupils in the National schools, selected by examination on the recommendation of the inspectors, should be advanced to and educated in the secondary schools by means of free scholarships. The gulf separating the two systems is far too wide, it must be narrowed and bridged in the work of co-ordination, of which the foundations have got to be laid.

Irish educational affairs are represented in Parliament by the Chief Secretary, and anxious as Mr. Wyndham is known to be to institute reform, political affairs of greater public interest, though not necessarily of greater importance, claim his attention and that of the House for consideration. Ireland has now three public boards dealing with education; the amalgamation of these under a central authority, on the grounds of economy and the necessity for co-ordination, is advocated by some. The Roman Catholic hierarchy in their address repudiate a State department for the present systems; and although much may be said in favour of it we hardly think

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the time is ripe for any such sweeping reform. But we do think that Irish educational needs require the attention of a special parliamentary secretary, who should be responsible to the House and to the country for maintaining the whole educational machine in a fit working order, and who would take in hand the work of reform from within, by which all that now presses for amendment can be accomplished without violence to existing institutions, and with the approval of all reasonable men. Of the improvements to the country by wise educational reform we have not a doubt. Ireland is poor, and her resources are undeveloped; of that there can be no question. Her tax-paying power is low, and surely it is sound policy to make her richer, to develop her resources, and so increase her tax-paying power. Taking it on the lowest grounds of self-interest such a policy will pay. From this point of view we cannot understand why the equivalent grant was ever withheld. It is probable that, judging by the past few years, much of it might have been wasted; but surely it does not pass the wit of man to reform the existing machinery of primary and secondary education, so that better results may be had from the great expenditure of money under the present boards. The equivalent grant would meet all the additional funds now required to improve the primary schools and the position of the teachers under both systems, without which Irish education will remain at best a semi-paralysed thing depending on crutches.

"IRISHMAN."

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THE MAJOR COMPLAINS

WE are all sharers in the task of Hamlet. The world persists in getting out of joint: the majority of us as regularly persist in wishing to set it right again. Every evening, at dinner, the reforming task is commenced. The criticism which then begins goes on until it has ended—generally in smoke; which is, perhaps, the true reason why Mr. Frederic Harrison recently animadverted so furiously against the burning of the weed.

Criticism has been defined—though Dr. Murray may not be aware of it—as the higher grumbling. Looking through club-windows at the crowded street, watching the self-satisfied younger ones—who know not the world as we have known it—hurrying by; how much excuse can be found for that superior kind of criticism! The War Office is by no means the only dustbin for loaded words. We are justified in making a cockshy of the cocksure.

Illusions, like pearl-buttons, are going, if not gone. They have been drifting away during the best part of a century. Science has been too candid about ourselves. The power the giftie *has* given us; not so much to see ourselves as others see us, as to see ourselves as the X-rays see us—as the angels may be supposed to see us; and the consequence does not flatter. We have to get our portrait painted, to describe ourselves to our friends, to look repeatedly in the least unkind looking-glass, to recreate our proper self-conceit. How very far have

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habits of thought and fashion travelled since the spacious times of George IV.! Comparisons are, indeed, apt to be odious. Imagine a lay lord of these days inventing a uniform to wear in foreign countries, as Byron did. We are content to impress the natives with knickerbockers in tweed. Picture a Benjamin Disraeli of to-day leaning against a mantelpiece, uttering epigrams, quoting the *Revolutionary Epick*, babbling of isms and ites, while with jewelled nervous fingers he jingles multitudinous golden chains, hanging resplendent over a flamboyant waistcoat. You cannot picture it. The possibility has drifted beyond dreams. We are victims to the drab, flat truth. Posing is a lost art. The genuine poseur is as dead as Beau Nash. The utilitarians have already secured a dreadful triumph. Comfort is becoming a fetish. A Shakespearean student named Bernard Shaw not long ago called starch "white mud." That is going too far. It is very like sacrilege. We must rally round the white shirt-front. If we don't there are other things besides colonies which may drift away from us. How much has gone since our soldiers in the Peninsula cut off their pig-tails! The smock has gone; the stock has gone; where are the whiskers of the sixties? The Bishop of Carlisle recently criticised his hat, comparing it unfavourably to that which an Archdeacon wears. When a man—and a bishop of all men—speaks disrespectfully of his headgear, there is something rotten in the state of Bond Street. A silk hat is the most sacred, righteous, respectable, unnecessary of conventions. It is the symbol and badge of rank. Abolish it, and where is human dignity? Samuel Clemens recently talked Twainishly about man in, and out of, his clothes. Diogenes Teufelsdröckh did the same thing, a great deal better, seventy years ago. What those sages have said is, of course, as true as truth. The clothes are five-sixths—nay, fifteen-sixteenths—of the man. Take them away, and where is the majesty of the shivering white thing? There is only one person—a royal person—the monarch of all he surveys—who could doff his clothes and still bear a confident shining

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presence. But then he has the divinity that doth hedge a king, and probably will say so some day with a peroration of Hochs. Leaving royalty, however, to come again to the world of ordinary clay, what a falling off would be there! Take away the monocle, and where would Tariff Reform be?

The spirit of disillusion is on the prowl everywhere, and nowhere more mischievously working than in our favourite forms of recreation. I refer not to sports and pastimes, although decadence is amongst them also. Cricket is rapidly becoming a science instead of a game, affording ample occupation for the statistician. A modern batsman is an automatic run-getter, who needs ten minutes' interval for tea. Football, too. Where are its olden joys and glories? It has become a colossal speculation, a comparative triumph of organised finance. People pay to be packed uncomfortably together while watching hired performers work at the game. Sometimes the referee, who must always have a thick skin, needs the feet of a fast runner. There is a kind of popularity whose manifestation is brickbats. As for racing—buzz! The motor-car—a dreadful machine, the motive-power of which is somehow connected with a smell—rushes by. The hoot of its horn is the knell of the sport of kings. Some one lamented the other day that it was impossible to bet on automobiles. They are too certain. How pathetic is that plaint! Golf—but that's a pastime beyond grumbles. Every one of worth plays it. It therefore can hardly be called a game. It is, rather, a good habit; its practice should be numbered with the cardinal virtues. Bridge has captured our women-folk. Our daughters are becoming—very becoming—experts at it. Soon it will invade the nurseries. Then we—the aged ones who remember an earlier day—will have to revive ping-pong, or return to peg-tops and the mysteries of "alley-tors" and "commoneys."

Pastimes, however, are not the solid man's real forms of recreation. Those are three: the drama, literature, and politics. Every one of these tried and honoured ways of mental refreshment is touched with the dead hand of deca-

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dence. Their ancient glories are dim. Where once there were giants, now there are pigmies—the consequences of a go-as-you-please, indifferent day.

To take the theatre first. What are its main characteristics now? Banality and clothes. Occasionally, it is true, a playwright deals with man, woman, and life; but when he does so the aspect of the eternal question treated is nearly always that which we avoid in our newspapers; or, if we find it in books, we take care to burn the volumes or remove them to the dusty obscurity of the tip-top shelf. Modernity sneers at the affectation of the older plays—the copy-book speeches of the hero, the gushing sentiments of the ringletted heroine. Let modernity sneer; but better would it be to have the affectation and cleanness of *Black-Eyed Susan*, or the plays of Tom Robertson, than the neurotic studies and dirty stuff which so many people to-day struggle to see. Artificiality is a hundred thousand times more acceptable than animalism—if one or other must be the alternative. Then, "musical comedy"—was there ever such rubbish? The stage is turned into a milliner's shop, with a chorus who might be milliners' assistants for all the acting they can do, going through a series of idiotic antics and clockwork movements, to the accompaniment of some bald American melody. There is no ingenuity, no prettiness, no wit. For two years one of these overdressed exhibitions is expected to last, the comedian's jokes remain unchanged or unimproved from beginning to end of the run; and even then are too frequently served up afresh in the old "play's" imitation and successor. Pantomime—alas for pantomime! 'Tis as dead as Joey Grimaldi. If that king of clowns could come from his quiet grave by clattering Pentonville to revisit the glimpses of the limelight, as spectator of the modern pantomime, what a tragedy he would witness! Gorgeousness and the music-hall rule where once was simple refreshing fun. Cinderella has a cockney accent, her sisters talk about "spoof" and "the bookies," the intervals between the ballets are noisily occupied by "knock-abouts." Years

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ago we went to see a nursery-tale retold with honest fun and a few really comic songs, "Hot Coddles," for instance. We went to spend a sympathetic three hours with the Babes in the Wood, and were prepared to be melted by their pretty troubles, knowing full well that the fairy-queen was going to help them, perhaps even then was waiting in the wings to relieve them and foil the malice of the demon-king. Nowadays, the Babes when left in the forest talk Londonese, sing a coon-song, and indulge in high kicking. As for the harlequinade—the clown might as well make firewood of his red-hot poker. That ancient game is done. We have, however, something to be grateful for. The syndicates who rule so much of the theatrical roast—in the provinces at all events—make some effort to relieve tediousness while we wait. Where once was a plain or pictured curtain is now a screen for a series of advertisements of whiskies, boots and bicycles. The programmes, too, which we are privileged to purchase, supply us with useful information about firms of all kinds and standing—from Piccadilly to Flushing. In all this decadence and disappointment there is one real hope for the British Drama. His name is Barrie.

Books, as recreations, are little better than the modern stage. I confess, I sigh for the days of the old three-decker. Then the production of a novel was a costly business, and a publisher looked thrice at a manuscript before he printed it. The result was a work which the mind could bite. Authors took their craft seriously, put soul into the work. They had their reward—partly in golden guineas; but more in what the heart most cherishes—fame, appreciation, and remembrance. Their names and their works live, and will live—despite the prose-deluge which hasty writers of slovenly style pour down upon us, threatening with smotheration all that has gone before. Why are we oppressed with so many poor books? Is it because the fountain-pen and the typewriter have made word-production so easy; or is it because of a lowering of ideals—the putting of the financial reward beyond the maker's

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joy of soul? It was said the other day by one who ought to know, that the first thing a modern novelist asks is not: "Is the work worthy?" but: "How much shall I get on account of royalties?" Penny-a-linism and payment by words! Heigho! The trade of letters is indeed a trade. And there are those who say the literary agent has no use!

There is one person who might raise an effective protest against the bargaining spirit in the world of literature, if he would. I refer to the Poet Laureate! He is the national representative of the Muses, the official voice of Apollo. Why is he so silent? Never was there a time when the inspiring cry of the poet from the heights was more needed. Yet the strings of our Laureate's lyre remain untouched. Can he be silent because his previous songs roused the howls of the envious? Let them howl! Some day the majesty of his verse will be realised and his message understood. Meanwhile, the deluge of barren books—books which the authors themselves must forget within a few weeks—continues to fall on our protesting heads. I sigh for the days of the old three-decker, when the Laureate had a voice.

The world of politics—another wilderness! Oh, for the statesmen of yester-year! Never has illusion deserted any sphere of human influence and activity as it has the High Courts of Parliament. Where are the orators, the men of ideals, they who brought genius to the management of affairs? Gone with the rotten boroughs; frightened away by the foreshadow of the Caucus. The modern member is an ambulatory vote. To see him at his greatest you must go upon the Terrace at the time of tea! Tea! Shade of Pam! As for oratory, the worst possible punishment for a modern member would be a series of the speeches which his fathers and grandfathers loved to listen to. Nowadays, what pleases him best is a little tickling chaff, to which he can say, "Yah, yah!" or "'Vide," before drifting off to the smoking-room. The old three-hour stretches of oratory, with the apposite Latin quotations which then besprinkled them, would be to the present-

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day M.P. a purgatory of intolerable boredom, interspersed with Dutch. This is the day of the lounger playing with the jumping-cat. Give me the past, with all its ponderousness and personal discomfort—those were, at least, the defects of the qualities of stability, determination, self-respect and seriousness.

But no more growling.

B. B. B.

Google

IMMORTALITY

I THAT had life ere I was born
Into this world of dark and light,
Waking as one who wakes at morn
From dreams of night:

I am as old as heaven and earth;
But sleep is death without decay,
And since each morn renews my birth
I am no older than the day.

Old though my outward form appears,
Though it at last outworn shall lie,
This that is servile to the years,
This is not I.

I, who outwear the form I take,
When I put off this garb of flesh,
Still in immortal youth shall wake
And somewhere clothe my life afresh.

A. St. John Adcock.

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ON THE LINE

THE personality of Robert E. Lee is a fine and interesting one; and his son's **Recollections and Letters of General Robert E. Lee** (Archibald Constable. 1904) affords us a greater insight into his private life than we had before. The book is exactly what a biography should be. For the author—who bears the most honoured name in the Southern States, that of his father—has on all possible occasions effaced himself in favour of the hero; and has told his story in the most engaging way. The great Confederate leader must take a high place amongst the eminent commanders of history, when one considers the enormous difficulties he had to overcome, and the success he achieved; and the present work shows that his private character was as fine as his public one. Before the war began, he was in the regular army; and was generally considered to be one of the most able and distinguished officers in that force. He was a great student of war; and, what all such individuals are not, he was pre-eminently a leader of men. He had been superintendent of the Military Academy at West Point, where he achieved a notable success; and, had he remained in the regular service and fought on the side of the North, he would undoubtedly have risen to the chief command. Hence the part which he ultimately took was clearly against his own material interests; and, at any rate, this shows how disinterested throughout his conduct was. Three days after the secession of Virginia, his

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own State, he resigned with much anguish his commission in the Army, with the intention of never again drawing his sword, save in defence of his own State. The necessity for this, however, soon arose. So when he was shortly afterwards offered the command of the Virginian forces in the now inevitable struggle, he at once accepted. As is well known, the regular military machinery remained in the hands of the North; whilst on the Confederate side everything had to be created. Into this arduous task Lee at once threw himself with enthusiasm. Though the regulars were at the beck and call of the North, they really formed a small proportion of the enormous armies placed in the field. Still the nucleus and machinery where there; and this gave them an enormous advantage. On the other hand the Southerners, being mainly agriculturists, were much more easily adaptable to soldiering. But the task of making them so was nevertheless stupendous.

The success of Lee's work is apparent by its results. The South hardly ever failed in a pitched battle; although, during the war, the North put into the field three times as many men. But this inferiority of numbers was bound to tell in the end. To start with, losses affected the Federals much less than the Confederates, seeing the preponderance of one population over the other; whilst, moreover, the North was not dependent on the country for all the sinews of war and the necessaries of life. With the Navy on its side, the North was infinitely better placed in this respect. The truth is, the more the Southerners prevailed against one portion of their enemies, the more likely they were, in following up their successes, to be enveloped by the remainder. It is certain that at one time success seemed within the reach of the South; and had it not been for some adverse and unforeseen circumstances, such as the death of Stonewall Jackson, they might in the end have proved successful. But in the issue, Lee was unquestionably right in surrendering when he did, although it is true that resistance might have been prolonged a little while longer. All the same, the situation was clearly hopeless.

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With the restoration of peace came the bitterest trial for the South. In breeding, education and refinement they were infinitely superior to the North. But now the vanquished were put to every possible indignity. Northerners, and generally of a very low class, were sent to fill all governmental and administrative posts; and even coloured judges were appointed. Lee, like most other Southerners, was ruined by the war; and was in consequence offered numerous posts, all of which he refused except one—the presidency of the Washington College at Lexington, in Virginia. After the war this institution was in a deplorable state. Funds, pupils, buildings, library and everything else were at a very low ebb; and the salary of the president was consequently infinitesimal. At first he was inclined to refuse this offer; but not, as might be supposed, because the post was not sufficiently lucrative. It was simply because he doubted his ability to perform that work satisfactorily. At length, however, he accepted; and from thenceforth till the day of his death he devoted all his energies to the welfare of the college. It became his main object in life. He had led the South in battles innumerable, and seen many of its young men die in the field. To what better object then, he contended, could he devote his remaining years than to train the young men of his State to do their duty.

The Works of Charles and Mary Lamb (7 vols. Methuen). For few men of letters is there felt a stronger affection than for Charles Lamb. The feeling is partly founded on the established tradition, accepted by many who only knew him by name, that he was an exceptionally lovable person. The tragedy of his private life arouses pity; his tender guardianship of his sister invests his figure with romantic interest. But the affection is also due to the abundant material which we possess for an intimate knowledge of his habits and character. He is something more than a mere acquaintance. His own essays and verses abound in personal touches, and

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the blanks in his self-revelation are filled by his voluminous correspondence. Many of his enthusiastic friends were literary artists, who have painted his portrait in every variety of attitude. We know his eccentricities, and pardon his failing; we are spectators of his petulant outbursts; we hear him stammering out his jests, his puns, his repartees, his wise and deep and witty sayings.

As a critic Lamb did inestimable service. He was a pioneer who may almost be said to have discovered the Elizabethan dramatists. But in other respects we hold a view which may possibly be denounced as pestilent heresy. We think that every week there are now produced essays which, in literary merit, rival all but the very best of Elia, though they possess neither the mellow charm which belongs to musings on bygone men and manners, nor the autobiographical attraction which is as fascinating in a favourite as it is repellent in a stranger.

Whether Lamb owes his fame to his own transcendent merit, or to his share in a movement which developed into a literary revolution, is for our present purpose an idle question. He is an established classic of English literature, and deserves to be edited with the enthusiasm and learning of his most recent editor, Mr. E. V. Lucas.

It is with the new edition that we are chiefly concerned, and we have nothing but praise to bestow upon the editor's work. It contains a considerable number of Lamb's essays and verses which have not been previously identified or collected. The "Dramatic Selections" and Garrick Extracts (vol. ii.) form a new and important feature. The two volumes of letters, though, owing to difficulties of copyright and the reluctance of private owners to permit copies to be printed, the collection is still admittedly incomplete, include eighty new letters, as well as the correspondence of Mary Lamb. The notes, which are for the most part relegated to the end of each volume so as to leave the text free, are remarkably complete, and few literary allusions have escaped

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Mr. Lucas's industry. In the notes also will be found reproductions of many of the woodcuts which illustrated the original editions. Of the eight well-known portraits of Lamb, seven are given as frontispieces. The etching on copper by Brook Pulham is, we suppose, reserved for the forthcoming life.

The edition is, in fact, a notable one, and the care and skill which have been lavished upon it justify the hope that Mr. Lucas's "Life of Charles Lamb" will be, what the edition already is, the standard work.

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BEAUJEU

CHAPTER XVI

THE SYMPATHY OF M. DE BEAUJEU

M. DE BEAUJEU, breathing a little hard, came past the agitated maids and found the incomparable Charlbury all trembling.

M. de Beaujeu appeared vastly concerned. "Hélas, mademoiselle, I fear I am come at an ill moment," says he. "You are distressed?"

"You—you are welcome, monsieur," Rose stammered, and the blood came surging to her cheeks. She moved unsteadily, and Beaujeu sprang forward and took her hand and led her to a chair.

M. de Beaujeu was now smiling. "Your pardon—but I cannot but see there has been some trouble. Believe me, mademoiselle, I am grieved."

"I thank you, monsieur, I thank you," said Rose, and her trembling hand clung to his, she looked up into his eyes.

Beaujeu drew himself up, a figure most heroical in the sunlight. "*Mordieu*, but has one done wrong to you, mademoiselle?" he cried. "Ah, impossible!"

"No. No. It made an end," Rose murmured to herself.

"If you are content all is well," said Beaujeu, and the sneer in his tone made her start, made her gaze at him wide-eyed Suddenly her eyes grew brighter. For M. de Beaujeu stood

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tall in the sunlight, and the white hawk face was clear revealed, and his eyes glittered pale blue. He smiled down upon her, enjoying vastly his hour. "But surely I heard something of offence?'" he asked blandly.

There was silence a moment while she gazed intent. Then, "What was it? What did you hear? Tell me!" Her cheeks were white now, her breath came short and quick, her eyes were glowing like dark gold. "Tell me! Say it!" she cried.

"*Bien*, you have asked for it." Beaujeu smiled. "What was the title now? Ah, Delila. Thus, dramatically——" he made her a bow and gave the hero's bitter laugh, and cried: "'Delila, good-night!'" Monsieur's noble shoulders then shook with inward mirth.

A little gasping sob broke from her: her hands clenched in her lap: but her dark eyes' gaze was steady and, "Yes, I know that tone," she said, in a low voice. "It is familiar, sir. Six years' past I heard it from—from another Mr. Dane." Beaujeu had leant his arm on the mantel, and so brought his face into the shadow. "Ah, need you hide now?" cried Rose scornfully.

Beaujeu stood up stiffly in the sunlight. "Mademoiselle," says he, in his French accent, "I could not guess that you wished to admire me. You flatter me pleasantly. But it appears then you have ill fortune in your friendships?"

The wide intent eyes did not falter at his sneer. "Ay: and I have had trusting friends," said Rose quietly.

"How? Do they all doubt you? Ah, infidels."

"I think you should know—Monsieur—de Beaujeu."

"Who, I? Nay, mademoiselle. But why was your first Mr. Dane thus discourteous?"

"Let Mr. Dane answer!" cried Rose, flushing.

M. de Beaujeu made a jest. "How?" he cried. "Your incomparable charity has been rejoicing two at once?" He affected to look in search of another gentleman. His pale eyes were sparkling. "But no! Impossible? Certainly this other would be ashamed to be in your presence again." Monsieur's thin lips curled.

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Rose gazed at him a moment. Then, "Do you think still that I betrayed you?" she said, in a low voice. "Indeed——"

M. de Beaujeu flung up a white, protesting hand, and broke in. "To me, why protest! I know you altogether, mademoiselle—incomparable that you are! *Mordieu*, but these Danes, how suspicious a race. It is beyond all pardon. Forget them, mademoiselle."

"You bid me?" Rose murmured very low. "You bid me then?"

M. de Beaujeu made an airy gesture. "Ah, no! Bid! It is not in my power, my right. I advise it, that is all. *Enfin* beyond doubt they will come to an evil end, these slanderers. By example, where is the first Mr. Dane?" he asked blandly.

"You——" cried Rose, in a flash of scorn. Then her voice broke in a sob. "Ah, God, if you knew how I've longed!" she gasped and hid her face in her hands.

Above her spoke Beaujeu's hard sneering voice. "In effect you appear to desire the gentleman;" and the girl trembled. "Believe me it is more than he merits. Pray what befell the unworthy? Is he dead?"

There were tears on the pale cheeks, the dark eyes were darker yet when she looked up at last. "You can tell me," she murmured. "Is Mr. Dane dead?" The misty eyes cried to his pale, cold and glittering. There came the sound of a coach drawing up in the lane.

Beaujeu took up his hat. "Certainly, mademoiselle," says he with a smile, "certainly he is dead——"

"My lord Sherborne, ma'am," the maid declared.

"Yes, Mr. Dane is dead long ago," said Beaujeu. And dying had wished you"— he signed to the open door—"this worthy glorious fate."

Dark came the blood to her face, then fled away, and Beaujeu triumphant laughed at her.

Passing my lord Sherborne in the doorway, "Your obliged servant, my lord," said Beaujeu, chuckling, and was gone.

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CHAPTER XVII

MY LORD SHERBORNE SLAMS A DOOR.

My lord Sherborne came in, and Rose gazed at him a moment, then started up with eyes ablaze in her pale face. "You?" she gasped.

My lord Sherborne came smiling to this martial beauty and took her hand. She snatched it away. "Why—child—" says my lord in pure amazement.

"You dare?" she cried, flushing.

"Faith, I could dare more," says my lord, drawing nearer.

"I wish no jests from you," she cried, and the ring of her voice stayed him. My lord began to doubt whether he had well chosen his hour. Sure 'twas a virago he had never seen that stood tall above him with heaving bosom and wide nostrils and flashing eyes. "I wish not to hear your voice again ever," cried the girl fiercely. M. de Beaujeu's wit, and the pain and the shame of it, had stung her to madness—and behold here was another fine gentleman come a-jesting. "You have done what any gentleman would shame to do," she cried, "and you choose my house, my presence for your vileness."

Sherborne drew himself up. "You'll tell me at least, ma'am, for what you blame me."

"Pho, my lord, do not play at innocence. It becomes you ill. You well know who set your bullies on a guest of mine."

Sherborne laughed: "Oh, 'tis Master Jack is the trouble then. Why, child, my lads were but to give him a flogging for his impudence."

"Do you dare to speak so of my friends?"

"Faith, Rose, that he should be your friend I am well content. But when he presumed to boast of more, it was time to punish his impudence in the natural way."

"Boast, my lord?"

"Of your favours, child," said Sherborne smiling.

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"That is not true. Mr. Dane is a gentleman."

"He may so become—in the lapse of years. At present 'tis a coxcombly boy. Hence my cudgels. I could scarce fight the lad—that were too like a slaughter of the innocents."

"Ay, indeed, your courage is famed!" And my lord flushed at that, for it was too precisely true. Rose laughed, "Sure, my lord, your excuses are worthy of you. There is but one thing more I desire to hear before you go—why was my house chosen for this—why was I to see it?"

My lord looked at her askance, saw the flashing eyes of wrath and a red spot aflame on either white cheek, and: "How! Did the rogues come here then?" he cried. "To your presence? Zounds, I thought the boy had come whining to you with his bruises. Faith, child, I ask your pardon. On my word the rogues shall pay for this! 'Twas villainous insolence!"

Rose turned away from him with a laugh. "You may go now, my lord. I have heard enough. Please you to remember—at my door you will hereafter be refused."

But my lord smiling put a hand on her shoulder and stayed her: "Lud, child, what wrath. Why will you hector so?"

"I cannot hope that you could understand. I wait for you to go, my lord."

My lord's brow was drawn. "Begad, not yet," he muttered. "Enough folly, Rose. You were not used to take me so, and——"

"I was used to think you a gentleman."

"'Used'?" Sherborne muttered, flushing. "What has come to you?"

"I have come to know you—and so (must I bid you so often, my lord?) I desire you go."

My lord glowered at her. His full face grew dark and his eyes were shot with blood. "I am done with, am I!" he said hoarsely. "You have found a new plaything? This French fellow is to be your pet?"

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"No, my lord," said Rose quickly. "M. de Beaujeu is far above me as I above you."

My lord gave a peal of laughter. "Above us! God save us then! A curst French dancing-master. Do you know whence he comes? Do you know who he is?"

"I do," said Rose under her breath.

"So," says my lord, scowling at her a moment. Then "But begad do you know what he has done?" he cried. "Faith, you blame me for the bullies that came to cudgel the boy, but who bade me send them? Why, child, who but your fine friend, M. de Beaujeu!"

"It is a lie," cried Rose.

My lord laughed. "You think so, child? Listen. He told me when the boy was to come here; he bade me have him cudgelled in your house. 'So,' says he, 'the boy will conceive she hath betrayed him, and will hate her vastly.' Then I asked him what it was to him, and he says sneering, he would not have a friend of his tangled with a woman of the town. So, ma'am, is that a lie too?" For Rose was trembling and her lips drawn in pain. "Ask your kind friend M. de Beaujeu."

"It is a lie," Rose murmured piteously. "It is a lie!" but she did not look at my lord.

"I swear in God's face it is true," said he. "Nay, bring the fellow before me and see if he will deny it."

Rose turned away from him and caught the open window and leant against it, and stood looking out at the sunlit fields through a haze of tears.

In a moment my lord came to her. The stains of rage had passed from his face. Not ungently he put his hand on her shoulder—she quivered beneath it—and his voice trembled as he spoke low in her ear. "Child, forgive me. I gave him the lie when he said it. I'ld not have told you now but you forced me to it. You've but to give me the right, child, and no man dare breathe a word against you again."

She sprang away from him, she turned upon him, fierce in

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her splendid beauty, and her eyes flashed bright. Still on her white cheeks the tears lay sparkling: "You?" she cried, "you? Since you have told me that, never! Not if God himself bade me—never you!"

My lord stared at her, and again wrath darkened his face. He muttered an oath, and then, "Best pray for your Frenchman's soul, ma'am," he cried. "By God, 'tis now time!" and he flung away from her and went out slamming the door mightily.

So Mistress Charlbury was alone at last. She stood still by the window watching the long shadows darken on the grass, breathing the sweet evening fragrance of the hay—"A woman of the town." She was white and cold, and her hands, her lips trembled nervously. "A woman of the town"—Mr. Dane thought her that, called her so to other men. She put her hand to her breast, for something was gripping, crushing her heart, and then one great sob shook her.

Ay, he was back! He, that she had longed for six years, come back to revile her, to put her to shame—to draw her into brawls like the women that stood for hire that he might come and sneer at her troubles—he, her love. And she had prayed that he might come to her again. Indeed, 'twas answered . . . Ah, God . . . Even God mocked her. What use in crying to Him? . . .

Nay, but this was unjust. This was wicked. God had answered her. Mr. Dane was come back safe from the wars—safe. And was that nothing? Nay, let God forgive her! Indeed she had seen him, as she had prayed to see him, stalwart, handsome, gay as of old. Ay, that was much. He was happy at least—and so—and so—why, perhaps 'twas best. For she was but a common country lass and a player girl withal, unworthy him. But once he had not thought so. Well—the past was past! God had given her to see him safe and—and happy. Let God be thanked! She fell on her knees in the shadow.

The incomparable Charlbury loved like a woman.

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CHAPTER XVIII

MR. WHARTON UPON LOVE

THE tragical hero did not come back at once to his friend Mr. Wharton. It appeared to him a moment for wine. Sure, wine was a man's best mistress. Wine never cheated a gentleman. So the distressed lover drank much fiery tavern burgundy with men he knew, and more (since 'twas he who paid) with men he did not know. Good company all, begad! Faith 'twas a rollicking night!

And so when he came with a lurch to the presence of Mr. Wharton this lover betrayed was crimson-cheeked and wild of eye. "Two knaves," says Mr. Wharton, as he looked up from his cards. "Why, Jack, you are warm." And then he beheld a set of bloody knuckles, and "What, pinked too?" he cried.

Jack shrugged his shoulders. "I c—came off cheaply," says he and dropped into a chair.

The Earl of Laleham, Mr. Wharton's massive companion, stared at him and grunted: "Sherborne's bullies again, eh?"

"What is it to you?" Jack snarled. "Curse you, Wharton, give me some wine."

"You are civil to-night," said Wharton with a good-tempered laugh, and passed him a glass of claret.

"Wine, I said," Jack growled, and reached for the burgundy and gulped down a bumper and another. Mr. Wharton opened his eyes. "Oh, ay, Wharton, I look a fool. I know that."

"'Tis the beginning of wisdom," said Mr. Wharton.

Jack laughed and drank again. "And, damme, a fool I have been."

"Who has denied it?" said Mr. Wharton, tilting back his chair and eyeing Jack curiously.

"Ay, ay, you were right enough," Jack nodded at him sagely. He was still drinking. "D'you know, Wharton," says he with a philosophic air, looking through his wine, "I

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take it 'tis one of the things each man must learn for himself."

Mr. Wharton quelled a yearning to laugh. "Begad, 'tis so," said he gravely.

The Earl of Laleham, a man of blunt wit struck in, "And what is this knowledge of yours, Jack?"

"Why, Dick Laleham," said Jack, sipping his wine, "why, that women are all alike—cheap."

To which my Lord Laleham stolidly: "Humph. Boys' talk."

Jack, filling the glass again, stared at him, and Mr. Wharton, anxious to preserve Jack's new faith, said in a hurry: "What, Dick, do you not know women yet?"

"Oh, damn that cant, Tom Wharton."

"Also, Dick Laleham," says Jack, winking at Wharton, "damn all fools."

"You say that for me, Mr. Dane?" cried Laleham.

Jack rose on wayward legs and made him a bow. "Why, my lord, if the cap fits you——"

"Here, carry your wine decently," cried Wharton, reaching across and pushing him back to his chair. "Let us hear how you had your knuckles rapped," and he passed another bottle.

Jack laughed. "Do you know, it was devilish funny. I begin to ap—ap—appreciate it. Once upon a time there was a fair lady and a young fool. You ap—appreciate, Dick Laleham, I say I was a young fool in c—case you should be lonely. She told me to come to her to-day." He dipped his finger in spilt wine and drew with shaky lines a square on the table. "That is her little green room. The t—temple of Venus. Madame Venus was there," he made a blob of wine. "Jack Dane was there," he made another, "when this—this is a door." He leant back in his chair and regarded them severely. "D'you gen'lemen understand this is a door? Well, this door comes open," he made a smear, "and four gen'lemen with cudgels jump at Jack Dane." He looked at his diagram

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sadly. "I think this picture is a damned silly picture," he said critically, and smeared his hand over it. "Well, Jack Dane c—c—catches up one of Madame Venus's chairs and flings it at them and jumps out of the window. Now, I think that was devilish c—clever of Jack Dane. He pulls out his sword, and then up c—comes the Irishman and the four gen'lemen run off with their cudgels. Four ways. Jus' not like sheep. Do you know how sheep run, gen'lemen. 'Tis very int'resting." He imitated running with his fingers on the table, and doing so saw his own damaged knuckles. "I wonder how I did that? D'you know I—I don' know how I did that?" He looked round with a stupid smile.

"By running after other men's women, Jack," said Wharton sharply.

"Qui' right, Mr. Wharton, qui' right!" cried Jack, and drank again.

"Zounds, I'll not see what this proves," grunted Laleham.

Jack gave a shrill vinous laugh and Wharton laughed with him. "Oh, innocence?" cried Wharton. "How much was Venus paid for this, I wonder?" and he looked keenly at Jack.

Jack shook his head smiling. "Don' mind," he said, "don' mind."

"Begad, you take it the right way," cried Wharton, still watching him. He pushed the bottle against Jack's hand, and Jack unsteadily filled his glass and drank again. "You have the right stuff in you, Jack."

Jack caught hold of the table and pulled himself out of his chair. He tried to bow to Wharton, then moved one of his supporting hands to reach his wine and at once fell sideways to the floor.

Mr. Wharton came leisurely to look at him. He still smiled. Mr. Wharton summoned servants, and the love-lorn hero was carried (always smiling) to bed. Mr. Wharton turned to my lord Laleham: "Begad, Dick," says he, "'tis a happy ending," and he walked away for his pipe.

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My lord Laleham's heavy mind wrestled with the evidence: "So the wench sold him to Sherborne?" he said at last, slowly, "just as she has sold herself."

Mr. Wharton put down his tobacco-box, and bending to strike a light, "You believe that then, do you?" said he.

Laleham's eyebrows went up: "Believe it? Why? Why not? Do not you?"

Mr. Wharton puffed till his pipe was alight: then drawled: "I believe what I know, Dick."

"But this——; why, 'tis clear ——"

"As a riddle," said Mr. Wharton, and sat down and crossed his legs.

"All the town knows the woman!"

"I never knew all the town right yet."

Laleham was much puzzled and scratched his large head: "Zounds, and do you take her part, Tom Wharton?" he muttered.

Mr. Wharton laughed. "Did you ever know me take the woman's part, Dick?" he drawled. He smoked on for a while, then took out his pipe. "But I like to see things as they are," says he, "and I'ld give you a hundred to ten she knew nothing of Sherborne's bravoes."

"Do you mean she is honest?" cried Laleham, and Wharton nodded slowly behind his smoke. "Damme, if I thought so——."

"You'ld say so—like a fool."

"But if he loved her?"

"He'll need to get drunk again."

"And that will cure him?"

"If not we'll repeat the medicine."

Laleham frowned. "You think yourself devilish wise," he muttered angrily. "And what if she loves him?"

Mr. Wharton grinned. "What if she does?" he drawled. "She may ove him till we are all in hell, for me. Damme, Dick, it would be a pleasant memory for her in future affections."

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"Zounds, you'ld have them both spoil their lives for—for what then?"

"You have a curst taste in phrases," said Mr. Wharton critically. "Well, Dick, say that I'ld not have friend Jack 'spoil his own life'" (Mr. Wharton paused to chuckle). "Do you see, to be tied to a wench, 'tis ruin and hell?"

"And she?"

"Why, Dick, I was born a man myself," says Mr. Wharton, taking out his pipe to yawn. "And the women may take care of the women. Bless them for their eagerness to do it!" He knocked out his pipe and took up another. "Now tell me, you champion of true love, would you like your friend Jack tied to a theatre wench?"

"Why, no," Laleham muttered. "No. But begad, Tom, you talk like a knave."

"Faith, I am," said Wharton. "I judge it uncomfortable to be a saint. Well, will you play me another hand?" And with that they fell again to the cards.

It was after my lord Laleham had gone that M. de Beaujeu, who had supped gaily at Locket's, came to Mr. Wharton and stood before him smiling.

"Oh, he is well enough," said Wharton. "He had made himself three parts drunk and I finished him. A head and a huff in the morning—another wench in a week."

"Admirable. I heard him call her 'Delila.' I thought that it had sufficed."

"Begad," Mr. Wharton laughed, "it would sound so.

"Now who sent the bullies?"

"I suggested them to my good friend Sherborne,"

Mr. Wharton gave a sinful chuckle.

And M. de Beaujeu smiling, said amiably: "I think that I now call quits with Mistress Charlbury;"—— who had been praying for him, who lay asleep with tears wet on her cheeks.

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CHAPTER XIX

MR. HEALY COMES THROUGH WHITEFRIARS

BEAUJEU was received at the door by Mr. Healy, who asked at once, "And how was the lady?"

"Her incomparable self," said Beaujeu, laughing, and passed on.

"Was she so?" Mr. Healy followed him. "And did you hear what the cub called her?"

Beaujeu, putting off his sword, looked at him smiling, "Delila, was it?"

"It was that," says Mr. Healy, with emphasis. "And I would be glad to have the thrashing of him."

"What?" Beaujeu stared at him. "Damme, Healy, what do you think of a wench who plays at love with you to sell you to another man?"

"And what do you think of a man, Beaujeu, that calls his love false with devil a cause?"

"Faith, four cudgels would be cause enough for me."

"And who would it be that sent them? Will you tell me she knew of it?" Beaujeu turned away to the wine. "Do you tell me that now?" Mr. Healy cried insistent.

"In fact," says Beaujeu quietly, "I sent them. That is, I bade Sherborne send them." Healy said nothing. Beaujeu turned for an answer and found it in his eyes. And seeing it M. de Beaujeu flushed and, "I desired to break the boy of his folly," he cried; "I know what the wench is."

"You learnt as he has learnt, maybe!" Mr. Healy flashed a *riposte*. And that got home, for Beaujeu's glass shook in his hand. He grew white, then flushed again. Mr. Healy put a hand on his shoulder. "Beaujeu, man," says he, softly, "you have the wit of the devil and the devil's pride. And are you the happier for it, think ye?"

In a moment Beaujeu laughed. "Why, I am what I am —and that is tired, Healy. I'll give you good-night."

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"Not yet," says Mr. Healy, holding him. "I'll be wanting a word with you—" and then, as Beaujeu stiffened, he laughed—"No, my Lord Lucifer, 'tis purely my own affair, this."

"Then I am with you," said Beaujeu graciously, and sat down and stretched his legs.

"In the wisdom of providence," Mr. Healy observed, "it began with a bit of a sword. 'Twill be in your mind that the Seraing blade was light in the hilt. So I took it (your yawns will win you no mercy, my dear) to Lodge, at the 'Crown' in Thames Street. 'Tis the only lad in this town with a soul for steel. Well, Beaujeu, to give me a taste for virtue I came back through Whitefriars and admired a full crop of bullies and blowens warming themselves by the river. I was past the thick of them, I would be on the edge of Alsatia, when I came on two hang-dogly knaves at the top of a court. Distressingly tremulous they were, and their eyes did not know which way they would be wanting to look. 'Sure you've a conscience between you,' says I, and retired to a doorway not to distress them. So I waited a while, hoping for the sake of their souls the gentlemen's faces were deceitful, when some tumultuous legs came out of a house, and 'twas four more knaves in the pattern of my two, conveying a gentleman that was desperate anxious not to be conveyed, and holding off a lass with red hair that was desperate anxious to be conveyed with him. My two first friends went off to help, so 'twas a decent party of six to a man and a lass, and even so my gentlemen were not content. They grumbled and sweated amazing. 'Beggar it, od beggar it,' says one, puffing. 'There is no suiting you. Master will not go and mistress will not bide.' 'Twas purely embarrassing for him indeed, so to deliver him, 'A bailiff,' says I to the heavens, 'A bailiff!' and my voice carries decently."

Mr. Healy paused to laugh. "Begad, Beaujeu, if you would see alacrity go into Whitefriars and pass word of a bailiff. The bullies gathered like flies, and my six good gentlemen were wrapped up in them, and I was howling still of

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bailiffs from my doorway. It was getting a tumultuous crowd, and there was a score repeating my remark, so I thought I would have leisure for investigating. I entered the crowd and I perceived there was a discussion in the centre of it—my six friends being eager to disclaim the decent title I had given them, and the Alsatians bidding them be tarred first and chatter after. Then one of the six swears by his mother and father he was after a treason matter and no debt at all, and desires to show his warrant. So out he lugs it. 'Snatch it, my bully boy,' says I to a gentleman that looked humorous, and he did so, and 'twas tossed about in the crowd, and my six gentlemen were screaming after it, wondrous. I cast my providential eye around, and I saw my old gentleman and his lass trying to get quit of the crowd with two of the tipstaffs hanging to them yet. 'Hustle 'em, boys, hustle 'em,' says I —and begad, you would say, 'twas one of the national sports of Alsatia. Did you see Klopstock's horse turn the French out of Mannheim? Faith, 'twas a minuet to this. I came by my elbows to the lass and her man, and cut them decently out of the mess. There was a plump scoundrel had the impudence to be helping me, and, 'A kiss for my pains, my tackle,' says he to the maid. 'And I will not deny you, my dear,' says I, and despatched him sideways into the thick of it. 'Sir, sir, whom do I thank?' 'Twas the old gentleman gasping in my ear. 'You may say God when you have the time,' says I. 'Come on now.' And I whirled them away (sure and I was chiefly carrying him) to the river, and had them in a wherry and was off up-stream. We landed into the Savoy, and by then my old gentleman had got his breath, and, 'Sir, are you of the Duke of Monmouth's men?' says he, grasping my hand affectionate. 'Oh, begad,' says I. 'So that is why they were wanting you. Sure now you must be a mighty valuable gentleman to be still sought for.' 'I am that—to some that are in high places,' says he, mysterious. 'You will find it trying to the health,' says I. 'And where will you be hiding now?' At that he was looking at his lass and she at him, mighty despairing." Mr. Healy

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stopped suddenly. "And the end of it is, Beaujeu, they are the other side of the wall," said he.

"I have never been so near thinking you a fool," said Beaujeu.

"You'll be flattering me," says Healy with a shrug. "And would I let them fall into Sunderland's jaws?"

"You might have let them fall into hell before you brought them to spoil our game."

"Now have you known me spoil a game, yet?" said Healy quietly. "You will still be safe in your bed for me. I——."

"With a wench in the house?" Beaujeu sneered.

"You are a boy in his teens with your talk of women. Look you now, Beaujeu, I answer for all."

"Zounds, yes. She is an amalgam of discretion and chaste beauty. You assayed her in five minutes."

On which Mr. Healy contrived that Beaujeu should look in his eyes. "You may talk so of your own love," says Healy very quietly. "Of a lass that is under my care you will not."

Beaujeu laughed. "You have lived too late, Healy. You were made to be Don Quixote's twin. Will you break your head for every blowsy lass of the streets? Zounds, man, she must go. We ——"

"If I have been your friend, Beaujeu, you best know," said Healy and paused. "Well, and I have bade them to our house as my guests. I will have no more to say to you."

Beaujeu stared a moment, then shrugged his shoulders and laughed. "Why, if you put it so—let them stay, and God be good to us all!"

"I think He is not like to be the worse to us for it," says Healy. "And now, Beaujeu, I'll remind you that the old gentleman had a trouble with Sunderland."

"Ah, you are not entirely romantic," said Beaujeu quickly. "Well, what was it?"

"Will you hear? Come on then," said Healy, and led the way to the next room.

M. de Beaujeu beheld an old gentleman in black broadcloth

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and his own grey hair, a lean old gentleman sucking to no great purpose at a pipe. M. de Beaujeu saw sitting on a stool at his knee a lass of a cream-white face, of a small defiant nose and a glory of red-gold hair.

"Mistress Leigh—Doctor Leigh—," says Mr. Healy, "I present M. de Beaujeu."

And while Beaujeu made his bows the old man lifted himself to his feet and bowing stiffly: "Sir, sir, I fear we trespass on you."

Beaujeu receiving a swift curtsey from Mistress Leigh put up a deprecating hand. "Faith, sir, I do trust that Mr. Healy has made his guests welcome."

"Mr. Healy has been indeed our friend, monsieur."

"So I apprehend," said Beaujeu drily.

Mistress Leigh was standing beside her father and her bright blue eyes gazed direct at Beaujeu. "We do trust that M. de Beaujeu is pleased to approve that?" she murmured.

"Could I do other?" says Beaujeu with a bow of admiration and the shadow of a sneer.

Mr. Healy kindly paraphrased his friend. "Beaujeu being, like myself, doctor, no friend to my lord Sunderland."

"Do you interest yourself in our English politics, M. de Beaujeu?" Dr. Leigh inquired innocently.

"I believe I may say that I do, eh, Healy?"

"'Tis politics and your important self you are consumed with."

"The candour of friends, you perceive, Mistress Leigh," says Beaujeu laughing. "But M. le Docteur, Healy tells me that you also are the victim of a villainy of my lord Sunderland ——?"

"I am, I am," cried the old man flushing. "Like my poor boy. Ah! monsieur, you do not think that we are common rogues? Yes, it is true that we were living in Alsatia. We were hiding—yes, with all the scoundrels of the town—but we, monsieur, you do not think that we ——?" His voice failed him.

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For he saw Beaujeu's eyes set upon his and glittering pale: in the grim lines of Beaujeu's face he read neither pity nor trust. But M. de Beaujeu spake quietly out of much experience: "I see very well, M. le Docteur, that I should be a fool to think you a rogue. Believe me, you need no defence."

"I thank you, monsieur," said the old man, not without dignity. But his daughter did not appear very grateful. Mr. Healy was conscious of a purely human longing to hear her tell her opinion of Beaujeu to Beaujeu's self.

"Also a victim of my lord Sunderland is welcome," says Beaujeu. "But your story may I beg?"

The old man looked at him dubiously. "Sure, doctor," says Mr. Healy laughing, "'tis less of a devil than it likes to appear."

"In effect, M. le Docteur, I am to be trusted," Beaujeu remarked.

"Well, monsieur, we do trust you," said the old man. "I will tell you. I was secretary to his Grace of Monmouth long ago—before he fled the country. He—he was a gentle lad, monsieur——" and the old man's eyes filled with tears. M. de Beaujeu, having no pity at all for the Duke of Monmouth, shrugged his shoulders. "Well, monsieur, well, I weary you. When he landed in Devon I had a little school in Kensington village. Thence my lord Sunderland sent for me secretly by night. I think, monsieur, I have never seen a man so anxious as my lord. He had persuaded himself that the Duke of Monmouth would conquer, and yet could not be sure of it. He kept me long, asking questions no man on earth could answer of the future. At last, after much of this, my lord bade me go. Then again he called me back and bade me wait. And he brought himself to his purpose. I was to go to his Grace with tidings that my lord was indeed his friend, and I was to carry to his Grace the dispositions of the King's troops. I—I was unwilling. But my lord Sunderland worked upon me, reminding me of my affection for his Grace. God forgive me! It was wrong. I went."

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"Certainly," Beaujeu muttered, "certainly I must meet my Lord Sunderland." Mr. Healy smiled broadly—reflecting that the Beaujeus of this world were made for the sake of the Sunderlands.

"It is not all, monsieur," the old man went on unsteadily. "When his Grace was beaten at Sedgemoor I was in Ilminster and I won back to London. Many people were very kind to me. Then his Grace was taken, and again a messenger came to me from my lord Sunderland. My lord bade me go to his Grace in the Tower and tell him privately that my lord was still his friend, that my lord would prevail with the King to spare his Grace's life. So, when his Grace was brought to the King's presence, on peril of his life he must say nought to the King of my lord's dealing with him lest the King should distrust my lord."

"I have always admired Sunderland," said Beaujeu coolly. "Monmouth trusted him then?"

"It was the one hope, Monsieur. Yes. He was silent . . . He trusted——he trusted—— He was swiftly beheaded." The old man wiped his eyes.

"Had you ever a letter in Sunderland's hand?" said Beaujeu.

"There were the dispositions of the army—and another paper. I have them not."

"But he must think that you have. Faith, M. le Docteur, I do not wonder that my lord Sunderland has sought you diligently."

"We have fled from one place to another. And always there have been spies."

Beaujeu looked dubiously at Healy. "I've a tolerable skill in concealing my traces," said Mr. Healy, chuckling. "There'll be devil a trace, Beaujeu. And Sunderland will be passing a peaceful night this day."

Beaujeu arose. "I will not conceal from you, M. le Docteur, that we are anxious ourselves to deal with my lord Sunderland."

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"Monsieur, you will bring him to justice?" the old man cried eagerly.

"Justice?" Beaujeu shrugged his shoulders. "Justice? 'Tis reserved for him in the hereafter. But I think I will bring him to ruin. No, *mordieu*, he shall make his own ruin. It will be the more entertaining . . . *Bien*, M. le Docteur, I will beg you to keep within doors for some days. We had best have no risks. But I give you my word that you are safe. We are adequate to preserve our friends. I wish you heartily a good-night."

"La, sir," Mistress Leigh was making a curtsey. "'Tis the heart of you that leaps to the eye." Beaujeu gave her a curious glance. Her eyelashes were modestly drooping.

In the hall Beaujeu put his hand on Healy's shoulder. "Faith, man, I should have blessed your name," said he. "Why did you begin at the wrong end with babble of a wench?"

"'Twas for the good of your disbelieving soul." Beaujeu laughed. "Zounds, but it falls pat. I must have played a hand with Sunderland without this."

They passed into Healy's room, "Is it time?" said Healy.

"All that and more." Beaujeu dropped into a chair and loosened his coat. "Do you see, Healy, I was fool enough to let the incomparable Charlbury guess who I am."

Healy looked at him keenly. "That would be consoling to her?" he inquired.

"It was, I doubt," said Beaujeu and laughed loud. "So; and the incomparable will have told my lord Sherborne that the knave Beaujeu is in fact an English outlaw. Then the outlaw had best see Sunderland speedily and provide for his skin."

Mr. Healy sat down on the table. Mr. Healy asked a second question. "And why would she give your neck away?"

"I trust Sherborne told her that 'twas I contrived for Jack to turn and rend her. Conceive how she will love me." He chuckled gently.

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Mr. Healy took hold of his arm. Mr. Healy asked a third question. "Now, what did you do to that woman at first?"

Beaujeu turned with a sneer on his lips. "*Corbleu*, I think I kissed her. Eh, I was young."

"I doubt you were mightily like your cousin," says Mr. Healy sharply. "Man, you have made hell for yourself and for her. And do you like the nip of it so?"

Beaujeu sat staring straight in front of him for awhile. Then he put his hand on Healy's. "You are a good fellow," says he with a laugh and gripped. "You are a good fellow, Healy. So why will you be a fool?"

(*To be continued*)

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THE MONTHLY REVIEW

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JUNE 1905

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The Editor of the Monthly Review *is always happy to receive MSS., and to give them his consideration, provided that they are type-written or easily legible, and accompanied by a stamped envelope for their return if not accepted. In the case of all unsolicited contributions the Editor requests his correspondents* (i) *to excuse him from replying otherwise than by formal printed letter;* (ii) *to state whether he is offered the refusal of the MS. indefinitely or only for a limited period. Where the offer is indefinite, the Editor cannot be answerable for time or opportunities lost through his adverse decision after long consideration; nor can he in any case be responsible for the loss of a MS. submitted to him, although every care will be taken of those sent. They should be addressed to the* Editor, *"Monthly Review," 50a Albemarle Street, London, W.*

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"EFFICIENCY"

LORD ROSEBERY, in the Chesterfield oration, wove many witty and pretty phrases about that blessed word "Efficiency." It was also the text of several subsequent speeches made by him and his lieutenants among the "Liberal Imperialists," that little group of unfollowed leaders; but the voice which came from the lonely furrow has proved, indeed, a voice crying in the wilderness. It received as an answer its echoes—only that and nothing more. Not even one Radical was offended by it. It is, however, not of Lord Rosebery or of his faithful lieutenants that I intend to write. I merely borrow from him—with the foregoing acknowledgment—the word which he invented, and apply it to the Unionist party, as—with the comrade-word, Loyalty—the key to the solution of our present difficulties.

The past two years have certainly been trying to loyal members of the Conservative party. We have been vigorously pulled along an uncertain way by one of our leaders; and, until recently, not helped by the speeches and tactics of the other. Annoying and embarrassing also, though less annoying and less embarrassing than the afore-mentioned causes of confusion, has been the extraordinary series of by-elections which ended with the crowning disaster at Brighton. Despite all this (I shall have something more to say of by-elections before I have finished) those of us who are loyal Conservatives—true to the principles laid down by Lord

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Beaconsfield and the late Lord Salisbury—need not despair. We have been through a very depressing season of dismay, long drawn out; none the less, it is even yet not too late to learn the lesson and practise the wisdom that experience should have taught us. Lord Randolph Churchill once referred to a defeat at a bye-election as a "blessing in disguise." It is an opportunity for realising and undoing errors, and escaping from the pathway to disaster. What Brighton said recently when the forces of the Opposition could be concentrated upon it, Brighton may quite possibly unsay when those forces are dispersed amongst the constituencies at a General Election, supposing an effort is made to stop the mischiefs lately at work. There is still an opportunity, during the coming summer and autumn months, for the Unionist party to set its house in order. If that is done, if present weaknesses are eradicated and future splits prevented, there is every reason why we should go into the electoral contest with a good heart and hopefulness. Efficiency—efficiency in administration and in the conduct of business in the Lower House; and Loyalty—loyalty to the Prime Minister—are the essentials. There is time yet for both to be practised in all departments of the Ministry, and for victory at the polls to be achieved.

Some of the Ministers are undoubtedly thoroughly efficient in their present departments. Not only their works, but their freedom from popular censure prove it. Lord Lansdowne, as Foreign Minister, has shown himself a far-seeing statesman of high ideals. The treaty with Japan, the present cordial relations with France, are some of the fruits of his policy. The testimony which Mr. Choate recently paid to his powers and character has only confirmed the opinion already held by Englishmen. His conduct after the North Sea outrage—one of the most difficult episodes in international politics of modern years—was entirely the right one; though few of us—whether Liberals or Conservatives—thought so at the time. Yet we all acknowledge it now. Had the Man in the Street or the Man in the Armchair been at the Foreign Office instead of

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Lord Lansdowne, there would have been war on the instant, a war in Europe, the bloodiest of wars, laying up debts of death and treasure which would have been worse than appalling. Instead of such resultant load of evil we had Peace with Honour; and Lord Lansdowne—its bringer—has earned the spoken gratitude of the people. He is one of the efficient members of the Government, and so does not share that counterblast of unpopularity which others of his colleagues must endure.

I have adduced Lord Lansdowne merely as an example. With such as he—the right man in the right place, doing the right work—in all departments, the hand of the adversary is weakened. Nor should to attain this be so difficult. It is true that time is short, but the political memory is shorter. Mistakes have been made, and their costliness proved in the polling-booths; but the country at large is still, at heart, in sympathy with the Unionists, who have positive principles which the Liberals have not, and is quite willing to forget earlier blunders in the present prospect of efficient good government.

A more hopeful condition of affairs has already begun. The Prime Minister's statement on Imperial Defence, made to the House of Commons on May 11, has been like a trumpet-blast to his followers. It was statesmanlike in the true meaning of statesmanship, and has reminded the people generally, what not a few Conservatives were forgetting, that Mr. Balfour is no mere flâneur-philosopher, but a man of practical ideas and energy when it suits him. It should suit him to be such now, and during the coming months or years of Premiership, for it certainly is what the country requires. We want a man at the helm of State who is efficient always, and not only when the worst of the storm is threatening the ship. It is not enough to do as Lord Melbourne, for instance, did—hide his real self under an affectation of playful indifference, and blow feathers in the presence of deputations. Mr. Balfour has in recent years taken that aspect of his predecessor too much for his model. It may have done in early Victorian times. It will

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not do nowadays. The growth of Imperial responsibilities has increased the earnestness of all of us—from peeresses to borough councillors—and we want as leader of the people a man who will treat our affairs efficiently and gravely, as if they were his own affairs. Often in the last two years, when we have been pondering over vague phrases and sentences which to two sections of the Unionist party meant directly different things, we have longed for a return of the Arthur Balfour who was the best, most practical, pluckiest Irish Secretary in history. The great speech of May 11 has proved that our longing is to be realised. The Prime Minister has found himself. It should not be too late for the united Unionist party to find him also, and follow him with confidence to victory through the ordeal of the polls.

But there is need for immediate action, even in the case of the great problem of Imperial Defence, if we are to get and keep the confidence of the people; without that confidence nothing can be conquered or retained. There are not a few stumbling-blocks at present in the way. The first and most formidable is the War Office. I have no intention, certainly no wish, to accentuate the differences that are said to exist. As a Conservative, I admire A. as well as B. If I applaud A., it must not be thought that I am indirectly decrying B., for both B. and A. are and have been good and able men, doing their best under circumstances of unusual difficulty. None the less, until order has taken the place of chaos, until efficiency displaces red-tape, the War Office will be a blessing, not in disguise, to the Opposition; who, be it remembered, were not one halfpennyworth the better in the same department when they were the people's trustees. Nevertheless, the history of the past four years, as regards Army Reform, has been so unfortunate as to make it difficult of defence at public meetings. To have one great scheme of re-organisation elaborated, set partly in working; and then, with little more than a scratch of a quill, shattered, is to give encouragement to the widespread, and no doubt largely undeserved, opinion, that the

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scheme was flimsy and ill-thought-out, built by one young man in a hurry, and destroyed by another young man also in a hurry. As I have said, I am no partisan of A. or B. Both are able men. I am convinced that both are sincere and patriotic; but the fact—the damning fact in the eyes of the constituencies—remains, that while there has been a general overturn, there has been little of the necessary new creation. The phœnix has been burnt, but out of the ashes no new phœnix has arisen; and the country regards with something nearer anger than indignation the fact of the Army being more expensive than ever, while its efficiency is not nearly proportionate to the cost. The continued scarcity of recruits, the delay in re-arming the artillery with up-to-date guns, revelations of extravagance in administration, as well as of want of consideration for officers of proved worth who happen not to be possessors of private means, the mistaken treatment of the Volunteers, are all much in the minds of voters at by-elections. At once there should be root-and-branch reform, that is what efficiency means in connection with our War Department; and the work should not be beyond the powers of the present Cabinet. Why have the recommendations of the Esher Commission been ignored? The way reports are received and neglected is one of the amazing mysteries of latter-day government. Expensive parliamentary committees or commissions are appointed to inquire into some great glaring question of the day. Evidence is procured at large cost to the State. Witnesses come from all parts at the nation's expense to give the benefit of their experience and opinions to the commission. An elaborate report is prepared, written, printed, circulated. It creates a furore for nine days. The Press, with head-line, special article, and leader, drives its teachings home; and then—and then, it is forgotten; the report is made waste paper of, or allowed to collect dust on ministerial shelves; while the old evils continue unabated. The special mischief connected with the neglect of the Esher report is that it was half-followed, half ignored. Better far to have been consistent one way or the

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other, to have accepted its principles generally, and put them into effect, or to have rejected them in their entirety, than to have eradicated impatiently some uncertain iniquities and let other uncertain iniquities continue flourishing. Anyhow, something must be done at once, and properly. What is that to be? Well, we have an admirable example from the sister department, the Admiralty—another instance of the required efficiency and consequent freedom from unpopularity. What Sir John Fisher has been to Lord Selborne, let X. be to Mr. Arnold Forster. I am not qualified to work out the equation as to who X. shall be. Lord Rosebery, in the Chesterfield series of Imperial sermons, named Lord Kitchener for the post. What Lord Rosebery generally suggests, Conservatives and Radicals, as a rule, prefer not to adopt, because his lordship is somewhat of a feather-bed politician, more generous with suggestions than with elbow-grease. He calls for spade work, then looks through study-windows at other people digging. He points to a much-scrawled-upon slate, and tells the Liberals to clean it, but keeps his own sponge in his private satchel. That is why his blessed word "Efficiency" has been of so little effect among the Liberals—though the same word, properly applied, may be of saving use to us. But for once, his suggestion of a distinguished, experienced, military strong-man, associated with the Secretary of State for War as Sir John Fisher has been associated with the Lords of the Admiralty, is a good one. Its immediate adoption would at once allay half the anger, contempt, and distrust, with which the nation at large regards the War Office.

Leaving Pall Mall and coming to the Treasury, we find another great question which looks very ugly in the eyes of voters, the increasing enormous expenditure and load of debt which the country has to endure. This is no fault of the present Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. Austen Chamberlain is not a failure; on the contrary, he is one of those men of practical mind and indubitable rectitude whom the public service needs. A young man, placed in a position of the

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highest responsibility at a time of unusual difficulties, he has supported the responsibility and dealt with the difficulties in a manner which bespeaks the coming statesman. The two Budgets which he has presented to Parliament have not only been workmanlike statements of Imperial expenditure and considerate apportionments of the national revenue, but also strictly in accord with the canons of taxation laid down by Adam Smith. The Chancellor's father's son might have been suspected of endeavours to prepare by his Budgets the way the Tariff Reformers wish to take; but Mr. Austen Chamberlain has been perfectly loyal to the Prime Minister and to the country. The most suspicious Free Trader could not find in either the 1904 or the 1905 Budget a proposal at which, as a Free Trader, he could cavil. None the less, this growing vast expenditure and the grievous burden of debt now to be borne, is a real drawback to industry—it fetters capital and hinders trade; and while it continues without more thorough efforts upon the part of the Government to reduce it, it will be a joy to orators on Liberal hustings, and a weakness to Unionists. The income-tax payer is a patient creature. He has been willing to wait, feeding his patience with hopeful imaginings; but he is a voter, too, and when an election is on an unrelieved income-tax payer is tempted to turn. The Chancellor's inability to take even a penny off the shilling—an amount it ought never to have reached in peace-time—was a disappointment which caused more than murmurings. One of the first requirements of our leaders is a vigorous effort to make economies. What the Admiralty has done—and to the efficient Admiralty, be it remembered, we owed the surplus—all departments of the Government must endeavour to do. Imperial expenditure is already too great. It must be reduced for more than mere party reasons. Departments must try to do better work at lower cost. The national finance needs careful, thorough overhauling. So also does the finance of the municipalities. The trouble is that not only has Imperial expenditure and the national debt gone up by leaps and

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bounds, but the expenditure and debt of the county and borough councils is not a bad second in the race of extravagance. The burden of rates is becoming even more serious than the burden of taxes. No true man wishes the governors of his town to be asleep, behind the times, inefficient; but the present complaint is of the opposite evil. The borough councillor rushes in where private enterprise fears to tread; consequently the rate-bill becomes annually more and more an unwelcome document. Some of the results we have seen already at Poplar and East Ham. There is ample scope for immediate ministerial endeavour to encourage efficient economical administration among the municipalities, as well as in Government offices. If something is not done, and at once, there will be ugly tales told by borough auditors, and the world of investors will experience a few earthquakes. It is an opportunity for a master; that is why, as a Unionist, I would rather it were not left a legacy to a Liberal Government.

Then, if the confidence of the electorate is to be regained and retained, there must be no more such blundering as was witnessed in connection with the MacDonell incident. The evil there was, to my mind, not so much in endeavouring to bring about, by some scheme of compromise, a solution of the eternal Irish question; but in the fatal uncertainty with which the problem and an opportunity were faced. Further, the loss of Mr. Wyndham is one which Ireland, the Government, and Unionism can ill afford, causing, also, as it has done, the transference to Dublin Castle of Mr. Long, who was doing good work in the right place, as President of the Local Government Board.

Home Rule—as Mr. Parnell wanted it and Mr. Gladstone wished to give it—is as dead as the dodo: but a great deal more is required than merely to keep the Union. Ireland has genuine grievances. The British Parliament, through Sir Horace Plunkett, has done much to remove many of them; but larger, equally removable, grievances remain; and the

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time has come when they also might be dealt with. Exactly how they are to be treated I am not qualified or called upon to say here. The measures urged by Lord Dunraven—especially the financial proposals in his scheme—are a little too strong for Unionists to swallow; but the time has certainly come when an attempt to kill Home Rule with compromise, in the shape of some form of devolution, might be made. The solitary speech delivered in the present Parliament by Mr. William O'Brien, that stormy petrel of the red Land League days, is extraordinary testimony to the reality of the opportunity given to Ministers. There was conciliation, friendliness, possibility of agreement, in every line of it; very different from the theatricals and shrieks of the old agitation days. The peculiar position of Mr. Timothy Michael Healy, the cleverest among the Irishmen, giving, as it does, an example of the disunion existing among the Nationalists, is further evidence of the chance before us. Can we not seize the opportunity? What stronger plea for confidence could be given to the constituencies than a real endeavour, while fully preserving the Union, to solve the question which has hampered legislation in the House of Commons ever since Mr. Parnell and Mr. Biggar made obstruction an instrument in politics?

I have said nothing of the Fiscal Question, and intend to say nothing of the Fiscal Question, for at present it is not practical politics, and what the constituencies urgently need at the moment emphatically is practical politics. The Aliens Bill is distinctly practical politics, and if wisely carried through Committee should do much to restore public confidence in the efficacy of the Government. The weakness of the Opposition in face of the present Bill—a curious contrast to their policy and strength against last year's ill-fated effort—is evidence of that. But we want still more practical politics really to make the Unionist party the strength it was less than five years ago. There is the question of housing. The Conservative party was pretty definitely pledged to this urgent social question by the late Lord Salisbury. It is more than a party

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question, for more than five years ago his Majesty the King, then Prince of Wales, in a speech delivered in the East End, referred to the Housing Question as of national importance. Every passing year increases the urgency of the need. It is a problem which the Unionists are especially qualified to dispose of; for, from the days of the Factory Acts, genuine domestic legislation has been a plank in the Conservative platform. As for the Fiscal Question, there is need of immediate union, otherwise Mid-Herts, Norwich, and Brighton will have successors. It is the duty of all Conservatives to rally behind Mr. Balfour, their leader. The Unionist Free Traders, influenced and persuaded by Sir Michael Hicks Beach, have already done so. Let the opposite wing in the Unionist army do likewise. There is not time for uncertainty and hesitation. The sands in the hour-glass, as measured by the Septennial Act, are running down. Before it is too late, let all who are Unionists unite. That way, and that way only, victory lies. The Empire and the country cannot afford an overwhelming Liberal triumph.

With renewed efficieney in the Government, and loyalty to the Prime Minister, difficulties will lessen; for, in truth, the Liberals have very little political capital to bless themselves with. Without the Fiscal Question and its result of disunion among the supporters of the Government, they have not a cry worth the crying. What else is there? There is Chinese labour, but that is evidently no longer worth a shout among the constituencies. As for Passive Resistance, it has only aroused enthusiasm among the political sect who have always been out-and-out advocates of Radicalism. They have spoilt themselves, because they forged an illegal weapon to strike with. To fight the law by breaking the law is comic-opera tactics, especially when the spoil yielded by the heroic victims is a redundant silver trowel or a perambulator no longer needed. Take away the Fiscal Question, and the Liberal party would stand the chance of a very handsome beating.

To return, in conclusion, to the by-elections. They have

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been bad, very bad; but it was the fear of the effects of Protection which made them bad. Convince the electorate that Protection is no longer to be feared, and the chief cause of defeat is removed. But, apart from that, if our chiefs are efficient, and if we are loyal to the Prime Minister, we need not grow pale even if Brighton is out-Brightoned; for the Liberal party had a "flowing tide" once before. By-election after by-election went their way, until the General Election of 1892. Then they found a majority of forty. For three years they struggled with the opportunity to rule, and then were blown out of office by cordite, only at the subsequent General Election to be snowed under by ballot papers. From that time, until the Glasgow and Greenock speeches opened up dissensions amongst Ministerialists and gave Liberals a cause, they floundered in the slough of despond. Such was the end of an earlier "flowing tide." So it will be again, if Efficiency and Loyalty are the watchwords of the Conservatives; for the Liberals have not a Programme or a Personality worth the name—only personalities. They are a "concourse of fortuitous atoms," generally discordant, linked together temporarily by the desire for office; the gratification of that desire can have no other effect than at once to redistribute these unsympathetic particles into the condition of disunion which time has made natural to them.

"CONSERVATIVE."

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THE GODDESS OF WISDOM AND LADY CAROLINE LAMB

EVERY one has read, and most people have enjoyed, "The Marriage of William Ashe." Whether it was worth the author's while to take an actual hero and heroine out of the times of the Regency, and force them to play something like their real parts amid the more complicated surroundings of railways and telegrams, may perhaps be questioned. It is, however, a question which only Mrs. Ward can answer, and, certainly, her plot has revived an interest in Lady Caroline Lamb, the prototype of Lady Kitty Ashe. "The apple does not fall far from the tree." On the principle of this homely proverb Mrs. Ward extenuates the lapses of her heroine. But she has wisely made her account of Lady Kitty's early life such a travesty of the true facts that no one can mistake it for a picture of the childhood of Lady Caroline Lamb. The facts are stranger than fiction. It is inaccurate to say, as is stated in the "Dictionary of National Biography," that, from the age of three to that of nine, the child was brought up in Italy, "chiefly under the charge of a servant." On the contrary, few girls, at that or any other period, were ever the objects of a more watchful and loving care than was Lady Caroline. No easy explanation can therefore be offered for the conduct of the unhappy lady, who has not deserved that her folly should be immortalised as an episode in the life of genius.

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In November 1780, Lord Duncannon, eldest son of the second Earl of Bessborough, married Henrietta Frances, second daughter of John, first Earl Spencer, and younger sister of the famous Duchess of Devonshire. Lady Caroline Ponsonby, afterwards Lamb, their third child and only daughter, was born November 13, 1785. Writing of Lord Duncannon's marriage, Horace Walpole expresses surprise at his choice of a wife. "I know nothing," he says, "to the prejudice of the young lady; but I should not have selected, for so gentle and amiable a man, a sister of the Empress of Fashion, nor a daughter of the Goddess of Wisdom." Lady Spencer may have deserved the sneer latent in Walpole's description; but, at any rate, she was a devoted mother, and grandmother. In the child-life of Lady Caroline Lamb she played an important part, and her letters to her daughter, Lady Duncannon, afterwards (1793) Countess of Bessborough, supply most of the extracts which are quoted in the following pages. Neither she nor Lady Bessborough at all resembled the Madame d'Estrées who, in Mrs. Ward's novel, neglected and set an evil example to Lady Kitty Ashe.

Margaret Georgiana Poyntz, born in 1734, was the daughter of the Right Hon. Stephen Poyntz, that "once high gentleman," as Carlyle calls him, "now dim and obsolete." As Envoy Extraordinary to Sweden, trusted servant of Queen Caroline, and governor to her second son, the Duke of Cumberland, he had played a distinguished part in Court and diplomatic life under the two first Georges. He married, in 1733, Anna Maria Mordaunt, maid of honour to Queen Caroline, a famous beauty, a friend of Gibbon's mother, and "The Fair Circassian" to whom Stephen Croxall addressed some lines which were once well known. The poet's "Dedication" is couched in the language appropriate to such productions:

Solomon drew the Charms which his beautiful Saphira presented; and I transcribe from You. We may equally boast of being inspir'd, each of our Breasts having been fill'd with a Goddess; Only with this Difference—

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that my Poem ought to excel, as I have had the Advantage of a brighter Object.

Mr. and Mrs. Poyntz had two daughters. One, Louisa, died unmarried. The other, Margaret Georgiana, married, in December 1755, John Spencer, great-grandson of the first Duke of Marlborough, who was created Baron and Viscount Spencer in 1761, and Earl Spencer in 1765.

Lady Spencer's name is written large in the memoirs and letters of the eighteenth century. There were, in the opinion of Mrs. Delaney, "few such noble and generous spirits in the world" as Lady Spencer and her husband. She was one of the two women of fashion whose society raised rather than depressed the spirits of Cowper. To her he dedicated his "Odyssey," and he spoke of her "as one of the first women in the world—in point of character and accomplishments." It was to Lady Spencer at Althorp that Garrick read aloud Hannah More's "Percy." With her, at Lausanne, Gibbon was "happy in a familiar intercourse." At Bath, in 1791, Madame d'Arblay found her

a sensible and sagacious character, intelligent, polite and agreeable; and she spends her life in such exercises of active charity and zeal, that she would be one of the most exemplary women of rank of the age, had she less of show in her exertions and more of forbearance in publishing them.

In 1808, when she was quite an old woman, she was staying at Barley Wood with Hannah More, who had not seen her "for several years." "There is," writes her hostess, "the same animation and frank pleasant manners: nothing, I think, is altered but the impression which time has made on her face."

In her youth Lady Spencer had been a beauty and a leader of fashion. In 1756, shortly after her marriage, she was at Spa, where Mrs. Calderwood of Potton met her, and in her "Journal" thus enumerates the party:

There was Mr. Spencer, his wife, her sister, her mother, a *cousine*, her two brothers, a chaplain, and one Major Barton who was Spencer's governour, and

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and how much they are calculated to mislead the judgment, to inflame the passions, and, most of them, to destroy all serious principles whatever.

What are your plans? Do you remain in Town, or have you any thoughts of Roehampton, and, if you do stay in Town, what sort of life are you leading there? Is it such an one that you can wish little Caroline was old enough to see how you are going on, and to profit by your example? I do not know a better way you can take to try your conduct than by frequently asking yourself this question, and, if you do not try to deceive yourself, your heart will always answer truly.

"Pray make my excuses," writes Lady Spencer, November 14, 1788, "to dear little Caroline for having forgot her birthday. It is a misfortune which will happen sometimes where there are many little people to remember. God bless her, and all of them." The child was then three years old. Eighteen months later she stayed several weeks with her grandmother, while Lady Duncannon was abroad.

Caroline is perfectly well [says Lady Spencer, March 29, 1890], and the most accommodating good-humoured child I ever saw. She is grown very fond of me, and is delighted with sleeping in my room. Our little *ménage* goes on as well as possible. The only difficulty we have is an aversion she has taken to Louisa Poynts, who doats upon her and does everything she can to please her. Caroline will go to her and kiss her, or sit in her lap, if I tell her to do so; but she will not look at her, or laugh, or speak, while she is in the room. This is the more odd as she laughs and plays with Mrs. Bourchier, and is excessively fond of Miss Trimmer, and will go with her anywhere. But the moment Louisa comes into the room it operates like Magnetism, and she will not utter another word. I daresay it will go off soon.

She improves in her reading, and can do the greater part of the map of England very perfectly.

It is usually stated that Lady Caroline, from the age of three to that of nine, was brought up in Italy under the care of a servant. There appears to be little or no foundation for the statement. During the years 1791–94 Lady Duncannon was in bad health. For many months there is a gap in the correspondence, because Lady Spencer nursed her daughter during her illness, and then accompanied her abroad. But the gap is to some extent supplied by a few letters written to the three sons who were left at home, at school, or with their

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grandfather, Lord Bessborough. Lady Spencer, with Lord and Lady Duncannon, left England in November 1791, landing at Havre (November 5) after "a good passage of four-and-twenty hours." Caroline Ponsonby joined them at Paris, being brought over by Lady Elizabeth Foster. Lady Duncannon, writing from Paris, November 20, 1791, says:

> Your sister and Lady Elizabeth are not yet arrived; but I have heard of their being safe across the water, and I expect them every moment. . . . The most fashionable way of going about here is in little open chaises like the cabriolet, only with one horse. The gentlemen drive, full dress'd very often, with bags and swords on, and without any hats. God bless you, my dear boy.

Lord Duncannon writes to his son (January 22, 1792) from Hyères:

> Your mama is much better than when you saw her last. She has been walking downstairs to-day with her crutches. She took a long ride yesterday on an Ass. Caro is very well and very much pleased with the letter you sent her, and sends her Love to you.

Another letter written from Nice (April 5, 1792) is preserved: "Your mama is much better than when you saw her last. We long to see you and your Brothers. Caroline talks French and plays a Tune on the Harpsichord. She desires her Love."

From Nice they made their way to Lausanne, where they spent the summer. There Gibbon met them, and notes that Lady Duncannon "seems to be recovering from her dreadful complaints." Lady Spencer, who preceded the rest of the party into Italy, writes to her daughter from Pisa in November 1792: "Pray tell Caro I am impatient to have her come, as I intend to help her to become quite good. I mean, if you approve of it, that, except sleeping, she should live entirely with me in my apartment, till she is so." In March 1793 Lord Duncannon succeeded his father as Earl of Bessborough. His accession to the title and property compelled him to return to England. When he rejoined his wife at Naples, he brought with him his youngest son, William Ponsonby (born 1787). Meanwhile Caroline remained for the most part with her

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grandmother. In December 1793 she was with Lady Spencer at Caserta, while Lady Bessborough was at Naples.

The weather [writes Lady Spencer, December 1793] is so excessively cold to-day that we were in doubt whether Caroline should go out or not, but she wished it so much that she has been out twice and is charmingly well. This evening, however, she is to swing instead of going out the third time, as they tell me the cold is intolerable.

Remember you must be here by 10 on Friday. We may certainly take Elizabeth to see the manufacture. The Hamiltons think the King will ask her to dinner, so she had better be dressed a little; but if he does not, she will return and dine with Mrs. Cadogan and Caro.

Pray take care to let me have the hairdresser here early on Friday, as you know I have not a Creature here who can do anything to my head.

A letter from Lady Bessborough, written to her sons from Naples on Twelfth Night (January 6) 1794, shows that Caroline was again with her:

I am sorry [she begins] I cannot be with you to draw King and Queen, and wish you a happy new year. I intended to invite a great many very pleasant children there are here to a little *fête* to-night. But your poor sister, though much better, is not yet stout enough to bear company. I therefore content myself with drawing it with her, Willy, Mad^elle^ Jagneau, and your grandmamma.

As the year advanced, the party set their faces homeward, though they had to travel through Germany owing to the disturbed state of France. An undated letter, from Caroline to her eldest brother, written from Milan in French and in a large childish hand, is preserved:

Mon chèr Frère,—Papa m'a dit que dans six semaines ou deux mois nous serons en Angleterre. J'espère que tous mes amis se portent bien. Ce sera un grand plaisir pour moi de les revoir, J'etais bien fachée d'apprendre que Madame Webb ne se porte pas bien. J'espère qu'elle se trouvera mieux bientôt. Faites bien mes amitiés à Frederic et à Caroline St. Jules. J'etais à Venice quand j'ai commencé cette lettre: à present je suis a Milan, plus prè de vous, chèr frère.

Je vous embrasse tendrement,

Caroline Ponsonby.

Lady Bessborough writes from Innsbruck, June 25, 1794:

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My dearest Boys,—We have left Italy and are got into Germany, which is a great step homewards. But your sister and I are in great distress, for we cannot understand a word your brother says. He will interpret for us, as he can *talk German*, and he runs about saying "*yaw, yaw*," "*nein, nein*," and fancies he is of great use. My impatience increases every day as I draw nearer to you: I can think of nothing but the happiness of seeing you so soon, my dear dear children.

The Austrian troops fill all the roads and Inns the whole way, which is a very great inconvenience.

It seems plain, therefore, that Lady Caroline Ponsonby was not, at any stage of her life, educated in Italy under the care of a servant. On the contrary, when her mother's health necessitated a prolonged stay on the continent, she was taken abroad by Lady Duncannon and her grandmother, instead of being left with relations at home.

Here and there, in the letters of Lady Spencer, there are allusions which prove that Lady Caroline needed and received watchful attention.

We have had [she writes from Holywell, February 7, 1797] a few fine spring days, and the primroses, snowdrops, and Hypaticas are beginning to come out. The birds sing, and the season is advancing that makes the country delightful.

Roma's Puppies will, I believe, be very pretty; the one I destine for you is a Dog. I beg that you will not let it be called Caroline's, nor suffer her to have any dog or living favourite, for I know by experience that nothing agitates her so much. It arises from too much anxiety about that she loves; but it should be avoided.

For several weeks each year Lady Caroline was with her grandmother, who reports to Lady Bessborough on the child's progress. In September 1800, for example, when the girl was nearly fifteen, there are several letters:

September 10, 1800. Caroline is very well and as happy as she can be at a distance from you; but she is a dear affectionate girl, and never a moment unmindful of those she loves. Lavinia [Lady Spencer, *née* Bingham] is very fond of her, and we all go on vastly well.

September 14, 1800. Dear Caroline is quite well. I am sure you will find a material alteration in her looks and behaviour from the effects of so many calm days. She is really quite delightful, and reads, and draws, and studies German very diligently, besides a great deal of air and exercise.

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One great thing is her having neither a servant nor a favourite dog to fidget herself with. But all this comforts me in the hope that, the older she grows, the more she will have the command of herself, and there cannot be a sweeter character than hers when she does command her temper.

September 18, 1800. Caroline wishes much to see you but continues to behave delightfully, and has actually made such progress in German that she will soon be mistress of it. She has drawn also very prettily, and indeed is hardly ever idle.

September 22, 1800. The dear child is really so much improved in the command over herself, that Jenny said to me this morning she never saw any one so altered, and added, with an air of the greatest satisfaction, "She will be the sweetest of them all at last." I am far from expecting this calm to continue long without interruption; but it is much gained while it lasts. She has finished the 11th book of the "Iliad."

Another lengthy visit was paid in 1801.

February 22, 1801. Nothing could be more delightful than dear Caroline. She has been uniformly affectionate to me as she always is, and kind and civil to Elizabeth ever since she came here, without any hurry or fidget. We read (after our chapter of the Bible) some of the "Life of Petrarch," in which she seems interested, and we have likewise read a little of Mason's "English Garden." Her dog occupies her a good deal; but she is not teasing or troublesome with it, and very kindly offered to give it to me, if you and Lord B. would not object to it. But this would be too great a sacrifice. She has really taught it a great many tricks, and it is an intelligent little beast.

March 3, 1801. Caroline still continues perfectly good and amiable, my dear Harriet, but she has a hurried and heated look and a visible unquietness about her ever since she received two letters from the two Miss Lambs this morning. She cannot attend to her usual occupations because she says she must answer them. I said, "I believe these letters have made you wish to go to town." She smiled and said: "A little"; but afterwards said: "No! I am sure I could not be so comfortable and feel so happy there as I do here."

May 30, 1801. Your sweet girl and I said our prayers together at six this morning, and then drank a little mug of milk warm from the cow, and have since then been very diligent in our different occupations.

November 18, 1801, was Lady Caroline's sixteenth birthday. She had grown into a girl, whose peculiar charm is suggested by her nicknames, "Sprite," "Ariel," "Fairy Queen," "Young Savage," "Squirrel." The fascination was heightened by her small slight figure, "golden hair, large hazel eyes," beautiful

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teeth, and low musical voice. On her sixteenth birthday the following lines were sent her by her grandmother:

These simple lines from a rejoicing heart
To thee, my much lov'd Caroline, belong,
And oft may this auspicious day impart
Fresh cause, as now, to hail thee with a song!

Long has my fond affection watch'd thy Youth,
With anxious wishes form'd the fervent Pray'r
That every virtue, like thy Love of Truth,
Might claim, with added years, thy utmost Care.

But ne'er till now did Heaven vouchsafe to grant
The firm strong hope I this day dare to own,
That thy own Labour will each worth implant
And rear, not check, the seeds that have been sown.

Full fifteen years of lengthen'd childhood past
Have made thy anxious friends misjudge of Thee;
Oh show them all, my much lov'd child, at last
That from these follies thou art now set free!

Catch each advantage which thy Parents' Love
With liberal hands have on thy youth bestow'd;
With gentleness let friendship thee improve,
And humbly seek the assistance of thy God.

G. S.

During the brief period of peace which interrupted the Napoleonic wars, Lady Bessborough and her daughter went to Paris. Lady Spencer writes, November 1, 1802:

Now for a few words about dear Caroline. The strictest attention to her Religious Principles and Practice is, I must ever think, your first Duty. But as you are going to Paris, I wish, instead of running after all the Curiosities there as your first and sole object, you would set seriously about the improvement of her manners and *maintien*. Get one of the best Dancing Masters or Mistresses if there are such, to teach her to go out and come into a room with propriety and without embarrassment. Make her your Companion, and teach her to look upon herself as one of the Company—to enter reasonably but not pertly into conversation, not to quit the Society for any trifling purposes, and

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to attend, while in it, to what is going forward. As soon as you cease to treat her as a Child, she will learn to respect herself, and I am sure both her head and heart are capable of anything if they are properly directed.

In the winter of the following year] Lady Spencer was preparing to spend Christmas with her son at Althorp, and Lady Caroline was to go with her. "I hope, Caroline," she writes to Lady Bessborough, November 23, 1800, "has thick shoes, warm stockings, petticoats, spencers, &c., for walking out at Althorp, and warm cloaths for common wear, which in a large house in the country in Winter is highly necessary."

On their way they stayed at Cosgrave with a Mr. Walker, where they found "a warm dinner, a warm house, and a warm reception." Their host, "and his son Robert, a young Cantab.," were both, as Lady Spencer tells her daughter, "quite captivated" by Lady Caroline. She herself writes from Cosgrave to her mother, December 1, 1803:

I only write, my dearest mama, to tell you Grandmama and I are very well and very comfortable. If the manners of our present society are not the most *elegant*, at least they are very friendly, and full of trials to please which must in the end succeed. As to old Mr. Walker I like him extremely.

You cannot think how sorry I am to hear poor Fred is not better. Give him my kindest love and tell him I will not only make Althorp write an exact list of his sport, but should the shadow of a game come near my eye, he shall have a minute description of it.

Except leaving you all, I begin to think I shall be very comfortable on all occasions. Being with grandmama cannot be much otherwise. Pray write very often indeed, and mind all my letters are sent as soon as possible. My love to everybody, and believe me, dearest of all dear M's, your always most dutifully affectionately and every other ly-est.

CAROLINE PONSONBY.

At Althorp the girl was a general favourite.

Lavinia [says Lady Spencer, December 4, 1803] is really fond of her as well as your Brother, and Sarah is quite delighted to have her, not forgetting Mad[lle] and Nurse Strand who are both ready to eat her. She is reading very attentively with me, and is deep in Italian with Sarah. She really seems happy and contented with the way of Life here, and every body is much pleased with her. If she would be persuaded to wear shoes that were not too tight,

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she would soon have her feet in a much better condition. But it is rather a sore subject with her.

From Althorp Lady Spencer and her granddaughter went to Bath.

What a dear odd thing your girl is [writes the former to Lady Bessborough, January 26, 1804]; she has just shown me her letter to you, in which there are pretty wild originalities, as there are in everything she writes; but I had rather she would not weary her head with writing too much, if it can be quietly avoided. I know few things I like better for her just at present than Mad. de Sévigné's letters, when we can get a quiet hour to read them. They divert without tiring her.

I long to hear [writes Lady Spencer, February 23, 1804, when the visit was at an end] that you find Caroline looking well. I do not know that she has had a single hurry since that I was witness to at Roehampton, and which I have reminded her of to show her what Passion will do, if not kept under proper restraint.

A sentence in a letter written on Good Friday 1805 is not without interest:

It is unnecessary to say anything to you, my dear Harriet, about the Sacrament, for I believe you never willingly neglect it. Caroline, I conclude, is pretty regular on this head; I was much pleased with her seriousness the last time she took it here.

In May 1805, when Caroline Ponsonby was nineteen and a half, came the news of her engagement to William Lamb. The letter of March 8, 1801, suggests that the attachment, young though the couple were, was of long standing. At any rate, the Lambs and the Ponsonbys were not only political allies, but intimate friends. In 1798 Lady Caroline's cousin had written: "The Lambs were with us a good while. I like William Lamb excessively, and think him really one of the cleverest young men there is. He is going into Scotland after he has made his declamation at Cambridge." The declamation was the "Essay on the Progressive Improvement of Mankind," with which William Lamb won the prize at Trinity College, Cambridge. A copy of it is bound up with Lady Caroline's manuscript commonplace book, where it keeps

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company with her first verses, the secret language of an imaginary order, drawings and sketches in verse and prose.

My head and my heart [wrote Lady Spencer, May 6, 1805] are so full, my dear Harriet, that I can only say how fervently I hope your dear girl may be happy. She must run some risques, and there seems in the present choice at least the advantage of mutual attachment. God grant they may be as happy as I wish them.

The marriage took place June 8, 1805. "I was much pleased," says Lady Spencer, October 18, 1806, "with Caroline's visit: she and William on the best terms possible, and very happy in each other. I think her in every respect much improved." Lady Spencer speaks of receiving one of Lady Caroline's whimsical letters with, "I make no doubt, a pretty true representation of her state of health in verse" (February 4, 1807), deplores "the inequality of her temper," and thinks that "her flow of spirits make it better she should not go alone to such places as the Masquerade" (May 25, 1808).

Lady Caroline may have expected too much from a husband. She was evidently prone to idealise all whom she liked. "I am glad," writes Lady Spencer, March 20, 1809, "Caroline's new maid promises to do so well, but I dare not hope that such thorough approbation will go on long. Dear child, she must buy experience which will teach her that perfection is nowhere to be found." But the marriage was a very happy one. Both the father and mother adored their only child, born August 28, 1807, and called Augustus after the Prince of Wales, who was his godfather.

I expected dear Caroline and Mr. Lamb to-day [writes Lady Spencer, January 21, 1810], but Mr. Giles came from Brocket Hall, and brought me a note to say they were prevented coming by the dear Boy's being very unwell. He assured me, however, that Lucas thought him much better this morning. I dare not ask any questions: but I hope the Nurse does not stuff him.

Three months later a visit was paid.

Only one word, my dear Harriet [reports Lady Spencer, April 1, 1810], to say that nothing can be more cheerful, calm and pleasant than dear Caroline is

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with her husband. He stays till Tuesday. The little Boy improves every hour, and all is as it should be.

It is evident that, at this time, as Lady Spencer says, Lady Caroline's "whole heart and soul were wrapped up in the Boy." In her commonplace book are some lines to the child, from which the last stanza may be quoted:

His little eyes like William's shine,
How great is then my joy,
For, while I call this darling mine,
I see "'tis William's boy!"

There were occasions, however, when Lady Spencer was anxious for the future, in spite of Lady Caroline's affection for her husband and her child. Her friends were not such as her relations approved. "What is become of dear Caroline?" asks Lady Spencer, July 19, 1811. "Will not the strange story about Lady O[xford] have at least the good effect of detaching her from her? or does she attempt to be her knight errant and defend her?" It will be remembered that it was Lady Oxford who is supposed to have dictated the famous letter which broke off relations between Lady Caroline and Byron. Other letters show the anxiety of her grandmother.

April 29, 1811. How is dear Caroline? I have written her a few rather serious lines in answer to a letter I had from her which rather vexed me by telling me she had jumped over a couch at some Assembly. Dear child! she does not know how much she lowers her character by such improprieties. Thank God, they are only childish; but that is unfit for her situation.

June 12, 1811. How has dear Caroline's great imprudence been received at Whitehall [*i.e.*, Lord Melbourne's]? I hope she recollects the positive promise I had from her, of her never riding without her husband, or further than St. James' Park in the early part of the day. She is too dear to me not to grieve for her sincerely. Dear child! she knows not the pain she gives to you and me, and too probably, the misery she is preparing for herself—and all this not from Vice but Vanity—inordinate Vanity. May God in his Mercy enable her to see her error before it is too late.

May 9, 1812. How is dear Caroline? she fidgets me sadly, as I daresay she does you. But I hope her good sense and excellent heart will in time find out that eccentricity is not a favourite qualification; many have neither taste nor

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sense enough to understand it, and most of those who have, despise it or dislike it.

At the time when this last letter was written, Lady Caroline had already made the acquaintance of Byron. "Childe Harold" was published March 1, 1812. At the age of twenty-three the poet "awoke one morning and found himself famous." "The subject of conversation, of curiosity, of enthusiasm almost, one might say," wrote the Duchess of Devonshire, formerly Lady Elizabeth Foster, "is not Spain or Portugal, warriors or patriots, but Lord Byron." Among his most enthusiastic admirers was Lady Caroline Lamb. "Your little friend, Caro William," writes the Duchess, May 4, 1812, "is doing all sorts of things for him and with him." "Lord Byron," says Lady Harriet Leveson-Gower, May 10, 1812, "is still upon a pedestal, and Caro William doing homage." With her romantic, impulsive, imaginative nature, Lady Caroline idealised Byron, and there can be no doubt that for the time the fascination was mutual. At the date of Lady Caroline's marriage, Lady Elizabeth Foster had written to her son, September 30, 1805, "She is the same wild, delicate, odd, delightful person, unlike everything." Byron, in different words, writing to Lady Caroline, expresses his sense of the charm which she exercised:

> You know I have always thought you the cleverest, most agreeable, absurd, amiable, perplexing, dangerous, fascinating little being that lives now, or ought to have lived two thousand years before. I won't talk to you of beauty; I am no judge. But our beauties cease to be so when near you, and therefore you have either some, or something better.

During the summer of 1812 they met repeatedly. But before Lady Caroline left London for Ireland (August 15) she had already one dangerous rival in Miss Milbanke (afterwards Lady Byron), and another in Lady Oxford, in whose neighbourhood Byron spent September and part of the autumn of 1812.

Whatever the relations of Lady Caroline and Byron may have been during these few months, Lady Spencer's letters

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during the same period present another side of her granddaughter's character:

May 20, 1812. I had a little visit this morning, my dear Harriet, from Caroline and Augustus. They were both in high health and spirits, and she talks of dining with me on Friday.

June 4, 1812. Caroline dined here to-day with me, my dear Harriet, and goes to town to-morrow. I could urge but little against it, and she assures me that Lord and Lady Melbourne, and her Husband wished it; that she had offered to stay, but he objected to it—at which she owned that she was much pleased. In short, there is no arguing when such matters of fact are asserted. She was very amiable, and Augustus extremely good. But he has a little effort now and then in drawing his breath which I do not like. Pray observe it. One is afraid of saying anything to her (dear Child) lest she should be doctoring or dieting him.

The bells have been ringing all day for the poor King's birthday; they give more pain than pleasure.

I have been standing to see my sheep shorn till I am tired: but the day has been delightful.

June 19, 1812. How is dear Caroline going on? She has so accustomed herself to represent things her own way, that I never can depend upon what she says of the opinions of those with whom she lives.

July 24, 1812. I am happy in having both Caroline and William here this evening without a cloud, my dear Harriet. The weather is cold and wet beyond description, and she was quite uneasy at his not arriving so soon as she expected—so much so that she resolved to return to Brocket, quite unable to bear the idea of his being quite alone there, and perhaps tired or unwell.

August 5, 1812. Your letter of this morning says you have had a delightful letter from Caroline, and *hope all will be well*. Her uncertainty and irritability of Mind are indeed most melancholy; but she loves her husband, and, as yet, he loves her. Is there no possibility of making her see what she risques in breaking such a Bond?

There are but few references to Lady Caroline in the remaining letters of Lady Spencer, written in the tremulous hand of advancing age and failing health.

December 20, 1812. Caroline, Mr. Lamb, and Augustus are here, but leave me to-morrow, as they go to the Hertford Ball on Tuesday.

February 12, 1813. Mr. Lamb and Caroline dined here to-day, and brought Augustus. They all look pretty well, Caroline certainly better and happier than she did some time ago; but Augustus is rather short-breathed, but both

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his Father and Mother think him quite well, and I trust in God he is, as to any material complaint. She gives very entertaining accounts of the *Fête*.

August 8, 1813. I must just tell you that Caroline and William are still here, and as long as they seem pleased with staying, I am pleased to have them. They are both very amiable, and went to church this morning.

September 25, 1813. Dear Car. has just sent me a brace of Partridges. She is always doing some good-natured thing or other.

The intimate friendship between Byron and Lady Caroline began in the spring of 1812. It ended in the following August. When Lady Caroline returned from Ireland in the winter of 1812 she burned Byron in effigy at Brocket Hall. "The Address spoken by the Page before the Bonfire," written by herself, has been printed; the following are its concluding lines:

Ah! look not thus on me, so grave, so sad;
Shake not your heads, nor say the Lady's mad.
Judge not of others, for there is but one
To whom the heart and feelings can be known.
Upon my youthful faults few censures cast.
Look to the future—and forgive the past.
London, farewell: vain world, vain life, adieu!
Take the last tears I e'er shall shed for you.
Young tho' I seem, I leave the world for ever,
Never to enter it again—no, never—never!

In judging of the nature of Lady Caroline's relations with Byron, little weight can be attached to her letter to Thomas Medwin, written in 1824, after the publication of his "Conversations of Byron," as her mind was then suffering from the shock of the poet's death.

ROWLAND E. PROTHERO.

Google

THE LEPROUS LIKENESS

So when our souls look back to thee,
They sicken, seeing against thy side,
Too foul to speak of or to see,
The leprous likeness of a bride.

SWINBURNE.

"WHEN Ivan builds a house, Paul opens a store. Then comes the pope a-begging." This is one of many half-plaintive, half-cynical proverbs, in which the common people of Russia expose their sores, worn in their flesh by the burden of the Church they serve so loyally and yet know so well.

Russia knows but one Church, the Orthodox or Greek Church, and devotion to its forms and compliance with its exactions are throughout the Empire the first test of loyalty. It is the one national institution of the country. Where politics penetrate, individual opinion, biased by ignorance, diversifies every theme. Industry has its phases and its proper place, and the army is—like fate—a thing to recognise but not to handle. The Church, though, is universal, and the normally religious temperament of the Russian, surviving strongly in spite of the activity of civilising influences, is its best buttress. Through all departments of life, from the flutter of intrigue that froths about the person of the Czar to the meanest littleness of village life, its leaven is a force of supreme potency, and its Pontiff is a power that all authorities

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must conciliate. St. Isaac's Cathedral in St. Petersburg and the minarets of the country chapel are alike monuments and tokens of the influence that is supreme in Russia.

By far the most important section of the population of Russia is the peasantry, the great inert mass of the common people. Recent sociologists who have given thought to Russian affairs have come to agree with Count Tolstoy that whatever destiny may hold in store for the country, whatever its ultimate fate is to be, must come from this untried host. They watch intently its shaping, its growth; and meanwhile the Orthodox Church, the pedestal upon which the autocracy is apotheosised, is striving for calculated ends and stealing its weapons from under its hands. Its methods are those of the Roman Church of the Middle Ages, and its work in this direction is the gravest movement that has countenance in Russia to-day.

The peasant, to begin with, is of an ignorance unparalleled and bestial. It is not easy to convey to Western minds an idea of the mental blackness in which these men and women live and die. Ninety millions and odd of them neither read nor write, and this is but a small thing in comparison with what remains. The peasant that works on the land knows nothing of the land. "He tills a stretch of ground and sows wheat, but he never thinks of reaping till it is dead ripe, and half the good stuff rots in rains." He is afraid of the dark, grovelling, stupid and inarticulate. He lives without gusto and dies without curiosity, and there are scores of millions of him, balanced eternally between mere hunger and real famine.

Upon these people the Church has laid both its hands, and every village has its wooden church, gay with painted domes and needle-spires, cluttered with tawdry eikons and altar furniture. Religion in Russia is beset with observances: the rubric is wearisomely elaborate, and one has but to watch the devotion of some daunted, half-animal moujik, to recognise how keenly wise were those priestly statesmen who cast a veil of mystery about the service of God and fogged the strait and

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narrow way with incense smoke and the glamour of gorgeous ritual. The man cowers before the waxen faces of the painted saints, makes the intricate Russian sign of the Cross, and carries out all his fetish observances with just that dreary mechanical resignation which sterilises his labour in the fields. He is under a stern obligation to conform to custom in all these respects, but the Church observes its limits, and lays no moral duty whatsoever upon him. He may come to church drunk, as a priest does, if he likes; he may live in whatever irregularity he pleases; but the crossing must be done, the eikons must be honoured, the fasts kept, or he is a marked man, a seditious example.

The fasts have a prominent place in the observances of the Orthodox Church. They are frequent and long, and it is on record that the mortality rate throughout the country shows a large increase towards the end of each of these terms of abstinence: indeed, they are so rigorous that in the country districts they have clearly contributed to the low vitality that characterises the peasant. A Russian journalist of Moscow gave me an account of a case of grim hardship he had observed for himself. In a certain famine district a man was found on a fast day going homewards with a pocket full of potatoes. He explained that his children were starving, and that these potatoes would feed them for the first time in two days. He made this explanation to a police-officer who stopped him, and was forthwith arrested and detained until the fast was at an end, lest he should be "tempted" to eat and give to others in defiance of the day.

It is not alone the clergy who work to make the Church universal in Russia. The legislating authority backs them to the extent of disenabling any member of the Orthodox Church to change his religion. For merely entertaining the project of so doing, he may be condemned to a penance which the penal authorities will enforce; if he carries it out his property can be claimed by his heirs, his civil rights forfeited, and himself exported to Siberia. Formerly, those who seceded were sent

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to the Caucasus, which is now the home of many millions of dissenters, who represent the best and most moral section of the Russian peasantry. The Dukhobortsi, or "spirit-wrestlers," are among these, and have achieved prominence of a dangerous kind by refusing military service. Mr. Geoffrey Drage, in his authoritative book on "Russian Affairs," says definitely: "The more moral portion of the Russian peasantry are as a rule to be found among the dissenters;" and Prince Galitzin, who visited the Caucasus to report on the conditions obtaining there, discovered in the prevalence of dissent, no less than in the superior enlightenment and mental enfranchisement of the people, so grave a menace to authority that he urged the discontinuance of the practice of exiling dissenters to Southern Russia.

The official concern of the Church among the peasantry, then, is to preserve the principle of the sanctity of the autocracy. It has devoted loyalty from its adherents, for these never question its efficacy as a link and intermediary between the material and the spiritual. I have often wondered in some little Russian church, busy with traffic of conscientious worshippers, just what some big, bulky-shouldered man imagined was the purpose of his posturing and gabbling, and how far he attributed to them an occult and unholy power. The old Welsh stories of my childhood—how the witch killed the cattle by the burning of herbs—would recur, and I have a conviction that these poor blind souls see in the eikons only charms that can hit back, and in their dim deity no more than a terror to be conciliated. It is quite the natural outcome of this insistence on the ceremonial, and it achieves far more than could any abstraction on principle or any code of ethics—in gaining a hold on the minds of the people that can be employed as the clergy see fit.

The ceremonial side of the system has a curious effect upon the status in the community of the individual priest. "Upon meeting a wolf or a pope or the devil, spit thrice and so avert the evil chance," runs a common aphorism. The pope is no more than the lackey who serves the altar, a gross

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implement in a ticklish trade. No consideration attaches to him save when about the business of his office. He is often a drunkard, almost always ignorant, generally a cadger and a beggar. The common run of parish priests are quite unlettered; the authentic voice of intonation and a vocation for an unlaborious and unproductive life are their sole qualifications. They are rapacious, immoral, and intemperate; I myself have seen a Sacrament administered by a bloated man who was too drunk to stand without support, yet that Sacrament was in order. The moujiks asked nothing of the priest—only the words and forms of the spell or incantation, or whatever they held the ceremony to be.

There is a dreadful tale which I have told before in another place. It was given to me as authentic, to illustrate the condition of the priesthood of the Orthodox Church. Let it be a picture. A hut in which a man lies dying, sodden with fear that he may pass ere the last Sacrament be administered to him. The shaggy, long-robed pope has come, and the gear is laid ready; but ere he will get to his work and unburden the poor soul, he will have an enhanced price for it. The wife of the dying man comes from the side of the squalid bed and pleads with him. He leers and is obdurate. Then a son will compel him, and they fight about the room, while the shaking patient stares from his pillow. The priest seizes the bread and strives to break it, for broken bread may not be blessed, while the son of the dying man grasps his arms to save it. And in the wrestle, the little loaf crumbles at last, and the sick man closes his eyes with a sigh of despair, awaiting death and damnation.

Where the priest is of this type, priestcraft is out of the question. That is to be looked for at the head of affairs, where the subtle brain of the Church pulses in high places. The Procurator of the Holy Synod, M. K. P. Pobiedonostseff, occupies a place in the Russian Orthodox Church of not less supremacy than that of the Pope in the Roman Catholic Church. Its aims, its methods, its organisation and vitality,

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RESTRICTED

known for mildness; in him millions of waiting people saw a coming deliverer, the Russian that should bring salvation to stricken Russia. But about him was the stern platoon of interested grand dukes and officials, and among them Pobiedonostseff, the logical fanatic, the rabid logician. A grim council for Nicholas, weak as he was and is, a hysterical and ineffectual man, a complacent and ill-informed ruler. Russia stretched hands of appeal to his new-found power; stricken Poland faltered its hopes; Tver, prostrate under oppression, petitioned for a restoration of legal order. Forthwith he answered, and the words that killed the bud of aspiration were those of Pobiedonostseff. The hopes of Russia were "senseless dreams"; he would protect the principle of autocracy, as his father had done. A Te Deum was celebrated in the Church of Our Lady of Kazan to mark his determination, and the people stooped again to their burdens.

It is, therefore, only natural and consistent that Pobiedonostseff should be the assistant and colleague of that school of Russian politicians which aims to produce uniformity of creed and condition. His religious views were admirably suited to furnish a moral backbone to the "thorough" policy of M. de Plehve. The Pontiff and the Minister had at heart a single principle, that of the soundness and righteousness of the autocracy. The persistent and ineradicable nationalism of the Jew found in both of them suspicion and alarm; wherever the prejudice of ignorant priests has fomented the Judenhetze among the people, de Plehve has been found on the side of violence. When the Kishineff massacres of 1903 were brewing, he sent instructions to the Governor of Bessarabia to refrain from the use of arms should any disturbance arise. The result is a blot on history, and no one who has gained a comprehension of the relative status of the priest and the official in Russian life can exonerate M. Pobiedonostseff from a share in the dispositions which everywhere tend to the persecution of the Jews.

Theoretically, religious freedom prevails in Russia, and was affirmed as a fundamental principle of the Constitution in the

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Czar's famous manifesto. Actually, the State Church is as absolute in its own sphere as the Czar is in his. The history of Russia is a chronicle of martyrdom. Of late years religious proselytising has been carried on in the Baltic Provinces with a vigour and an unscrupulousness as to the methods employed which sully the very name of tolerance, and of the Orthodox Church, which falsely professes to practise it. Lutheran clergy have been suspended on the most meagre pretext; the multiplication of churches prohibited; and a variety of disabilities heaped on those who resisted the invitations of the popes to change their faith. I have among my acquaintances a gentleman of Finland, a solicitor, who was presented one day with his passport to Moscow. He had received no warning that it was to be handed him, and it omitted to provide for his return journey. He was simply decanted into the heart of Russia, a man without employment, to gain a livelihood as best he might. He was clerk in a hotel when last I saw him.

The Dukhobortsi, of course, have suffered often and grievously. Even before they came into conflict with the law of the land by refusing military service, they were the prey to all the forces of persecution with which the Orthodox Church is armed. In 1898 some hundred and ten of their leading people were exiled to Siberia, while to those who had been granted leave to emigrate the conditions were made so severe that emigration would have been impossible had not assistance been forthcoming from the Quakers in England and America. The Armenians in the Caucasus, who resist doggedly all attempts to trap them from the faith of their fathers, form another large section of victims. Prince Galitzin went so far as to recommend the banishment to Siberia of two Archimandrites, of whom one was private secretary to the Patriarch. Their schools have been closed, their churches sequestrated, and their societies ruthlessly suppressed throughout the south. Yet they are the best citizens (and the richest) that turbulent region contains, and have no crime save a language and a tradition of their own.

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Unbending sternness, a dark and little narrowness, and the power of an elemental force—all these things are of the nature of the Orthodox Church of Russia. "The Church, as a community of believers, cannot and must not detach itself from the State," writes M. Pobiedonostseff in his book, and in truth it not only clings close to, but is one in spirit and in purpose with the autocracy. It is a dreadful thing to say, but a true one—that only by the growth of irreligion, like that flamboyant atheism that puffed the French Revolution to a blaze, can the great slave land come by its own. It is over the body of the priest that the peasant will strike at the prince—the priest that fashioned a god to awe him with the menace of perdition.

PERCEVAL GIBBON.

[This article was written prior to the manifesto of May 1, and to the resignation of M. Pobiedonostseff.—EDITOR, M.R.]

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GIBRALTAR

IT is just ten years ago, when, after a visit of some weeks to Gibraltar, I contributed an article to the *National Review*, briefly dealing with some of the difficulties and problems in the administration of a Crown Colony of that size.

With pleasure I returned to it this winter, and realised the profound change which had come over this lonely outpost of Great Britain in the intervening years—a change scarcely marked perhaps by the public at home, or by M.P.s, too busy to scrutinise the details of the Navy Estimates, or they would have noticed how largely the new works now approaching completion have bulked in the last few years. In her two hundred years of existence as a British possession none have been so important as the last five, except perhaps the four years of the great siege, the imperishable memory of which is carved as deep in our national records as that of Port Arthur will be amongst generations to come of Japanese as long as the world lasts. What is this great change that has taken place? It is a great Imperial change. It is as if Great Britain had suddenly grown out a thousand miles to the south, and had stretched out an arm all that distance towards the Cape, Australasia, and the Indies, East and West. It means, so far as the harbour is concerned, that from being a mere port of call, where men-of-war and steamers could put in for coal, water, and minor repairs in peace time, Gibraltar is now blossoming out into a great

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Imperial harbour, the headquarters of a mighty Imperial fleet. A few years ago the harbour was practically an unsheltered anchorage, open to the south-west, though the New Mole, about four hundred yards long, gave a small modicum of shelter to ships under repair or taking in stores and coal. Outside the Mole, where our men-of-war ordinarily anchored, there was no security against a torpedo attack from an enemy passing through the Straits at night; the water-supply was insufficient; the arsenal and dock accommodation on far too small a scale for the work required to be done even in peace-time, so that in case of a sea-fight in the neighbourhood ships would have to go a thousand miles for repairs, either home or to Malta. The paramount importance of increasing the security of Gibraltar as a harbour, and of adding to its importance as the *point d'appui* for a fleet, must have been long apparent to our naval authorities, especially since the development of the torpedo as a potent instrument of warfare; and before the last Liberal Government went out in 1895 it had already been arranged to construct one large dock and a protecting mole. This programme was largely added to on the advent of Lord Salisbury's Government to power. It was decided to build three docks —the largest 850 feet long—to increase the security of the harbour by lengthening the mole, and to assist the commerce of the Colony by building a commercial mole at the north-west side. Since that time, when once the main lines of the defence scheme were settled, there has been very little discussion in Parliament, except with regard to the efforts made by Mr. Gibson Bowles to alter the scheme, so that part of the new works might be constructed on the east side of the Rock, to which I shall allude later. The new organisation scheme, lately promulgated by the Admiralty, assigns to Gibraltar an increased importance as the headquarters of the Atlantic fleet. A glance at the map will show at once its value as a pivot, from which a completely equipped fleet can issue ready for war whenever its services are required, whether to reinforce the Home or Mediterranean fleets, or to act independently. It

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will, I think, be interesting to many at home to know what steps have been taken so to add to the strength and resources of the place as to make it worthy to fulfil the *rôle* assigned to it in the future. In addition to the moles, the arsenal and workshops have been largely extended, chiefly on ground reclaimed from the sea, and will be completed during the current year. Coaling facilities have been increased; and enormous storehouse accommodation for the varied requirements of a large modern fleet has been provided in absolute security.[1]

The water-supply of the Colony must always have been a puzzling and anxious problem, owing to the great variations in the annual rainfall, which, according to the records of the last 114 years, has ranged from 77 inches in 1855-6 to 15 inches in 1800-1. Ten years ago there was one reservoir only for the storage of rain-water, containing about 1,200,000 gallons, the rest of the water-supply being dependent on a few old wells, private tanks, and the condensation of sea-water. Since that time, thanks to the energy and skill of the present Colonial Engineer, a scheme for a complete provision of water has been undertaken and partially carried out. Mr. Copland realised that "to meet the varied requirements of the public supply of water in Gibraltar, it is necessary to have sufficient reservoirs to enable the surplus water of years of heavy rainfall to be stored for use in years of light rainfall, or otherwise to have collecting areas of sufficient extent to yield during a year of minimum rainfall sufficient water to meet the demand, and reservoirs to store it in." Accordingly, in 1899 four bomb-proof reservoirs were built on the west side in connection with a collecting area of over ten acres, while more recently the rainfall on the east side has been utilised by covering a large area with corrugated iron sheets, the rain falling on which is conducted by a channel right through the Rock into the reser-

[1] On March 1 of this year there occurred an event of great national importance. The battleship *King Edward VII.*, of 16,350 tons, arrived from home, and was taken into "King Edward's" Dock—the smallest of the three docks now approaching completion.

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voirs, from which, after a complete treatment of filtration and aeration, it is passed on to general use. When this scheme has reached its full development, not only will all the naval and military requirements be adequately met under the most adverse conditions of rainfall, but the water will be laid on to all the dwellings in the Colony, instead of being hawked about as at present in kegs and barrels. The funds for this and other sanitary purposes are provided by the Colony, and it would be a surprise to many English municipalities to know that a rate of 1*s.* 8*d.* is sufficient for all demands. Out of money provided by Parliament, very ingeniously contrived refrigerating works for the storage of meat will shortly be finished, in which supplies of colonial meat can be received and stored in perfect safety. It is no part of my task to express any opinion as to the present armament of the Rock; that must be left to military experts and to those on whom the responsibility for the defence of the fortress rests; but a few general reflections, based on the altered circumstances of the last few years, will not be out of place. It seems to be the general opinion that no attack on the harbour could be successfully made, except from Spanish territory. Only a few years ago the distance from Algeciras across the Bay, nearly five miles, was sufficient to prevent shell-fire from that direction; but the constantly increasing range and power of modern artillery, as displayed notably in the Boer War and at Port Arthur, has deprived the Rock of its ancient invulnerability, and has at any rate laid the new harbour and works open to shell-fire, as was ably demonstrated by Mr. Gibson Bowles in a most interesting pamphlet which he published in 1901. If the hostility of Spain is a necessary preliminary to any successful attack, we may, I trust, hope that that contingency may never arise. Our good relations with her, though slightly impaired in the course of the Spanish-American war, were warmly testified to by the Spanish Ambassador only the other day, and these relations will surely be confirmed by the visit which the King of Spain is shortly going to pay us; and if we could

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only take more effective measures to stop the smuggling which causes so much trouble and anxiety to the Spanish authorities, a fruitful source of their annoyance at our occupation of Gibraltar would be put an end to. But our statesmen have to take account of possibilities even remote, as well as of probabilities, and amongst the former must be ranked a hostile alliance against us of Spain with one or more great European Powers. In such an unlikely eventuality, it must not be forgotten that the railway to Algeciras makes possible the speedy transport to the shores of the Bay of siege guns and war material from all the arsenals of Spain's allies. Does not this consideration make it imperatively necessary that the armament on the Rock should be kept thoroughly up-to-date —nay, more—that, if possible, we should be able to go one better in the range and power of our artillery than any foe whom we might have to encounter?

In Mr. Gibson Bowles's pamphlet, to which I have before alluded, he very strongly advocated the construction of one or two of the three docks then planned for the western side of the Rock on the east side for the sake of greater security.

Mr. Goschen said in the House of Commons in 1896:

> No subject had given the Admiralty more anxiety than that of arriving at a decision as to the site of the new docks. The question between the west and east sites had been thoroughly gone into, not only by the Admiralty, but by the highest military authorities whose advice was at command. In regard to the east site, there was one great disadvantage, and that was the great length of time that would be occupied in carrying out the work—fifteen years might elapse before the work could be finished.

Possibly if the artillery developments of later years had been forecasted, the Admiralty might not have proposed to put all their eggs into one basket on the west side, and would have divided their works between the two: but at that time the paramount necessity was the security of the harbour from torpedo attack; and there can be no question, whatever may ultimately be done on the east side, that the works securing

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that purpose could be carried out more promptly and more cheaply in the way chosen by the Admiralty. No one who has seen a real bad Levanter can doubt that works in course of construction on the east side, and exposed to the full force of the sea, might be carried away again and again before they were completed; and Admiral Rawson's Committee, of which Mr. Bowles was a member, although it reported in 1901 "a harbour, dock, workshops, and coaling facilities were imperatively necessary on the east side," added that in their opinion the "Admiralty were wisely advised in the first instance in deciding on the west side for docks and harbour works." Although not absolutely immune from shell-fire from Spanish ground, the east side is undoubtedly much better protected than the west, and it is to be hoped that at some future time, when a rigid economy is less necessary than at the present moment, these suggested works may be put in hand.

Turning to commercial matters, speculation is rife as to how far the new commercial mole, now on the eve of completion, is likely to affect the prosperity of the Colony.

For many years the coal trade has been declining, steamers passing through the Straits eastward preferring to coal at Oran or Algiers. It remains to be seen whether the substitution of adequate coaling facilities alongside the quays for the old coaling hulks outside will restore the trade to its ancient dimensions. One thing may be predicted with certainty, and that is, that if the Government retain the management in their own hands, instead of handing it over to a committee of the mercantile body, or at any rate associating some of its members in the management, the whole thing will be a failure, just as the electric light was till taken over by the Sanitary Board. I myself would most strongly advocate its being handed over to the care of the same body, which has done excellent work for years past. It has the confidence of the commercial community; its chairman, Mr. A. Mosley, C.M.G., is one of the Colony's most leading citizens, and as three-sevenths of the total

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cost of the mole—£700,000—are defrayed by the Colony, it is only fitting that the chief citizens, whose interests are wrapped up in its success, should be largely concerned in its management. The interest on this sum, which has been lent on easy terms by the Home Government, will be a considerable addition to the expenditure of the Colony, and economies should be effected in the administration. As I pointed out in a former article, a considerable saving might be made by cutting down the legal establishment, which now costs about £3200 a year. The amount of work to be got through in the year by the Supreme Court is ludicrously small, and it really seems a costly anachronism to maintain the legal establishment of a hundred years ago at the present time, when Gibraltar can be reached by railway in three and a half days, as well as by frequent steamers. There are three Sessions of the Supreme Court during the year. In 1904 ten cases were sent for trial, and there were seven convictions. In the Sessions going on in this month there are two trivial cases, one from the Consular Court of Tangier. Of civil cases there are very few.

As the Chief Justiceship is now vacant, a great wish is expressed in the Colony that it should be abolished altogether, the post being filled by a circuit judge, who might possibly take in addition Malta and Cyprus.

The Colony also regards it as a grievance that it has to provide the whole salary of the Governor, whereas at Malta £2000 a year of the Governor's salary is paid out of the War Office vote. These matters should be carefully looked into by the Secretary to the Colonies. In the days that are coming it is most probable that Gibraltar will be regarded as the concern rather of the Navy than of the Army. We shall probably see there before long an admiral as Governor, and a further reduction in the strength of the army force. This must be accomplished without, as does occasionally happen, any friction between the two branches of the Imperial Service. The magnificent co-operation of the land and sea forces of Japan

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in the present war should be a constant reminder to those concerned in the defence of our widespread Empire of the necessity of well-concerted unity of action; and now that the country possesses a Defence Committee of the Cabinet whose main object is to ensure the co-ordination of all the forces of the Empire when the necessity arises, we may trust that, should that necessity ever unhappily arise, the defence of Gibraltar, that great Imperial asset, now more precious than ever, will be adequately maintained.

CHARLES BILL.

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MEDIÆVAL GARDENS [1]

NO one can study French mediæval lore, or Gothic cathedral, or Book of Hours, without realising how great a love of Nature prevailed in the late Middle Ages. The poems tell of spring, "the season of delight," of gardens which suffice "for loss of Paradise," and of birds "with soft melodious chant." In the dim stillness of the cathedral, Nature is expressed in infinite variety. Foliage grows in the hollows of the mouldings, and sometimes, as at Chartres, even the shafts, as they tower into the gloom, end in half-opened leaves, suggestive of spring, of hope, and of aspiration. Many a sunny façade shows us scenes of rural life—sowing, reaping, vine-dressing, and so forth—fashioned as a calendar in stone, and many a peasant must have rejoiced as he saw himself and his occupation thus represented in effigy. Fortunately for the poor toiler, the Church not only taught that "to labour is to worship," but further honoured work by thus representing it at the very entrance to the sanctuary, so making it, as it were, the "open sesame" to higher things.

In Books of Hours and illuminated MSS., before the complete border of flowers, birds, and small grotesques was developed, we find ornamental flourishes, like the growth of ivy and hawthorn, splendidly free in design, and painted with

[1] The quotations in this article from the "Roman de la Rose" are taken from Mr. F. S. Ellis's translation, published by Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co. in "The Temple Classics."—A. K.-W.

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evident joy even in the minutest bud or tendril. Everywhere may this love of Nature striving for expression be seen. But we must turn to the poems and romances if we would fully realise it in all its simplicity and truth, since it is in these alone that we get at the actual mediæval feeling unalloyed with all that we ourselves have, perhaps unwittingly, read into it.

"All hearts are uplifted and made glad in the time of April and May, when once again the meadows and the pastures become green." So says one of the old romancers. And this joy in returning spring seems to have pervaded mediæval thought and expression. Little is this to be wondered at when we call to mind the long dreary winters spent in cold and ill-lit castles, or in dark, draughty houses and hovels. Before glass, long regarded as a luxury, came into general use in dwellings, the only protection from rain and cold consisted in wooden shutters, or movable frames with horn slabs (necessarily small), or varnished parchment. In truth, the only warm, bright place, was the chimney corner, and here, as near as might be to the blazing logs, the long days of winter were spent in chess-playing, broidery, lute-playing, and love-making, the monotony of this only occasionally broken by the arrival of some wandering minstrel who sang of war and love, or of some packman laden with sundry wares prized of womankind. But in winter such wayfarers were rare, and life was, perforce, one of boredom and discomfort. Thus there was exceeding joy when "woods and thickets donned their rich green mantling of resplendent sheen."

It is generally of springtime in a garden—a garden of green glades and alleys, fruit-trees and flowers, such as was very dear to the mediæval soul—of which we read. The "Roman de la Rose" opens with a description of a garden, hemmed round with castle wall—a pleasaunce within a fortress—and planted with trees "from out the land of Saracens," and many others, to wit, the pine, the beech (loved of squirrels), the graceful birch, the shimmering aspen, the hazel, the oak, and many

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flowers withal—roses and violets and periwinkle, golden king-cups, and pink-rimmed daisies. The poet describes with careful detail the design of the garden.

> The garden was nigh broad as wide,
> And every angle duly squared;

how the trees were planted,

> . . . Such skilful art
> Had planned the trees that each apart
> Six fathoms stood, yet like a net
> The interlacing branches met;

and how "channelled brooks" flowed from clear fountains through "thymy herbage and gay flowers."

The debt which the mediæval world owed to the East is shown both in the fruits and the spices which are described as growing in the garden, and in the pastimes said to have been enjoyed in its cool shade. We read of pomegranates, nutmegs, almonds, dates, figs, liquorice, aniseed, cinnamon, and zedoary, an Eastern plant used as a stimulant. When the poet would tell of dance and song, he goes by

> A shaded pathway, where my feet,
> Bruised mint and fennel savouring sweet,

to a secluded lawn. Here he sees one whose name is "Gladness,"

> Gently swaying, rose and fell
> Her supple form, the while her feet
> Kept measured time with perfect beat:
>
> * * *
>
> While minstrels sang, the tambourine
> Kept with the flute due time I ween.
>
> * * *
>
> Then saw I cunning jugglers play,
> And girls cast tambourines away
> Aloft in air, then gaily trip
> Beneath them, and on finger-tip
> Catch them again.

In every garden there was a fountain or sheet of water

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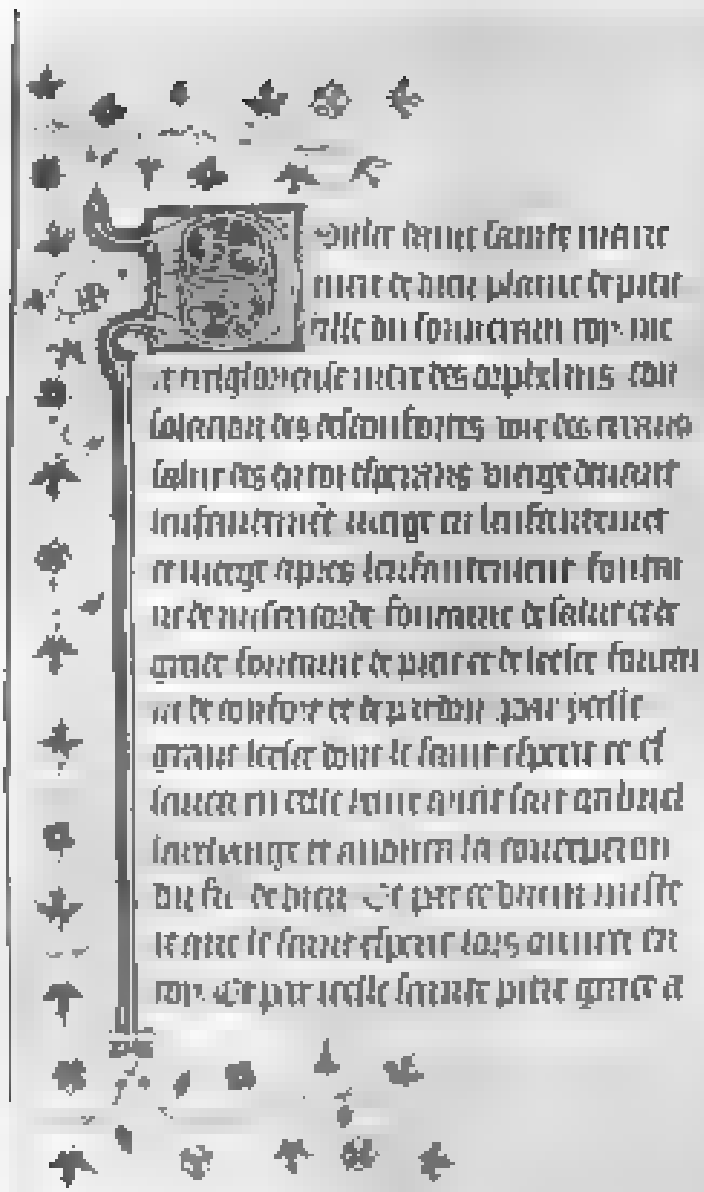

Book of Hours. French, 14th Century. British Museum

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with a small channelled way carrying the water to the castle and through the women's apartment. Sometimes these waterways were made use of by the lover as a means of communication with his beloved, as we read in the romance of "Tristan and Isoud," where Tristan, to apprise his mistress that he is at their trysting-place in the garden, drops into the water small pieces of bark and twigs, which are quickly carried to the chamber where Isoud is waiting and watching. And one eventide a perilous encounter befalls. Tristan has been banished the Court, for evil tongues have whispered in King Mark's ear of his love for Isoud, and have further whispered of secret meetings in the garden, beside the fountain. Now near the fountain is a pine-tree, into which King Mark resolves to climb, and perchance to discover the meeting of the lovers. As daylight fades, Tristan scales the wall, and hastens to throw into the water the little signals for his lady. But as he stoops over the pool, he sees, reflected in its clear surface, the image of the King, with bow ready bent. Can he stop the floating twigs as they are hurried along on their mission? No. The water carries them away out of sight, and Isoud must come. She comes, but Tristan does not go to meet her as was his wont, but remains standing by the water. She wonders at her lover's seeming unconcern, but as she approaches him, suddenly, in the bright moonlight, she, too, sees in the water the reflection of the king, and the lovers are saved.

A pine-tree is so often mentioned as a special feature in a garden, that one is led to think that it may have been an imported tree, peculiarly valued, or else that the mention of it was an imported tradition from some Northern epic, or from that of "Roland," composed probably towards the end of the eleventh century, and which forms the kernel of the "Chanson de Roland" as it has come down to us from the thirteenth century. In this latter we find mention of the pine when Charlemagne, after he is said to have taken Cordova, retires to a garden with Roland and Oliver and his barons, the elder

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ones amusing themselves with chess and trictrac, and the younger ones with fencing, the king meanwhile looking on, seated under a pine-tree. Later in the day tents are set up, in which they pass the night, and in the early morning Charlemagne, after hearing mass, again sits under the pine-tree to take counsel of his barons.

In the "Roman de la Rose," the fateful fountain of Narcissus is described as being beneath a pine-tree, which is represented as being taller and fairer than any that mortal eye had seen since the glorious pine of Charlemagne's time, showing that here at least the poet is making use of tradition.

But to make our way into a mediæval garden, and see all that grows therein, we must needs get within the precincts of the castle, for inside its fortified enclosure, the castle, like a small village, was self-contained. And this was no easy matter, if we may judge from the vivid description to be found in "Huon de Bordeaux," a poem concerning a Bordelais lord of the ninth century. After sundry adventures, Huon sets out on a journey to Babylon, and seeks an audience with the Emir. He tells of his arrival at what he describes as the castle, and how, after long parley with the porter, the drawbridge is let down, and the great gate opened, and he finds himself in an arched way, with a series of portcullises showing their teeth overhead. After further parley, and further opening of gates, he enters a large courtyard, and goes thence into the garden, which is planted with every kind of tree, aromatic herb, and sweet-scented flower. In the garden is a fountain with its little channelled way, supplied with water from the Earthly Paradise. This description may seem a little fantastic, but it is only the poet's way of telling us what we might ourselves experience if we would go in imagination to some thirteenth- or fourteenth-century castle, and seek to gain admittance.

Sometimes the garden was within the castle fortifications. It was then necessarily circumscribed, and would, more or less, be laid out with formal pathways and stone-curbed

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Flemish Master, 16th Century (*Stephenson Clarke Collection*)

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borders, also with trees cut in various devices (a reminder of Rome's once far-reaching influence), and a tunnel or pergola of vines or sweet-scented creepers running the length of the wall to form a covered walk for shelter against sunshine or shower. But where the garden was *without* the fortifications, but yet within the castle enclosure, as was always the arrangement if possible, opportunity was afforded for wooded dell and flowery slope, as well as for the orchard with its special patch for herb-growing.

The herb-plot was one of the most important items in a mediæval garden, for here were grown not only herbs and roots for healing, but also sweet-scented mint and thyme for mingling with the rushes strewn on the floors. Sometimes the rushes themselves were fragrant, and such, lemon-scented when crushed, may even to-day be found in the neighbourhood of Oxford, probably growing in the very place which at one time supplied many a college hall with its carpet of fresh green.

In the larger gardens might also be found labyrinths and aviaries, with gaudy plumaged birds from the East. Here, too, were often enclosures for wild beasts, much prized by the lord of the castle, to whom they may have been proffered as peace-offerings, or as friendly gifts from some neighbouring lord. Strange beasts were royal gifts, for kings, we read, made such offerings to each other. Even as early as the ninth century the King of Persia sent Charlemagne an elephant, which was brought to Aix-la-Chapelle. It would be interesting to know how it journeyed thither in those days. It seems quite possible that these private Zoological Gardens may account for the accuracy with which the early miniaturists painted such beasts as lions, bears, and leopards, which otherwise they might have had no chance of studying.

One of the greatest delights of the garden was the bower in which the warm months were passed. Here meals were taken, and merry pastimes enjoyed, as long as daylight lasted. Hither came tumblers and dancing girls, and sometimes performing animals. A poor captive bear would be made to

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stumble over the rough roads for miles in order to go through its grotesque antics before some joyous company of dames and gallants. But spring and youth was the time to be gay, and nothing came amiss to these light-hearted folk.

The bower was also the "privy playing place," and all care was taken to make its leafy screen grow close and thick. Perhaps one of the most interesting references to a green arbour—interesting because of the romance which was the cause of its mention—is in a poem by King James I. of Scotland, telling of sad years in prison, which ended in love and liberty. James, whilst still a young man, was imprisoned in Windsor Castle, and writing to solace himself with something more tangible than the mere contemplation of his beloved one, and to while away time, describes the garden with "herbere green," which he saw through the barred window of his prison-house. Leaning his head against the cold stone wall, by night he gazed at the stars, by day at the garden. And weary and woebegone as he was, he says, "to look, it did me good."

Now there was made fast by the tower wall
A garden fair, and in the corners set
A herbere green, with wands so long and small
Railed all about: and so with trees close set
Was all the place, and hawthorn hedges knit
That no one though he were near walking by
Might there within scarce any one espy.

* * *

So thick the branches and the leafage green
Beshaded all the alleys that there were,
And 'midst of ev'ry herbere might be seen
The sharp and green sweet-scented juniper,
Growing so fair with branches here and there,
That, as it seemed to any one without,
The branches spread the herbere all about.

* * *

And on the slender green-leaved branches sat
The little joyous nightingales, and sang
So loud and clear, the carols consecrat
To faithful love.

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Rhenish Master c. 1480 (*Frankfurt Museum*)

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Original from

This "garden fair" was the scene of the romance which solaced this royal prisoner, and helped him to bear his irksome lot, and to be able to exclaim, after nearly eighteen years' captivity, a captivity since boyhood:

> Thanks be to the massive castle wall,
> From which I eagerly looked forth and leant.

Looking from his window, he espied, notwithstanding "hawthorne hedges" and "beshaded alleys," Lady Johanna Beaumont (whom he wedded on his release) walking in the garden. Neither poet nor historian tell how they found means to communicate with one another, but tradition, which is sometimes twin-brother to truth, has handed down the story of a go-between who conveyed missives and tokens.

In the accompanying picture we see a corner of a mediæval garden, hemmed round with castle wall. In it the artist has adapted an everyday scene to a religious purpose, by giving my lady a crown, and the baby an aureole, to suggest the Holy Mother and Child, whilst one of the gentlemen-in-waiting is provided with wings, so as to make him more in harmony with such saintly company. But this is only what might have been seen on any bright morning in late spring or summer, in some castle pleasaunce. My lady reads a book, whilst her maidens amuse themselves, one holding a psaltery on which the child tinkles, to its evident delight and wonderment; another, with a perverted sporting instinct, seems to be trying to catch fish with a ladle (note the usual little channelled way, on which a bird is perched, refreshing itself), whilst a third is picking fruit. The three squires are doubtless talking of the chase, for, in my lady's presence, love would hardly be their theme. And all around are beautiful flowers—roses, lilies, and irises. Over against the enclosing wall is the usual bank of earth, faced with wood to keep it the necessary height, and planted with many flowers. This raised portion enabled those in the garden to get a view over the surrounding country, and to have a point of outlook in case of attack. It also served as

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a seat; for at intervals, between the flowers and sweet-scented herbs, portions were covered with turf.

Of all the flowers in the garden, the rose "red and pale" was the greatest favourite, and many different sorts were planted there. To so many purposes were they put, and so great was the demand for them, that large quantities of roses frequently served as the payment of vassals to their lord. They were used for strewing the floor at the wedding-feast, or at the entertaining of some great baron. The fresh petals were sprinkled over the surface of the water in the bath, and were distilled to make the rose-water with which the knights and ladies washed their hands and faces when they left their much-curtained beds. Further, they were specially prized for garlands, the making of which was one of the favourite occupations of the ladies of the Middle Ages. Dante, who sums up the spirit of the Middle Ages from the simplest reality to the sublimest ideal, alludes to garlands and garland-making as amongst the joys of the Earthly Paradise. In his poet's vision of the pageant of the Church Militant, he sees the last company wreathed with red roses, emblems to him of Charity or Love. Boccaccio, in a more mundane atmosphere and a less august assemblage, also introduces us to this mediæval love of garlands. In a preamble to one of his tales, he gives a dainty picture of the manners and pastimes of the gay folk of his day. Of the merry company, which his fancy makes to quit plague-stricken Florence for the country, where they tell stories to prevent monotony, he relates that, after dining in the cool shade, and before the story-telling begins, "the gentlemen walked with the ladies into a goodly garden, making chaplets and nosegays of divers flowers, and singing silently to themselves." Both sexes wore them on festive occasions, and in summer young girls wore no head-covering save a garland. The knight at the tournament decked his helm with a chaplet of some chosen flower, deftly woven by the fair one in whose name he made venture; and many a merry company, wreathed with flowers or foliage, rode forth on May-day, with trumpets and flutes, to celebrate the festival.

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Another favourite flower for garlands was the corn-flower, as we learn from the poets, who tell of ladies dancing the carole (a popular dance in which all moved slowly round in a circle, singing at the same time), their heads crowned with garlands of corn-flower. Violets, and periwinkles, and meadow flowers, white, red, and blue, were also gathered to indulge this pretty fancy.

The gillyflower is another flower frequently mentioned. This name has been applied to various flowers, but originally it belonged to the carnation, and was used for such in Shakespeare's time. In the "Roman de la Rose" it is called the gilly-flower-clove, thus definitely defining it. One of its virtues, according to an old writer, was "to comfort the spirites by the sence of smelling," and also "to be of much use in ornament." But indeed most flowers were not only used for chaplets, and for strewing on the floor, but were also painted on the chamber walls, and embroidered on the hangings, to serve in winter days as sweet memories and as sweeter hopes.

Apparently the earliest records of gardens, after Roman times, date from the ninth century, and are mostly to be found amongst monastic archives. A garden was an important, and even essential, annex of a monastery, not only because of the "herbularis" or physic garden, from the herbs of which the monks compounded salves and potions for the wounded knight or the plundered wayfarer who might take shelter within its protecting walls, but also because of the solace which the shady trees and the gay flowers brought to the sick, for a monastery was generally a hospital as well. St. Bernard of Clairvaux, speaking of an abbey garden, gives a charming picture of one of these cloistered pleasaunces for the sick and the aged. He says:

> Within the enclosure of this wall, many and various trees, prolific in various fruits, constitute an orchard resembling a wood, which being near the cell of the sick, lightens the infirmities of the brethren with no moderate solace, while it affords a spacious walking place to those who walk and a sweet place for reclining to those who are over-heated. Where the orchard terminates, the garden begins. Here also a beautiful spectacle is exhibited to the infirm

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brethren: while they sit upon the green margin of the huge basin, they see the little fishes playing under the water and representing a military encounter, by swimming to meet each other.

This warlike note seems strange and almost discordant in the midst of the peace of the cloister; but many, before seeking shelter there, had been doughty knights, and St. Bernard, man of the world as he was, would realise that even this mimic warfare might bring diversion to their tranquil seclusion.

What a contrast to all this joy in the Middle Ages in gardens and flowers are the sober reflections of Marcus Aurelius! Philosopher as he was, he would have us learn from plants the lesson of cause and effect, the continuity of life. He says:

The destruction of one thing is the making of another; and that which subsists at present is, as it were, the seed of succession, which springs from it. But if you take seed in the common notion, and confine it to the field or the garden, you have a dull fancy.

It is with a sense of relief that we turn from the thoughts which a garden suggests to this stoic, to those not less profound, though perhaps more simple, of a Chinese writer of the fourth century:

Ah, how short a time it is that we are here! Why then not set our hearts at rest, ceasing to trouble whether we remain or go? What boots it to wear out the soul with anxious thoughts? Let me stroll through the bright hours as they pass in my garden among my flowers.

ALICE KEMP-WELCH.

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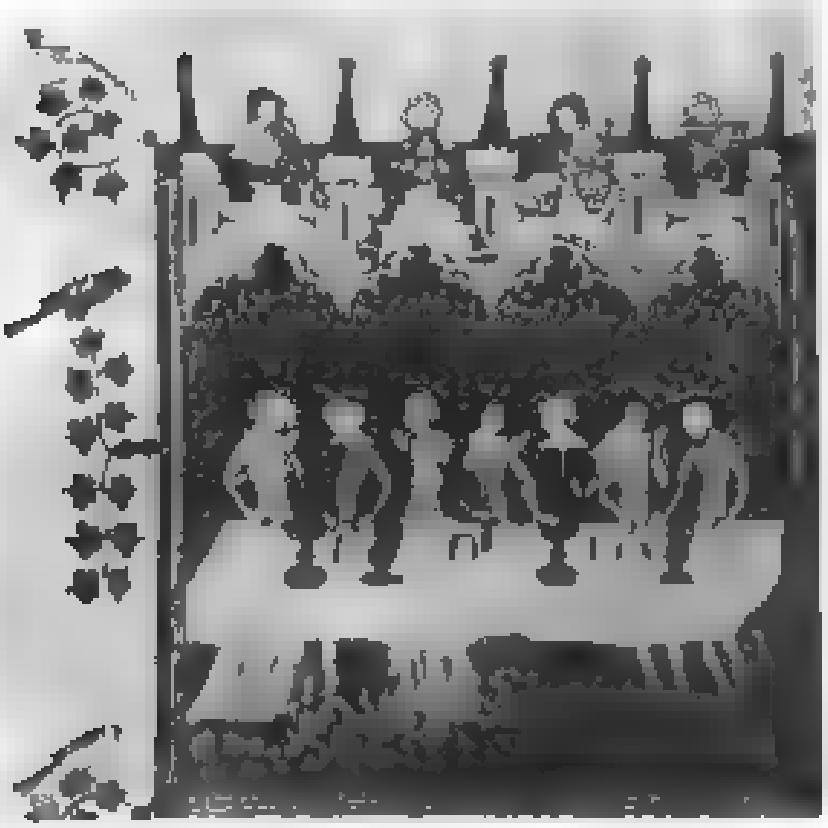
MS. Romance of Alexander, 14th Century (*Bodleian Library*)



MS. Romance of Alexander, 14th Century (*Bodleian Library*)

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IDEALISM IN PROTECTION

WHEN two people are talking about Free Trade and Protection it is not always certain that each has a clear idea of what is in the mind of the other. Free Trade has been presented as a purely scientific subject, and has been considered in that light; but when people come to apply the doctrine to real life, they cannot keep it apart from the human passions and sympathies which are aroused by the political or social ends which Free Trade is supposed to serve. Thus it may well happen that a Protectionist may admit the doctrine of Free Trade as an abstract truth but still remain a Protectionist, and that the arguments of the Free Trader and Protectionist will not meet, but will avoid one another, as each will be arguing a different side of the case—and from misapprehension it often results that each misjudges the other. The Free Trader has no right to call the Protectionist a self-seeker because the Protectionist ideal is different from his own, any more than the Protectionist has a right to call the Free Trader a Little Englander because he holds that Protection will dissolve instead of uniting the Empire. It is better to try to find out what it is which gives Protection its strength with those people who have no money interest to serve in supporting its doctrines.

I think this will be found in the ideas of Nationalism and efficiency, which are in some degree a reaction against the doctrines of individual freedom which prevailed in the last

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century, and had so much effect on our social history. By Nationalism (for want of a better word) I mean the desire to subordinate the interests of the individual to those of the State, as distinguished from the spirit of Nationality—the desire to set up a separate independent State. These ideas, so far as they imply control and regulation of the action of individuals by the State, are a reversion to an older order of things, and can be illustrated by the state of society as it was established two or three hundred years ago.

If we go back to the time of the Tudor kings we find a state of society in which the relations between man and man were regulated by laws and customary observances to an extent which we can with difficulty realise at the present day. The central government or the local officials ordered life in the most minute particulars, and this was accepted as a matter of course. Custom, not contract, was the guiding principle. Such phrases as Freedom of Contract and Competition would have had little practical meaning to the people of that day. They do not seem to have sought the greatest happiness of the greatest number, but rather a certain degree of well-being for everybody, as well in moral as in material respects; and so far from leaving people to be guided by intelligent self-interest in their dealings, the State took care to lay down what people were to do, and what they were to receive for doing it—the object sought being the efficiency of the whole body. Not so much the wealth as the welfare of the State.

The laws of that time dwell frequently on the "sin of idleness," and practical measures were taken to guard against it. Children who had no employment were set to work. If money was forthcoming they were apprenticed to a trade by the local authority, otherwise they were set to work upon the land. The apprentices, journeymen, and masters formed Companies, whose methods of business were regulated according to law; and while prices were fixed, officers, in the interest of the consumer, saw that the goods made were of genuine quality. Merchants who traded abroad were almost of necessity mem-

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bers of Companies, and had to conform to the "well ordered" Company's rule, otherwise they were looked upon askance as "interlopers," and as persons scarcely respectable. The rents of farms were customary not economic, they were fixed in accordance with what custom had settled to be the equivalent of the feudal services rendered to the lord, not in accordance with what competing tenants might be expected to give for them.

Throughout the system we find a serious attempt to hold the balance true between the producer and the consumer. Though the manufacturers and merchants are given privileges they must sell good articles. Prices are fixed by statute, and any attempt to raise them is met by forcible measures.

Thus we find it enacted that where wine merchants would not sell their wine at the prices determined by law the public officers might sell the wine for them to any person who required it. An order in council fixed the rates which hotel-keepers might charge for dinners. The price of beef, mutton, and beer, as well as wine, was fixed by law, and dealers were punished if there was any fault in quality. The precautions taken seem to us extravagant when the law recited that by "subtil devices" wools were sold "before that the sheep which bore them were shorn," and people were forbidden to sell their wool before the sheep-shearing was over; or when a man who was found to have sold rams to a foreigner was on the second occasion liable to be put to death; though these precautions were taken in the interest of the English consumers and to prevent the foreigner getting hold of the fine wools of this country.

There was no accumulated capital and no competition. Even the spirit of capitalism was discouraged, as for example by the law which forbad any one to have more than one loom or to make any profit by "letting or setting" any loom.

This system of minute regulation and adjustment of the affairs of life was only possible in a comparatively simple state of society, when the population was almost stationary, when there was little difficulty in finding employment and

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plenty of land available for occupation. But it certainly argued a very high degree of public spirit and honesty among the Justices of the Peace, Mayors, Bailiffs and other officers who had to work the system, as well as among the Wardens and other officers of the Companies who had to decide upon the quality and character of the goods to be sold; but that this spirit existed is shown (as Froude says) by the length of time the system lasted.

It is true that as wealth increased and the divisions of manufacture and labour became more complex corruption came in; but the doctrine that industry ought to be regulated in the interest of the nation, not of the individual, and that trade and the trader should be controlled with that object prevailed up to the latter part of the eighteenth century.

But from that time a great change took place. Wealth and capital had increased, new inventions and discoveries multiplied the power of producing goods and divided the capitalist from the labourer, who in early days had himself been the manufacturer. The regulation of trade became impossible owing to its complexity, and was resisted by the capitalists, who wanted freedom from restriction. Freedom of contract became the ruling idea, and the working of the law was no longer controlled, as formerly, by the Executive Government; and this resulted in oppression of the working class, who had become dependent on the capitalist even for the tools of their trades so soon as the old home industries had become superseded by power-driven machines in the factories. While the capitalist class, who had the political power, worked the system for the protection of their own interests, the case of the working classes was aggravated by the great increase in population which took place at the end of the century, otherwise a scarcity of labour would probably have induced a rise in wages. The result was that both operatives and agricultural labourers were in many districts reduced to a "miserable state of hopeless degradation."

In the words of Lord Beaconsfield, they were living the

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lives of brutes without the comfort of a brute's unconsciousness.

Matters were made worse by the corruption of the House of Commons, which had ceased to be a body elected by the people for the people, though it was from this quarter that relief eventually came.

The people had leaders and sympathisers, the wisest of whom fixed upon parliamentary reform and extension of the franchise as the true remedy. The movement was begun at the end of the eighteenth century, but was interrupted by the French wars and Revolution. After Waterloo it was resumed and steadily pressed. In the course of the struggle for political power many things were gained. Education, a free press, the power of combining in trade unions, an improved Poor Law, and freedom from the taxation of food and necessaries—the chief characteristic of the century being the movement of the people towards individual liberty and freedom from State control, a movement in a direction exactly opposed to the ideal of the Tudor times.

For the last twenty or thirty years the liberties of the people have become so firmly established that we have ceased to think about them. We accept them as a matter of course, like the light of the sun, and we have turned our thoughts in another direction. Organisation and control are talked about more than freedom; and efficiency is said to be the watchword of the twentieth century, as against the liberty of the nineteenth. This is showing itself in the large combinations of trade in this country and in America, and this idea is beginning to make its mark in politics and in the relations which some politicians advocate between the Government and trade. Organisation and control involve the curtailment of the liberty of the individuals who are organised. And when this organisation is applied by the State to commerce, we begin to revert to the Tudor ideal, and to go back upon the idea of individual liberty for which the nineteenth century contended.

The spirit of Nationality (*i.e.*, the desire to set up a

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separate State) also connects itself with the movement towards organisation. This spirit was active in the last century, and is working in our Colonies at the present time. Though it went hand-in-hand with the movement towards individual freedom in the last century, it may and does in the end conflict with individualism, because it declines to become cosmopolitan, whereas the extreme advocates of individual freedom become international, and cease to be patriotic. This was the case with the greatest German writers a hundred years ago, who derided patriotism as being fit only for an unripe nation.

These forces make for Protection, in so far as they assume that it is necessary to regulate commerce with a view to national efficiency, and for this purpose to limit competition, especially the competition of foreign countries. And it is on the ground of efficiency that appeal is made to us to bear the sacrifices which Protection entails, because (as Protectionists think) it will strengthen the nation by making employment steady and bringing the people back to the land.

The clearest modern example of this reversion to the Tudor ideal is seen in the doctrine that the State ought to favour or discourage trades, in accordance with their assumed effect on the national character.

The other day I attended a lecture where the lecturer dwelt eloquently upon the necessity of bringing the working classes up to the Imperial standard. "Only," he said, "they mustn't make jam." This seemed to me an anti-climax, but he arrived at the conclusion by laying it down that certain trades developed a low form of labour, and must be discouraged, the worst offender apparently being jam. What he had in view was efficiency, the efficiency of labour, which, as he truly said, was necessary for the efficiency of the Empire. He did not say by what means he would prevent people from making jam, and in this respect his lecture was defective. The people of the Tudor days would probably have taken a short way with the jam makers, as they did with the people who sold their rams to foreigners, but the lecturer was not prepared to advocate such

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a peremptory mode of repression. Another authority, however, has faced the difficulty by suggesting that it should be met by giving power to a Minister of the Crown to tax or give relief to trades, subject only to the advice of a council of professors.

It is sufficient to say on this point that our people are far too much attached to their liberties to place the power of taxation in any hands but those of their representatives, and that any such power, if given elsewhere, would afford disastrous opportunities for bribery and corruption, to show that such a scheme is undesirable and unworkable; but that such a scheme should be put forward by responsible people indicates to what lengths the doctrine of efficiency has been carried, and how far it reverts to the Tudor system.

The spirit of Nationalism seeks to work through control of freedom and Protection towards efficiency. In the end of the eighteenth century, and during the first half of the last century, great authorities in America and Germany taught that in their infancy trades must be protected by heavy duties in order that the nation may be developed on its industrial side, and thus made efficient; and though industries have long passed their infancy, the idea engendered by this doctrine, that foreign manufactures must be kept out for the good of the country—that is, to make the country strong and independent—still remains in force. It is this, I think, which gives strength to Mr. Chamberlain's doctrine of Imperialism. He seems to me to wish to organise the Empire on a business footing—taking as his model a great American trust; and as the organiser of a trust wishes to bring possible competitors into it, so Mr. Chamberlain wishes to bring in the Colonies, whom he regards as future rivals, by offering to tax our people's food and necessaries of life in their favour, hoping that in time the Colonies will remit duties on our manufactures and thus come into a close commercial union with us. What he is seeking is efficiency in the form of increased national strength—what he calls Imperialism. It is again the spirit of Nationalism—the regulation of the interest of the individual in subordination to

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that of the State—working towards efficiency through control of freedom and Protection.

The spirit of Nationality adds strength to the Imperialistic feeling by raising jealousy of the foreigner; and this is natural, as it is difficult to love our own nation more without loving other nations less, and this is at least compatible with wishing other nations less success than our own. In the speeches of Protectionists we constantly see regrets expressed that England is not now, as she was in the early part of the last century at the close of the Napoleonic wars, supreme in manufactures all over Europe. But in order that England may revert to this position we must first have another Napoleonic war. The most fervid Jingo would not wish to drench Europe with blood again in order that foreign factories may be closed, but yet there must be a faint tinge of this idea underlying such regrets.

There is no reason in the nature of things why Free Trade as a scientific doctrine should be associated with one party rather than another. As a matter of fact the earliest Free Traders were Tories, but looking to the cases in which the doctrine has been applied it is natural that freedom in trade should associate itself more particularly with the party which has worked for freedom in other directions. On the other hand, Protection has associated itself with the party of Nationality both in America, where the Protectionist North fought the Free Trade South; and in Germany, where the Protectionists have been the most active supporters of the national movement.

What raises in a special degree the wrath of Nationalists and of Protectionists in so far as they are Nationalists is cosmopolitanism. It conflicts with their ideals and tends to weaken the ties of patriotism. They look upon it as the enemy of national efficiency and therefore of Imperialism, and on this account denounce Free Traders as Little Englanders; for the doctrine of individualism, which is favoured by Free Trade, leads to the sin of regarding the foreigner not as an enemy but a friend, and foreign trade not as warfare but a mutual benefit.

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There are a great many Protectionists who are so on account of the pecuniary gain which the system will bring them in their manufactures, but there are a great many others who are so without any thought of gain to themselves. It is with regard to the latter that I have tried to point out what it is on which their Protectionism rests. It is, as I have said, in my opinion, love of country, desire of efficiency, and dislike of cosmopolitanism. It is Nationalism (as I have defined it) seeking by means of the efficiency which some people think Protection and Government control will give, to make the Empire stronger.

Their Nationalism may tend towards State Socialism, but at any rate it is of no use for the Free Trader to say to them that their system will be costly: they will reply that they are ready to pay the cost. What the Free Trader has to show is that Protection, Preference, Retaliation, Governmental Control—have all been tried and have all been found wanting—that they will not lead to efficiency, but on the contrary to corruption and discontent, and that the Empire which has been built up on freedom can only be maintained by freedom, not by a reversion to the methods of the Tudor kings.

Lastly, the Protectionist may be assured that the Free Trader is as good an Imperialist as he is. The command is given to us to love all men, but our hearts are not big enough to love all men equally, and it will be a long time before the Frenchman shall lie down with the German and a Little Englander shall lead them. We are proud of the Empire, but we love England. Englishmen of all parties remain Englishmen, and will uphold their country and its Empire against all the world.

God gave all men all earth to love,
But since our hearts are small
Ordained for each one spot should prove
Beloved over all.

W. R. Malcolm.

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MEDICAL TREATMENT FOR THE WORKING CLASSES

The law of benefits is a difficult channel which requires careful sailing. . . . He is a good man who can receive a gift well.—EMERSON.

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THE last century, starting with a splendid ideal of service for the sick, has left its successor a somewhat problematic heritage; and recently a serious indictment of the policy of the hospitals has appeared, which has been the signal of battle between the general practitioners, who consider themselves robbed by the hospitals, and the hospitals, who maintain the abuse to be so slight that existing means of dealing with it are sufficient.

At the commencement of last century there were seven hospitals in London and some few free dispensaries, and the out-patients for the Metropolis were counted in hundreds only, being as a rule those who had been discharged from the wards, but who still needed hospital care. To-day, besides having an infirmary for every district, there are ninety-four hospitals and innumerable medical missions and dispensaries, both charitable and rate-supported; and though there is some difficulty in ascertaining exactly the number of out-patients attending them, owing to the various systems of registration in force at the hospitals, many of which count one patient more than once during the year, a moderate estimation is one million,

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and there seems no doubt that the number is increasing out of all proportion to the increase in the population.

In the controversy which is being carried on just now the public is puzzled by the extraordinarily diverse statements made, not because either side is wilfully distorting facts, but because the word *abuse* has a different signification for each. If the fine lady who leaves her carriage and pair round the corner is the only kind of abuse which exists, no one can deny it is small; but is not the abuse the hospitals are suffering from very much more subtle, and therefore more dangerous than this—abuse by the improvident poor? There are two great means of provision for the sick of the working classes besides the hospitals, means which have been left unduly in the background, but without the recognition of which the question of abuse and how to deal with it cannot be rightly considered at all. The great thrift movements, *i.e.*, Friendly Societies and Provident Dispensaries, and the Poor Law.

If an adjustment between the hospitals and these could be arrived at, an adjustment precluding overlapping and competition, the problem of the treatment of the sick would be solved.

II

The Friendly Society movement is too well known to need description, but in the midst of what may be described as a tropically luxurious growth of free treatment, another self-help agency, the Provident Dispensary, shoots upwards and makes a bid for life. That it has not been choked in the thick tangle about it before it reached the upper air is very much to the credit of the working classes. The aim of the Provident Dispensary is to consider the interests of the medical men, the patients, and the hospitals. It is on the principle of a system of insurance, whereby for a small weekly or monthly payment medical treatment can be had when necessary. A well-managed Provident Dispensary is usually upheld by the local

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doctors, and to make it thoroughly fair any local doctor should have the option of serving it. The idea is to cater for those patients who are unable to meet the cost of a doctor's bill in any other way, and who would consequently have recourse to charitable aid. When special advice is desirable the patient is sent up from the dispensary to the hospital. One of the doctors on the staff of a Provident Dispensary reports that during one year he had 1245 attendances, and he received £60 5*s*., which works out at about 1*s*. a visit. "Most of these cases," he adds, "would, except through this system, not have been attended at all—or if attended a good number would have avoided payment."

In 1873 Sir Rutherford Alcock, the then treasurer of the Western Dispensary, a free medical charity in Westminster, delivered an address the result of which was its transformation into a *Provident* Dispensary. This address is an important document, bearing closely on the questions which are agitating the medical and charitable worlds of to-day.

He called attention to the first Report of the Committee administering the Sunday Fund, in which it laid down, in what he emphasised as weighty words, that "Hospitals as a rule deal with the severe and serious afflictions arising from accident and disease, which entirely prostrate the lower working classes, and which from the exceptional character of the misfortune they can scarcely be expected to provide against. The dispensaries only grapple generally with those ordinary maladies to which all families and individuals are more or less subject, and against which the working classes should be encouraged to make provision. There are many persons who obtain gratuitous medical assistance who would be willing to pay something for their medicine and attendance, but who cannot afford to run up a doctor's bill, and yet in the first instance feel reluctance in seeking charity, but who use hospitals or dispensaries for lack of any system of medical relief within their means. This refined feeling of reluctance should be cultivated rather than restrained, and it can prob-

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ably only be done by promoting the 'provident' principle in dispensaries."

Sir Rutherford Alcock then proceeded to give reasons why the change should be made. Among others he pointed out that there was very little inducement to medical men to attach themselves to dispensaries, or even minor hospitals, and spend many hours in attending an indiscriminate crowd of out-patients, a large proportion of which they might reasonably conclude ought either to be paying for advice, or otherwise applying for relief from the Poor Law Dispensaries. "The very bounty," he added, "which first supplied the wants of the poor is wearied and offended by discovering that the attempt to render service has been productive of either debased feeling or increasing misery."

From the date of this address the Western Dispensary became a Provident institution, with an ever-increasing *chentèle*. A small free department still remains, but those who bring free letters are for the most part of the same class as the Provident members, and might just as well *be* Provident members themselves. The patients' payments in 1904 (made by putting aside pennies weekly) amounted to £823, and £768 was paid over to the general practitioners on the staff. Though not self-supporting this institution makes good use of the charitable assistance it receives, £100 a year goes to the District Nursing Association, whose nurses attend its patients when necessary, and no case is recommended by the physician or surgeon for convalescent treatment or surgical aid for its members, but they receive help, contributing towards the cost themselves if able to do so.

The aim of a Provident Dispensary should be to be self-supporting, but this can only be accomplished by securing a very large membership. A dispensary at Battersea is nearly so owing to the possession of a flourishing branch, which enables it to cover a large area. The patients' payments in 1904 were as much as £3546 19*s.* 4*d.*

At Deptford there is a branch of the Provident Medical

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Association, which is entirely self-supporting, owing partly to the fact that there are no hospitals in the neighbourhood, and partly to the large number of sick benefit clubs affiliated to it.

The Provident Medical Association is, perhaps, the Society which is making the greatest effort in London to cater for the needs of the working population who cannot afford doctors' usual fees. The aim of the Society is to establish branches in the various districts of the Metropolis all working on similar lines, and under the control of a central office. It has now no less than twenty-two branches, and fresh ones are added to it yearly, with a scale of payment varying slightly according to the neighbourhood. The cost is trifling, 1*d.* or 1½*d.* a week for an adult, and ½*d.* or 1*d.* for a child. A member has a choice of doctors from a duly qualified staff; these as in other Provident Dispensaries will visit the home, if necessary, or procure the services of a district nurse. It will readily be seen how, in certain cases, this is a distinct gain for the patient upon the system of the hospitals, who are rarely able to take the home into consideration at all. Another advantage is that usually there is an evening department, in order that those in work do not lose time by attending their doctor. The members, and of course the doctors, are represented on the District Committees. The medical men are paid 50 per cent. of the members' contributions, and if there is a balance after other expenses are paid, it is divided among them in proportion to the number of patients' cards each has.

The Association, besides recognising the principle of co-operation between its branches, does a great deal in the way of co-operation with other medical agencies.

It gets into touch with the Almoner of a hospital where there is one, and its collectors systematically visit those cases referred by her to it. This arrangement, though not in force at all the branches, is recognised as the ideal to be aimed at. The advice of the Almoner to a patient to join a dispensary is thus not allowed to lie fallow, and there is no excuse for want

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of provision in future, as the *means* of provision is brought to his very door.

It co-operates with Friendly Societies by admitting their members at a reduced fee, and giving a choice of doctors to each, in the particular district in which he may reside. The men belonging to a Friendly Society are often scattered over a large area, far from their own lodge, but if they live in a district in which the Provident Medical Association is at work they are provided with a doctor. Both parties reap an advantage from this arrangement. A certain Court of Foresters has members living in thirteen different Provident Medical districts, and for the subscription of 1*s.* per quarter per member the Association meets their needs; on the other hand, it has been mentioned above that one of the chief reasons why the Deptford branch of the Association can boast of being self-supporting is that the number of Friendly Society men on its books has increased its receipts sufficiently for it to be so.

The Provident Medical Association co-operates with the Saturday Fund in a way which bears specially upon the question of reform with regard to hospitals. In 1897 the Saturday Fund arranged that before granting a letter for a Chest Hospital the patient asking for one should be sent to the Provident Branch in the district in which he lived, for examination, and only on the recommendation of the medical man examining him would the letter be granted. The result has proved that numbers of persons asking for Chest Hospital letters do not need them at all, and could be more suitably treated at the dispensary, which is nearer and more convenient, or by a local doctor, or at a general hospital rather than a special one. It will readily be seen how this system relieves the hospitals of unsuitable cases, while ensuring that those who really need their advice have it. It might be a step towards reform if this organisation could be extended to the distribution of all hospital letters belonging to the Fund.

Further co-operation with the Fund is made with regard

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to instruments and convalescent treatment. Should a Provident member be advised to obtain either he is sent to the Saturday Fund, which gives a grant if necessary, and arranges for the rest of the cost to be paid in instalments.

A wider extension of the Provident Medical scheme has lately been advocated by Dr. Lauriston Shaw, physician to Guy's Hospital. He wished to see throughout London an association open to all medical men willing to join, each patient may choose his doctor, and each doctor may have the option of refusing to put a patient on his books. The families not only of the labouring classes, but of the relatively well-to-do, would be allowed to become Provident members, but the scale of payment would be a sliding one, according to the means of the family, beginning with the small fee now paid it would rise gradually. With those higher fees the scheme would be self-supporting, and charity would come in to supplement the payments of the very poor or to help to pay while a member was out of work or ill.

At Tottenham some such arrangement has been tried by the Provident Medical Association with some success.

Ultimately Dr. Shaw maintains it could reasonably be expected that no patient should be treated at hospital without being certified as a fit subject by his medical attendant; and according to this arrangement the argument against the suggestion, that an unscrupulous member of the profession might delay sending up his patient for special advice in order to extract fees would fall to the ground.

According to this suggestion also thrift would be directly stimulated, those who failed to make provision for themselves by payment of a small weekly fee having to fall back in the last resort on the Poor Law.

The part payment system which has been adopted by some of the hospitals, partly as a means of keeping down their numbers, and partly to increase their income, is an enemy to the Provident system. The argument is that it is good for the poor morally, and good for the hospital materially, if the

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patients be required to pay threepence a week for their medicine while they attend; but, if it is considered thrifty to buy the best article possible in the cheapest market, not only are those who are well able to pay their medical man sixpence, a shilling, or even more, encouraged to delude themselves into the belief that they are merely exercising legitimate economy by attending the hospital; but all idea of forethought becomes superfluous when treatment (the patients do not discriminate between paying for treatment and paying for medicine) can be had for such a small sum. Can this be called anything but underselling the general practitioners and competing unfairly with the Provident Dispensaries? The fact that such numbers of people are found to be able to pay threepence a week for the medicine during sickness, a time when usually they need it most, is proof that they might have been paying a penny or a penny halfpenny a week to a Provident Dispensary during health.

III

It is the law of this country that no person need go without medical treatment, even if there were no hospitals or free dispensaries, any more than he need starve. At the same time, the position of the Poor Law authorities with regard to medical relief is a very delicate one. Whilst recognising that the standard of relief given should be high, they realise that the better it becomes the more attractive it becomes, and that in consequence the labourer's own provision for sickness is likely to be tampered with. The result of this, in the opinion of all who have studied the question, is more far reaching than might at first appear. "Medical relief," says Dr. Bridges, late Poor Law Medical Inspector, "is one of the most frequent gateways to the state of pauperism."

Even a cursory study of Poor Law history shows the extraordinary effect the strict or lax policy of the Guardians has upon the number of paupers for whom they have to provide, and in the stricter Unions now it is found that there are

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not only fewer persons on the rates, but fewer needing help of any kind. They provide for themselves, because they know that if they fail to do so the results will be unpleasant.

When, therefore, the applicant for medical relief finds it can be obtained easily, the first step towards reliance on the Guardians has been taken, and "ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte."

The applicants for Poor Law medical relief are increasing simultaneously with those for hospital relief, and it is evident that the flow of patients must be checked all round if the more Provident system is to make headway. Various suggestions have been made with regard to the Poor Law. One is to introduce its strict principles, making a test of necessity by only granting medical relief by admission to an infirmary, instead of allowing it to be given in the patient's own home or at a dispensary; another, that there should be compulsory insurance against sickness; another, that persons who have borne a bad character, or who might have made provision, should not have outdoor medical relief; and yet another, and one which has been worked with some success, is that medical relief should be granted on a loan system, that is that at the discretion of the Guardians a patient on recovery should be required to repay the cost of his treatment. In one Union where this was tried, Aschrott tells us, the local sick clubs and dispensaries increased their membership by 152 per cent. in a few years, while the applicants for Poor Law medical relief fell off considerably, which proves that, when once the necessity is made apparent to them, the lower working classes can provide for their own ordinary medical treatment.

IV

One of the outposts of reform with regard to out-patient abuse would be made secure if a right public opinion could be created among the applicants for free medical relief; but this will never be accomplished till the charitable workers among

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them have acquired some principles in the matter. At present the work of a Hospital Almoner, whose duty it is to eliminate the unsuitable from those who are to enjoy the privileges of hospital treatment, is frequently rendered abortive by the attitude of the "visiting lady." One patient when asked why, when she had been warned a year previously that in future she could only attend for special treatment, she had not joined the Provident Dispensary as then advised, replied, "The visiting lady always gives me a letter for the hospital when I want one. so there is no sense in joining"; and when this answer did not satisfy she continued, "but I may as well join the dispensary now because the lady is just going away."

Letters are given away far too easily. They have even been known to have been sold in shops and public-houses, and frequently, as with surgical aid letters, if applied for in person at banks or hotels they are given without any inquiry, though the applicant is quite unknown.

At general hospitals now letters are not a necessity, and it seems strange they have not been abolished. The patient possessing one expects special favours, and it is very difficult for officials to maintain strict impartiality. It scarcely needs pointing out how essential it is when dealing with a large number of people, such as a body of out-patients, that there should be no suspicion of favouritism.

The majority of subscribers do not demand this "pound of flesh," and it seems to have been the opinion of every Committee considering hospital reform, from the House of Lords inquiry in 1891 to to-day, that letters should be done away with. The main obstacle has been stated to be that the Friendly Societies and Hospital Saturday Fund do subscribe directly with a view to using them; but the Saturday Fund, while expecting to be treated like any other subscriber where the letter system is in force, does not make the provision of letters the basis of its awards; and if it were once understood that the *need* of the patient in all cases was the sole passport, it seems unlikely that serious objection would be taken to the step.

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V

When so much abject poverty is met with in daily visiting among the poor it is possible that provision for sickness even through a Provident Dispensary should seem out of the question. But is not the question one of management more than of means? Stevenson's ideal "to earn a little and spend a little less" is one which is too often ignored, and in all classes the margin which would allow that the emergencies of life should be met with equanimity and dignity is frequently dispensed with. The claim that they are badly off is not peculiar to those who are called the poor. Poverty is a relative term. The line has to be drawn somewhere by most people, and many draw it at paying their doctors' bills who would never think of drawing it at paying for the music-halls, drinking and betting.

The experience of Almoners and of the Secretaries of the Provident Dispensaries is that it is not usually for lack of pence that people fail to join, but for lack of will. A widow with two children to support, or a labourer with a large family will be found as members, while others complain that their contributions would be a drain upon their resources which they could not stand.

The following are two cases which were verified:

A respectable woman was sent up by her doctor for special advice to hospital. She apologised quite unnecessarily for coming. She was a charwoman aged fifty, in very indifferent health, so unable to do full work, and she had three children, the eldest a lad of sixteen, earning 8*s.* a week, and two at school. She was in a Provident Dispensary.

A man earning 28*s.* 6*d.* a week, supporting a wife too delicate to work, and five children, three who were invalids, and two at school. Two of the invalids had chronic complaints, which prevented their working, the third had anæmia, and had been earning 8*s.* a week. The father was keeping up his con-

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tributions to two Friendly Societies and a Slate Club, besides paying insurance fees for the family.

The great obstacle to making regular weekly payments is no doubt irregularity of employment, but season trades are better paid when work is plentiful to enable the worker to put by for the inevitable period of slackness, and even bricklayers' labourers have been known to be in Friendly Societies. Possibly some scheme could be devised by the dispensaries by which those employed in summer trades, for instance, might pay higher rates during the summer months and nothing during the winter.

Changes with regard to out-patient management are in the air. If all those who have formed any principles in the matter work together to educate those around them to a right public opinion about what is the right use and what the misuse of hospitals, and will urge the provision for ordinary illness such as is made in country places, where it is considered *infra dig.* not to be in the Friendly Society and Provident Dispensary (the only other alternative, it should be noted, being the Poor Law) a gradual and steady improvement may take place among those who have been taught of late to rely on obtaining their medical treatment free, and thus the ground will be prepared for the sounder administration which is coming.

HELEN G. NUSSEY,

Out-patient Almoner, Westminster Hospital.

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AN EMIGRATION EXPERIMENT

I AM no advocate of newspaper funds. Yet I claim to have had exceptional insight into their working, having been entrusted with the collection of nearly £350,000 of public money in shillings, and of this total £280,000 has been expended under my personal supervision on systems I have invented to meet the particular circumstances of each demand. I refer, particularly, to the Crippled Children's Christmas Hampers eleven years ago; to the War Fund, which remained open from October 1899 to March 1905; and, lastly, to the West Ham Fund, one phase of which is the subject of this article.

The West Ham Fund owed its origin to the generosity of Lord Burnham and the Hon. Harry Lawson, M.P., who, on December 22 last, handed me £1000 out of their own pockets, with strict injunctions that it should be spent in providing Christmas fare for the starving poor of West Ham. I confess that with my former experience I was appalled at the prospect, though I knew I should have the proprietors to consult in all points of policy or difficulty. It was the day of the blackest fog of December, and nearly four hours of valuable time were spent upon the railway in getting to and from West Ham, which lies on the extreme eastern boundary of the Metropolis.

A colleague and I were met with a rebuff at the outset. The Mayor of West Ham blankly refused to accept the

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£1000, and contented himself with taking £20, which he considered sufficient to provide children's dinners. We were, therefore, driven into direct distribution once more, and by Christmas morning the £1000 had been well spent, notwithstanding the exceptional difficulties created by the broadcast scattering of what were locally called "whisky money" tickets, representing the enterprise of another newspaper. As time went on, complications were also caused by the legitimate competition of another fund, which had secured the solid support of Socialism and Nonconformity.

To the £1000 subscribed by the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph* its readers added so very generously, in a rush of enthusiasm absolutely unparalleled, that, before the Shilling Fund ceased its distribution of what have been called "doles," upwards of £5000 had been placed in the hands of between sixty and seventy ministers of religion, including the local agents of the Salvation Army, Church Army, and the London City Mission.

I am not about to discuss, or to defend, the principle of doles, although if any one cared to pay a visit to the Fund Room in Fleet Street and inspect the thousands of vouchers accounting for every shilling spent, he might form the opinion that, perhaps, there was no need to seek a better system of distribution in West Ham, so great were the distress and destitution. But, Christmas having passed, it was apparent, from the tenor of the correspondence accompanying the flood of cheques and postal orders, that the public desired that something of a permanent and practical character should result from this extraordinary outburst of public sympathy.

Our Emigration Scheme was announced on January 2, the arrangements having been completed on New Year's Eve, and it is interesting to note that not one word of criticism has been offered against the allocation of £5000 to this work, except by Socialists, who, in West Ham, preached the doctrine that it was a diversion of public money from their pockets.

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The Shilling Fund remained open until January 31, and the anticipation which was formed that one month would be sufficient to provide the £5000 needed to send over 220 families, or 1000 souls, to Canada proved correct. Not one shilling was spent upon emigration which was not actually subscribed for that purpose; but, in order to fit the West Ham folk for life in Canada, it was found that it was altogether absurd to be content with engaging passages and paying railway fares. It was my duty to prepare, as far as possible, the penniless Londoner for life upon the land in a new country, and I had to take him at his worst, when home existed in name only, when clothing was in the pawnshop, and when the physical stamina of the bread-winners was reduced to its lowest ebb. I consider it cheap that with the money spent—practically £5000—we were enabled to raise up the standard of the West Ham folk to that of their Scandinavian competitors who are flocking into Canada by every boat, well-clad, well-shod, well-fed, and with money in their pockets.

Mrs. Glasse has laid down the culinary axiom that you must "first catch your hare," &c. In our case, we had first to catch the emigrants. This was no easy task. To begin with, we had all the eloquence of trade-union orators on both sides of the Atlantic against us; we had the rate-ridden and impecunious West Ham Town Council, who raised the plea that we should be taking away so many poor folk from West Ham merely to make room for others; we had the political cry on the Alien Question, which represented, with great truth, that hundreds of people, if not thousands, living in West Ham had been squeezed out of the metropolitan area and pushed into "London Across the Border" by the influx of Russians and Poles, particularly into Poplar, Stepney, and Bethnal Green. We had, too, the most profound ignorance regarding Canada, on the part not only of the poor, but of their pastors. It was a campaign of education which had to be undertaken.

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In this emergency, the aid of our Government Emigration Bureau was sought, and its recommendation took me to the Canadian Commission in full hope that Canada was prepared to advocate its own cause adequately. I must say that I did not find that my experience was very encouraging. Canada was seeking a different class of emigrant. A cable speedily took the news to Toronto that we were about to send West Ham poor to the Dominion. One of the leading newspapers in Canada started a subscription for West Ham, and by a smart stroke of up-to-date journalism it led newspapers here to believe that the money would be spent through their agency, but, instead of co-operating, the Toronto editor found more "copy" in an actual attempt to frustrate the success of our scheme. His representative was sent to the Mayor of West Ham, and the money was laid out in such a way as to tide over the necessities of certain families, who otherwise would have gladly availed themselves of our emigration offer. In a word, we had no sympathy from Canada, and for several anxious weeks it appeared to be the case that an endeavour to transfer the workless from London to the land which is crying out for labour was destined to be marred by the machinations of labour agitators. Our Canadian correspondents displayed extraordinary nervousness as to the feasibility of planting families successfully either upon the land, or, in the case of mechanics or artisans, in the towns. All this was to the good, as it led us to extend the time over which our operations were conducted. We went slowly and cautiously. Nobody was sent to Canada unless a cable advice had been received as to the destination where homes and work awaited the emigrants, and as the spring opened it was borne in upon us that we might, had we so pleased, a month earlier have despatched the whole of the first 200 families in one vessel, assured of absolute success.

An essential part of the dole system was the provision of work in the labour yards, one of which was run wholly for the Shilling Fund on the Church Army system by its officers,

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but amended by the Rev. W. Carlile to meet the special circumstances, one new factor having been the competition of the union rate of wages paid on municipal and other relief works in the borough. But experience soon proved that wood-chopping is no adequate preparation for emigration. It is a test which does not sort out the worthless, unless it be combined, as the Church Army usually does combine it, with residence in a labour home. When a man is free to work a shift or two for a pittance, and return to his family at night, and, I may say, to the public-house on the way home, he is asked to endure nothing. The worthless often go through undetected.

One of the agencies employed by the Shilling Fund was the Salvation Army, which undertook for a lump sum to deal with fifty families. The heads of twenty-five of these were trained specially at Hadleigh. I do not propose to dwell upon the Salvation Army principles and methods. They differed from our own, but they were ultimately brought into something like harmony. Still, as it is my object to give the results of personal knowledge, and as I have none of the actual working of the Salvation Army, save the information that I have derived from reports submitted to me by that body, I think that I must confine my observations to the remaining part of the scheme which was under my daily direct control.

The 175 families which passed, one by one, through my hands, represent the survival of some 450 applicants registered by us. These were obtained by placarding the whole of West Ham with the terms upon which the fund was willing to send deserving people to Canada. This publicity was not sufficient, and, in order to meet the opposition of the Socialists, and to educate the West Ham women, particularly, in the matter of emigration, a plan was devised for running a series of cinematograph and lantern lectures in all parts of the borough, supplemented by addresses by a lady who had herself long resided in Canada, and whose powerful advocacy convinced a

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great number of her own sex to withdraw their objections to their advancement. I may here observe that the weakest families with whom I have had to deal have been those where a man and his wife are passing into middle age without children. In many cases the influence of the wife at the last moment wrecked the man's prospects. When it began to be understood in West Ham that Canada was a Land of Promise, without reference at all to what I consider to be the illusive bribe of the 160 acres or "quarter-section" so freely advertised, the tide, at first set strongly against emigration, turned wholly in its favour; and there is no doubt that, had we so desired and the funds been available, we could have found fully a thousand families ready to go across the seas in search of means of existence, not to say prosperity, wholly denied to them here.

Out of the many applicants who came forward some were referred to the Self-Help Emigration Society, others to the East End Emigration Fund, and a few were retained for direct emigration, which I was enabled personally to undertake by the hearty co-operation of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The two societies named are charitable organisations, that is to say, their balance-sheets show a certain revenue from the public in the form of subscriptions, donations, legacies, and interest on invested capital derived from such voluntary sources, but the greater part of their income comes from the contributions of emigrants, and those personally interested in them. There are also carried (at all events in the accounts of the Self-Help Emigration Society) to the debtor side of the balance-sheet the Canadian Government bonus and the commission paid on emigrants' passages. These items are very suggestive, for it is my firm conviction that much emigration conducted from this country to Canada is vitiated by the fact that the parties interested in it have not much thought as regards the suitability of the emigrants or the prospects of prosperously settling them in Canada. Their chief anxiety is to earn commissions. It is nothing but a tale of commissions from London to the

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Far West, and when, every step of the way, railway companies, shipping companies, boarding-house keepers, and Government authorities in Canada are bled by the agency who finds the emigrant, especially if the newcomer be an agriculturist, there is no wonder that emigration on its present lines is a paying game. I would here venture to suggest that Canada should place itself above reproach by putting this commission business upon a cleaner basis. It is to the advantage of the Empire that Canada should be populated by the sons of Britain, and with the best blood obtainable; as matters are going at present the greed for commissions is too often the only factor of selection.[1]

Having found our emigrants in sufficient numbers, and discovered that the wood-chopping test was no test at all, a substitute had to be provided. Happily this was forthcoming in the offer of Mr. Frederick N. Charrington, the proprietor of Osea Island in the Black Water River, near Maldon, in Essex. He placed at the disposal of the Shilling Fund the whole machinery of a labour colony, as set up under the Mansion House scheme of 1903–4. This offer was accepted, and from first to last ninety-seven men were put into real hard training upon the island in doing manual work with spade and shovel. This test was a genuine one. It involved separation from wife and family for weeks. It entailed, also, strict abstinence, as no intoxicating drink is permitted upon the island, and it proved a man's endurance in a remarkable degree. Osea Island

[1] Commissions payable to the agent signing the contract ticket are these: 6*s.* on the steerage fare, 1*s.* 6*d.* on the rail fare to Toronto, which is within the £1 9*s.* 7*d.* fare, or 2*s.* 6*d.* if the journey is continued to Winnipeg, and 7*s.* Government bonus on all agricultural labourers and domestic servants—to which is added 5 per cent., and sometimes 10 per cent., on the English railway ticket to Liverpool, and even a commission on the boarding-house keeper's takings at that port. It is, therefore, possible, upon an average emigrant family of three adults, reckoning two children at half fares, for an agent to make in commissions 31*s.* on husband and wife, if the latter is a domestic servant, and 3*s.* 6d. bonus on each child, besides half-rates on ocean and rail fares, say £2 14*s.* 3*d.* per family.

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literally sifted out the undesirables. No man was sent there who had not undergone the preliminary initiation of recommendation by clergymen or minister after proper inquiry. His antecedents had been investigated by the society responsible for his emigration, and, on the face of things, he had been judged to be a desirable colonist. But men who had slipped through all these preliminaries were found, after all, to be absolutely impossible, and some of them, afraid of honest labour, threw up the job in disgust. We learned, however, that reliance could be placed upon such men as originally had been on the land in the home counties, chiefly Essex, who were desirous of returning to the land, and whose careers in Canada were assured. These fellows did not fall out of the ranks. They kept sturdily to their tasks, and, almost to a man, when their turn came to sail, they went away with stout hearts in bodies which, manifestly, had put on flesh and muscle under the wholesome *régime* of Osea Island.

It was not only at Osea and at Hadleigh that this work of preparation was in progress, but also near Dorking, the Church Army finding room for twenty men at Newdigate. Here, in a delightfully situated spot, the men were, from the Canadian agriculturist's point of view, perhaps better off than at Osea, as an essential part of their training consisted in milking-lessons. A man who can milk and who is accustomed to horses, apparently need have no fear of his future in Ontario, whither most of our emigrants were bound. From my own observations at Osea and at Newdigate, I am fully convinced that no emigration from large towns and cities in England, and especially from London, can be safely conducted, unless there has been some attempt made to put the emigrant accustomed to the relaxations of town life into a more robust condition of mind and body. Contact with the soil, fresh air, good food, are the essentials.

Of course, whilst the men were away from their homes, nominally earning wages, their families were supported by the Fund on a scale of allowances identical with that

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adopted by the Mansion House, before the institution of the London Central Unemployed Council. The Fund, therefore, was spending large sums of money weekly in West Ham, wholly divested of the appearance of charity, and yet coming to the relief of families who would otherwise have starved. That a man was able to earn something and support his wife and children whilst he himself was training for Canada seemed to raise his self-respect at once. Indeed, in some cases it rather encouraged that peculiarity of the Londoner which so often finds expression in his desire "to get his rights."

Human nature is the same in every class, and we have had, besides selfish men, senseless women to deal with. A few families were ready enough to let the men go through Osea or Newdigate training on the understanding that they were bound for Canada, yet they never seriously entertained the proposition. But the great majority were sound from first to last and gave us every satisfaction.

One instance of misplaced hopes occurs to me. It was that of a man who served his country for twelve years and who, after a spell of civilian life, had re-enlisted in the Militia Reserve. For some reason his emigration was opposed at the critical moment by his commanding officer. I carried the matter through to the Secretary of State for War, and there is no doubt that this man would have received permission to sail in due course, but at this stage the wife refused to go, and all the trouble and expense which had been incurred on behalf of this family were wasted.

There were very few fraudulent attempts upon the Fund by intending emigrants. I question, indeed, whether the word "fraud" could be applied at all, but sometimes there was absolute moral obliquity. On the day of departure, at one of the great "Send-Off" teas, which were arranged in order that there might be pleasant farewell parties, a man was detected who was about to sail with a woman who was not his wife. The family of children accompanying them consisted of two boys belonging to the man and one the offspring of the

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woman. The real wife, who was cohabiting with another man, entered an objection, and of course, although sympathy was strongly with the rightful husband, the Fund had no other course than to cancel his passage and that of his family. Yet this man failed altogether to understand the justice of the decision, and he did not appear to grasp the argument that he had been guilty of misrepresentation in permitting another woman to impersonate his real wife, even to the extent of borrowing her Christian name.

As to the class of emigrant coming forward from West Ham, it is remarkable that there was but one trade-unionist amongst them, and this man was probably the most sensitive of any with regard to his rights. There was another trade-unionist who had fallen out of his society by misfortune; as for the rest, an analysis of the first two hundred families shows that they included 76 general labourers; 35 mechanics, metal workers and craftsmen; 11 farm labourers; 11 carmen; 11 bricklayers; 9 carpenters; 8 skilled labourers; 5 tradesmen; 5 coachmen; 4 seamen; 4 handy-men; 4 sawyers; 3 dock labourers; 3 gardeners; 3 warehousemen and clerks; 2 timber hands; 2 salesmen; 2 railway porters; a navvy, a cabdriver, a tram-driver and an engine-driver.

Owing to the failure of certain families to present themselves for sailing at the agreed-upon times, and the berths necessarily having been booked long beforehand, vacancies were created which had to be filled, and at the last moment these gaps were most readily supplied by about a score of single men, whose inclusion in the scheme had not been previously determined. It was an unexpected chance for these young fellows, and this feature of the experiment bids fair to be not the least hopeful. They were drawn from one centre, the Rev. T. Given-Wilson, of Plaistow, at whose suggestion the experiment was made, undertaking the nomination. In the space of two days, without publicity, except a handbill, sixty-two men presented themselves, and of the first party selected it was found that they came from all parts of

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West Ham, and that 11 were labourers, 2 were railway porters, 1 a shoeing-smith, 1 a cabinet-maker, 1 a painter, 1 a handyman, 1 a french polisher, 1 a bricklayer, 1 a porter, and 1 a maltster.

From a casual inspection of the registration cards—I may say here that the whole of the elaborate system was conducted upon the card principle, with checks and counter-checks—the ages of the young men ranged between eighteen and twenty-five. Occasionally, a single man of thirty would come forward, but the great cry apparently in West Ham is for work for those who have passed beyond the hobbledehoy stage, brought up to no trade or calling. As I "passed" every one of these men, sitting as a member of the committee, and closely questioned them, I am able to say that they made a very promising lot, and fully 80 per cent. of them were teetotalers, and most of them had never touched liquor in their lives. Further, their written characters from last employers showed they were most honest and hard-working. It would be a grand thing if young blood of this strain could be transported safely to Canada.

Very early in working out the emigration scheme the difficulty was foreseen that it would be cruel to the men themselves and a disgrace to this country, as well as a bar to advancement in Canada, if we were to send the families out clad in their rags, or without a vestige of spare apparel. Therefore the *Daily Telegraph* reserved to itself the sole work of clothing the emigrants, with the aid of three clothiers of sufficient standing and having resources large enough to deal with a number of families in a very short space of time. A novel plan in the issue of ticket orders was devised by me. It answered all expectations in preventing imposition.

It was considered necessary that absolutely no temptation should be placed in the way of families newly fitted out with clothing, therefore the "kits" were not issued until two days before sailing. Further, each emigrant signed a receipt in which he engaged to pay back the cost of the kit to the Fund

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before the end of 1907. The opinion of the experts was that the Fund is not likely to see many of these promises to repay fulfilled, but the real purpose was not to place a debt around the necks of emigrants newly settled in Canada, but to retain a lien upon the clothing so that in the event of any irregularity on this side, the Fund might have a hold upon its own property. This precaution was found to have been wisely undertaken. Should emigrants, some three or four thousand miles away from home, remember with gratitude what was done for them in the spring of 1905 a year or two years hence, and refund any part of the cost of their outfit, the nucleus will be forthcoming by which the societies concerned will benefit to the extent of aiding them to assist families from West Ham to join their friends in the new land. But, apart from this provision, the Fund has sternly set itself against any proposal to make the passage-money a loan to the emigrants. Emigration has been the free gift of those who desired that it should be offered to those who asked for it.

It may be safely said that all classes of the West Ham poor have been studied by the scheme, inasmuch as the recommendation, in the first instance, rested with clergymen and ministers of all denominations, catholic priests, guardians of the poor, municipal councillors, or, in fact, any recommender was accepted whose standing was a sufficient guarantee of *bonâ fides*. Further, as it so happens, the Salvation Army is particularly solicitous for its own, and no doubt gets hold of men who are outside the pale or reach of other religious organisations. The Self-Help Society is a branch of the London Congregational Union, and the East End Emigration Fund is supposed to be in sympathy with the church, and as for the direct emigration we instituted, it proved the possibilities of transferring desirable families from London to Canada on a principle which is well worthy of extension. In our scheme we not only provided for training, maintenance, clothing, passage, rail and incidentals, but also for a certain sum of money per head to be spent in housing the families on

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the other side in the interval between their arrival and their obtaining suitable employment. The societies undertook a vast amount of detail work in advising their agents in Canada as to the families that were to be sent forward on dates settled in advance, so that, on landing, these families might be met and conducted to situations found for them. There was nothing left to hazard, but a margin, nevertheless, was given, so that, if possible, there should be no breakdown in any instance.[1]

The families were very widely scattered, although the majority were settled in Ontario, but some went through to friends in Manitoba, and gave us no further anxiety. Of course the results of any experiment in emigration must furnish the final criterion, but the reports to hand from families already settled are very encouraging and give every prospect that there will be no failures. If failures should occur, it will be due wholly to the fact that Londoners are inveterate grumblers. I hope that when they come into competition with the Scandinavians, who seem to be preferred by the Canadians, they will, in colloquial language, "buck up" and do credit to the old country, and will be helped by the bracing atmosphere of Canada to throw off their old failings.

[1] As much of the work of emigration passing through my hands ultimately devolved upon Mr. Marquette, a French Canadian, it is gratifying to find this testimony from such an impartial source as that of the letters written by the Special Emigrant Correspondent of the *Standard*. This gentleman wrote: "The Province of Quebec encourages only carefully selected immigration, and spends but a trifling sum upon it. The work is in the hands of Mr. Marquette. Quality, not numbers, is Mr. Marquette's aim, and to secure this he takes infinite pains. Much of his work in planting out immigrants is the result of prearrangement with the Self-Help Emigration Society, and such like bodies in London. Lists of would-be emigrants are supplied to him, each entry giving a synopsis of the personal and industrial history of the man and his family. Once Mr. Marquette has advised that a man or a family should be sent out he accepts full responsibility for them, and when they step into his office in Montreal their future is assured, provided they will work and adapt themselves to the new conditions of life."

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My own belief is that there are two ways of "settling" Canada from England profitably. The first is based upon the principle adopted by our direct system of emigration, *i.e.*, the wide distribution or scattering of families, taking care that not more than one family should be placed in each sub-centre. The other way rests with the Dominion.

I have described the 160-acres bribe as illusive. I think it is for most men a delusion. Of all the West Ham men who went out to Canada through the auspices of the Shilling Fund there was not a single family who could take up 160 acres at once, but supposing they had been in charge, not of a charitable fund, but of a commercial concern having the confidence of the Home and Colonial Governments, established designedly on a dividend-making basis, I think that many such families without capital might be sent out to Canada to populate lands which are awaiting cultivation. These lands are to be found where the 160 acres are situated. Instead of asking a man without experience, to farm 160 acres even with a small capital, I think it would be far better if the Dominion Parliament would permit of a company finding the capital to take over the free grant lands, and engage to tutor the ultimate owner by training him first of all here, and then in Canada, and finally finance him until he is well upon his feet, releasing him as he paid off the debt which may have been incurred upon his account.

A newspaper scheme of emigration can, at the best, be only a temporary alleviation; the plan I propose would be permanent.

J. Hall Richardson.

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AN IDEAL CRAFTSMAN

INTO secrecy frisked a pampered mouse. A hurried rustling of bedclothes, the squeak of a dry castor followed, and then the boy sat up on his pillow and set to piecing together reality with not a few scraps of variegated dreams. His ears had summoned him, for they were yet ringing with their message; but as he sat blinking in the empty dark he could not satisfy himself if it were the crisis of sleep or the inexplicable noise of a quiet house. It was this aroma of uncertainty which set working a pageant of memories—of cloaked men in places of the night, of scoundrels plotting in the wind, the pause between the rifle click and the loose fall, finally to culminate in the adventure of glorious memory — raiding Jacobs.

The boy fetched from under his pillow the treasures of the night, a box of matches, a crumbling slice of piecrust, and the Newgate Calendar. The Calendar, with the piecrust atop, was hidden deep in the chimney, lest a flight should be followed by the enemy to a bitter end. One match he struck silently upon the mattress. For, searching in the dark after his weapons in days before had betrayed him. The match flared briefly in the dark. The glossy belt was discovered, and the poniard in sheath. Unillumed, he buckled the belt about his shirted waist, and the poniard, blood (or water) stained, he dangled coldly on his hip. He put on his socks, and a discarded yachting cap upon his head, and thus was fully equipped.

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The not unpleasant draughts of summer demanded no heavier accoutrements. This business had given him little time to ponder strategy, but now he sat down upon the edge of his bed; and, pretending with frowns to think, was in reality listening with all attention. Even the stairs had ceased to creak. Forthwith he gingerly opened his door, and stepped out warily upon the landing.

The first fear of the enterprise to be encountered was his father's bedroom. This he passed in safety, but with a gasp and an oblique glance at the dusky bed and the spectral pendent clothes. Jacobs, he remembered with a qualm, had, in a like case, happened upon him at this very spot. He saw in memory the shadow of him now, stepping hastily and oddly in the dusk, white and furious at the sight of the eavesdropper. The boy felt again the consequent tingling, and Jacobs' future was the less enviable therefore. With keener caution he passed the shut door of his mother's gay sitting-room (his young mother, not the powdery eyebrowed stepmother gone, bejewelled, a-pleasuring). This was a place of danger, for here was a loose board. At a step or two beyond this, between the flowered door and the loop of the staircase, Jacobs' humming should issue out of the silence—the memorable, flippant melody hummed through the teeth. The man hummed it in contentment, superciliously, ironically, in greasy good humour: he would hum it in his coffin perhaps. But to-night the boy listened in vain.

This was Silver-night. Doubtless forks and spoons and the soup ladle were spread in bedaubed splendour before the aproned tyrant. But not a fork tapped its neighbour; not a rattle of whitening brush, bar by bar of the chansonette could be heard at all. He hung over the loop as he might hang over the Valley of Death: it was strangely quiet. And with a pang of disappointment and a crow of relief the boy came to the conclusion that Jacobs was out. Jacobs and the big woman with the silver locket and the fat hands would re-appear at eleven, amiably garrulous. But the boy was not a fool. Moreover, though danger is tasty as thyme in a meat patty,

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yet the patty without danger is not quite savourless. If Jacobs should be cleaning in silence (with chamois), too much confidence would mean a renewal of an immemorial tingling, and the flaky crust atop of the Calendar.

So the boy trod on velvet down the stairs, his damp hand shunning the banister (that squeak might wake an army!), his lips dry and his tongue rolling in luxury of anticipation. And now he was in the hall with all the empty rooms and hollow roof above his head; minified in his own imagination to a mere atom of white, a mouse within smell of the cat. His rusty poniard was clutched tighter, his stomach was full of fear, and his heart noisy as a cockcrow.

The stairs ran broadly into the hall, and here the passage to the kitchen was hid from silken visitors by the jutting wall of the dining-room. This passage, if he followed it to an end, turned abruptly at right angles. At the inner angle near by the cellar door the boy paused for confidence and circumspection. This safely turned, there the kitchen door should be seen, ajar or wide open, on the left; and the promising land far down, directly opposite the raider. The boot cupboard, too, sour den of legged spiders and abominations, must also be passed, and the stained-glass window overlooking a monstrous red, or yellow, or monstrous blue garden of trees and stars.

The boy's brown lean face had in his progress become yellow and leaner. His legs were the mere playthings of the draughts, for now he could hear as it were a lion panting at its meal—the breathing of Jacobs. Neither short nor unembarrassed as Jacobs' breathing usually was, as Jacobs breathed when he handed vegetables at the High Feasts of a taciturn father; but husky, and unequal, and through nostril and mouth. Jacobs then was half-drunk. Fate herself might be ignorant if this should mean stolid good-humour, or sullen, drowsy malice. The patty grew uncommon worthless. Even the enthusiasm of the boy's Scots-French blood quailed before the dull, dull-lidded eyes of Jacobs half-drunk. An ancient beam groaned in the dark. The boy's teeth were almost in

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mutiny. Another step. The kitchen door was ajar. A spear of yellow light warned the intruder, but yellow light—spear or no spear—was everything vital, like a sip of old wine. Red-capped, pocked faces, Mr. Monk out-monked, all sorts and conditions of criminals and glory re-arose in the boy's fancy. But faint and dwarfed were these, since Jacobs, in green baize apron, fuddled and morose, might be sitting but at arm's length. His ears, too, were remarkably keen in such circumstances. The boy by toe-lengths slid onwards. His stockinged feet first dabbled in the light. And then, pressed close to the other side the passage, he was sliding on past the door ajar. In his passing he spied lightly into the kitchen, and through this mere inch of space squinted full into the eyes of a fat woman, stiff and still. Oddly, too, her brown hair against the gas light wreathed her head with a nimbus. A medley of laughter and fear rose in him as he stood before this immovable surprise. Not for a moment did he imagine that he could be invisible to such round still eyes, as round and shining as the silver locket upon the noisy bosom. His jaw dropped, and his teeth set to open revolt. But the woman moved not at all. Every fibre and muscle of her body was stretched to the assistance of her ears. She might hear thoughts. So would stare a grey wolf under a white moon, with such unstirring eyes. Gaunt! but this woman was gross and her eyes were jet. His fingers unclenched and the scabbard rattled upon the wainscot, and instantly there slipped off his tongue the one last question he had thought to ask.

"Where's Mr. Jacobs?" he piped.

The woman's lids fluttered and her mouth opened in a squawk. Far and shrill as that, a hawk in the skies might have screamed. Two red hands were clapped over her cheeks.

"Oh, sir, he's gone, he's gone, just as you was coming. Oh, sir, he's gone."

The boy pushed open the door and stood on the threshold. He had thought it impossible that so big a woman should

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speak with so little a voice. Curiosity almost banished his alarm. He was being eyed between square red fingers. The woman's forehead was wrinkled, as if she were helpless with laughter.

"I thought he was his pa; just a little boy; I thought he was his pa. Like Samuel: and didn't it sound out of the chimney! Look at his eyes, God bless 'em. He wants a glass of water. In his pretty nightgown. And didn't it sound out of the chimney!" Tears were gushing down her round cheeks and gurgling in her voice. She walked in angles to a chair and sat down rocking to and fro and smiling at him—an odd contorted smile of blandishment and stupidity sicklied over with fear. The boy blushed. Much the same sentiments of dismay had filled him when in bygone summers wrinkled old ladies had faintly smiled down on him, even stooped, and openly kissed him in the streets.

This by-path to his adventures, which was already leading him into dangers unforeseen, sorely perplexed him. He resented the fat woman in the kitchen. She was not expected, not welcome. He resented more his own embarrassment. He wriggled under his nightshirt, and was deeply relieved when the florid cheeks of the woman faded to mottled mauve, the rocking ceased, and two heavy eyelids slowly descended upon the black eyes. He might now at any rate rest himself from being stared at. But his labours were only begun, for very ugly grunts were proceeding from her open mouth, and her head twitched as though her pulses held the reins. The boy had come to such a pass before, and a scientific callousness gave his remedy zest. A frog in the dissecting is not much clammier. Upon the kitchen-table stood a tumbler half full of water. This he liberally sprinkled upon the woman's face and trickled some, not without waste, between her teeth. Grunts expostulated. Now the locket almost danced. Success stimulated him to fresh efforts. He snatched a piece of brown paper from among the spoons and getting upon a chair lit it at the gas. This was final. Such a smoke would have stupefied a garden

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of bees. But though her cure was complete and worthy to be proudly recorded, one pretty keepsake had been degraded for ever—the sunny memory of his mother, frail and still amid her laces; and two blue eyes opening like dawn upon the dew-drops sprinkling her fair cheeks. This woman's petticoat was of coarse flannel. Apparently, ugly thoughts had been for a while forgotten, for when her dazed eyes rolled beneath the lids and looked out, the boy discovered the same face as he had seen smiling mawkishly upon Jacobs himself.

"Are you better?" he said, flourishing the smouldering paper.

The woman smiled again.

"I hope I did not burn you, but you know it's best, although it's a beastly smell." Still the woman smiled. Her smiling was becoming as doltish as her stare. Further parleying was unprofitable.

"I hope you won't split on me, you know. I saw you through the door. I think I'll be going back now—Jacobs is a bit of a—is a——" What thing conciliatory could come after "bit'? The locket seemed to be letting words pass one by one, and a fat hand fumbled to remove it. The smile was crystallising into the familiar wrinkled stare.

"You *look* better," said the boy, edging towards the door. "I remember my mother"—but his tongue refused for shame to recite his memories, He found it difficult to turn his back upon the woman's eyes. But when at last he reached the door he whipped round quick.

"Little boy," said the woman, in a fulsome voice, "Little boy!"

His heart burned within him. Had he been lying, eyes could not have searched his face more intently and suspiciously. So the under lip drooped with obstinacy and sullenness (the under lip of a trenchant grandfather).

"What?" he said.

"I was took ill, wasn't I? The heat is something dreadful, my eyes swam in my head, they did. Come here, I won't eat

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you, little boy." Cunning peeped out of an unctuous face. The boy waited for the trap. "What a pretty belt," she continued, rolling her handkerchief into a ball, "and ain't you got a nice dagger?"

Her laughing was ludicrous. "I must be going now, thank you," said the boy. He eyed her stormily.

"Dear, dear, you was good to me, just like a doctor." Her eyes roamed in confusion into every corner of the room; and the boy had difficulty to prevent his own from following. "Just like a doctor you was." And again silence overlapped her last word. Was Jacobs playing the sneak and spying with muffled laughter? Was the raider being ridiculed?

"Oh, I had such a funny dream. As if I had seen a horrid sight." She shot him a glance. "P'r'aps now I startled you."

"Your eyes did look rather funny," apologised the boy, "and the skin, you know, twitched as if the water burnt. But I didn't mind."

"How long was you there, eh?" Her nails were uncomfortably sharp upon his shirted arm. "Just ye tell me how long you was there!" The boy stared at her sullenly. "Oh, my dear, tell me, tell me, tell the old woman! Lor'! my red face frightens the mite. It was all accident. It's the same again. It was all accident. God knows I didn't." She fondled the dagger hand between her harsh palms. "What did I say? What? How long was you there?" She stamped her foot. "Tell me, my pretty. That's right, saucer-eyes, stare, stare! Oh, I know I'm ugly. Ain't he said so often? But he was joking. Oh, little boy, what shall I do, what shall I do?" She leant her chin in her hand and her tears gushed down anew.

The boy stood stark at her side. This consummate capitulation unnerved him, and his heart was heaving within him menacingly.

"I must go now," he said, trying with the least obvious

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aversion to drag his hand from her hot wet cheek. The woman snuffled loudly. Her tears seemed magically to evaporate. "Go? I must go, I, *I* must go." She vigorously shook her skirts. She searched in vain for her bonnet upon her head. (The boy nearly laughed, so absurd was the attempt —for the bunched thing was dangling by its strings behind her back.) She opened a fat purse, and from among crumpled papers took out a sixpence. "There, my little dear, there, a silver sixpence. I'm that flurried. Don't pry, little boy. What, won't you take it? Shake your head? Oh, dear, he won't take it; very well, very well." The purse shut like a mouse-trap.

This woman was a very strange woman. He had never met a stout person of such remarkable conduct. Now she was gone out into the garden, and the door was open to the night. For the night wind was bellying his nightshirt and icy beneath his arms. Here was the cat rolling wet upon the oil-cloth. The boy stood dismayed and discomfited. The cat rubbed his legs with sodden fur. Was the silence always, and sound only sometimes? Yet the gas was singing—no chansonette. A wisp of hair was patting his forehead under his ridiculous cap brim. The silence entangled his thoughts. He encountered a medley of absurdities, and all productive only of chicken-skin and perplexity. He glanced at the clock, which thereupon immediately began to tick. His eyes dodged from side to side of the familiar kitchen until, as it were, a finger was laid upon his thoughts and chaos became unity. His eyes had come upon the cupboard door. There at the bottom, shut in and swinging with the wind, was a corner of green baize. Jacobs was become an entity again, a threat, a punitive tyrant. What was to come? He stood eyeing the green alarm. Then it *was* ridicule, and the sting was yet to be felt. Jacobs was coming back, for he heard the door whinny. He looked all fear over his shoulder. It was the woman staring out of the dark at him. He had hardly moved a foot to run when she was upon him.

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"You was looking, you was looking. It's no use. Oh, the night is so dark, and the rain is on the trees, and faces in the bushes. There was a gate; I walked 'appily through. Where's it gone, where's it gone? Don't you know?" said she, speaking close to his face, "don't you know, little boy, I shall be hung? And I can't find the gate. The holly pricked my face. It was fine once, and nice and sunny. I walked, and walked, and walked. And I get so easy tired now. Oh, how could I do it? Open the door and see, little boy. Oh, how could I do it? 'You ain't the first,' says he. And I come of honest people. And my fingers stood out stiff; and a smudge of colours danced in my eyes like midges. 'What, what?' Oh, and then he fell down like a bundle and wouldn't speak, wouldn't speak. How could I do it? 'You ain't the first,' says he. 'What, what?' says I. And then he hit me. And me as I am! 'I sha'n't leave you, you can't make me. Wy, wy! don't you see, little boy?' I said to him, 'Only let me stop with you, that's all.' 'You ain't the first,' says he laughing—laughing. And me as I am, me as I am! Oh, he won't understand. Listen, little boy. 'You ain't the first, you ain't the first'—that's what he said. Oh, if I hadn't drunk the beer, if I hadn't done that!" The boy was struggling to understand. Such broken words told him nothing, and yet were brimming over with meaning only too surely. He frowned at the red moving face and loose lips. One fact was as plain as the fluttering baize. He proceeded with trepidation and began to turn the metal tongue which held back the door. It turned, usually loose, stiffly, then suddenly gave way.

And the boy's first thought was, Why, he's quite a little man.

He leaned forward and peered into the puckered clammy face. Would he be buried with that pucker? And his chin was dented with the pin in his cravat. A gallipot stood near, touching one limp hand. The door-tongue was stiff, he supposed, because the corner of the baize apron was stuck to the

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varnish of the frame. But the golden letter, the tag by which to hang the many details in the boy's memory, was the gallipot. Gallipots had gained an essential, flavouring even the jam of after feast-days. Partly in the general ingenuity of things, partly because of a sooty, windy chimney where lay a book with a wedge of piecrust atop.

In the Calendar of Newgate is the record of an old man strangled by two covetous nephews who eluded the gibbet by a horrible stratagem. To his own door-post they hanged the dead man. Until one of them, to ease his soul upon his deathbed, made confession, the old man lay beneath the tramplings of the cross-roads. He was universally believed to have committed *felo de se*. The miscreants in their hot search had lighted upon a handful of spade guineas hid in a gallipot. Thus stood the boy, eyeing his quiet enemy while he brooded over the suggestion of this pernicious romance. The woman was unimportant. She was standing by the table twisting, now up, now down, her green bonnet-strings.

"How did you do it?" said the boy, taking a cautious step forward. "Did he struggle? But isn't he tiny?"

The questions were unanswered and unrepeated. That mole upon the bluish clay-coloured cheek was certainly grown blacker.

"You aren't going to leave him like this?" he said sharply. The woman paid him no attention. "They'd find that out in no time."

Even in the midst of this callous analysis, the woman's childlike attitude attracted his sympathy. "Because you know I'd be awfully pleased to help you. I didn't care much for old Jacobs myself; but he's dead now. He *is* dead?" The woman smothered his instant fear with an eyeshot of horror. "You wouldn't stand the ghost of a chance as it is. They'd catch you easy."

The woman nodded. "I don't care; I hope they will. I don't care, 'cause I can't think."

"That's all rot," said the boy stoutly.

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The woman was unpleasing and paradoxical in this mood, and suggestive of a wax model, which, with diabolical tremors, moves its glazed eyes and turns a glossy head. He turned again to the cupboard. His enemy was quite harmless apparently; only once before had he seen Jacobs asleep—on a sultry afternoon in the drawing-room, gaping, sonorous. Then he had gone out as he had entered, on tiptoe. Now he squatted down by the cupboard, examining closely, holding out an unwilling finger towards the small hand. A baby will point at a kitten. He compared the woman's face and this other face, and found a fancy strangely contradictory of the facts: Jacobs was truly the man of blood; this woman should be mute and still. And again, the gallipot was the only real and eloquent thing. His mind had completed the circuit. He stood up convinced.

"This would be the very first place they would look into," he said with decision. "I should look here myself. But don't you see you needn't be caught at all if you do what I tell you. I read it in a book of mine." The woman lifted a mechanical head and looked at him. She turned and found something, perhaps unexpected—a meagre little boy with linnet legs and narrow shoulders, a lean face of bilious brown, with straight brown hair beneath a yachting cap; a boy in stockings and a belt; a boy with narrow dark eyes set steep in his head. She drew on her bonnet and loosened her dress about her throat.

Manifestly she was preparing to go. "Really, on my word of honour, it would be alright. A baby could do it."

The woman knelt down by his side in a posture not unlike the inmate's of the cupboard. "Tell me, tell me quick, you silly lamb. What did 'e say—a baby could do it?"

"Yes," said the boy, outwardly cool, but inwardly ardent, "it's as easy as A B C. You get a rope and make a noose, and put it over his head and round his neck, you know, just as if you were going to be hanged, and then you hang him up on a nail or something. He mustn't touch the ground, of course.

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You throttled him, didn't you? You see there's no blood. They'd say he hanged himself, don't you see, don't you see? They'd find old Jacobs hanging to the kitchen, don't you see, don't you see?" he repeated petulantly.

"Oh, I couldn't do it, not for worlds, I couldn't. I'd sooner stop here beside 'im." She began to sob vacuously.

"You could, I tell you. A baby could do it. You're a funk. I'm going to, I tell you, I'm going to." He stamped his stockinged foot.

"I'm not doing it for myself, you know," he added over his shoulder, as he sallied out to the boot cupboard for a rope. Once more the tide of consciousness flowed in the woman's stolid, tired brain. Two or three words the hero had said had fallen upon good ground. And with consciousness, fear had come back. She waddled after the boy. The vagrant inmates of the cupboard had been carelessly swept from the corner, and now he was trailing the rope behind him as he went to the pantry for brandy. His match burned itself out meanwhile, and he stayed in the dark (the woman close behind him), rummaging among the bottles and dishes. At last the stopper was encountered. He returned triumphant, flipping custard from his fingers. The woman followed close behind him, stumbling ever and again upon his trailing rope, and thereby considerably adding to her fears and ductility. Brandy set her tongue gabbling faster. It gave the boy the strength and zeal of a stage villain. He skipped hither and thither in haste, and presently had run the rope over a large hook in the ceiling, whence a sizzling joint had but yesterday depended. His face was set; his grandfather's under-lip drawn under. Truly he now considered himself indeed master of the ceremonies and the woman but an insignificant accomplice, quite irresponsible. She cried on hopelessly as she helped to drag the body out of the cupboard. But a keener impassive will compelled her obedience. She followed the boy's every nod. Presently she almost forgot the horror of the task, and found a partial oblivion in the intensity of her labours. The boy was dis-

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pleased by her maunderings. They were a doleful refrain to his troublesome grisly work; but he made no open reproof. Once she buried her face in the baize apron and embraced the knees of the dead man. Only once she made any complaint against him.

At last the boy drew back to view his handiwork. This he did with inscrutable face, perhaps a face flattered at his own rare ingenuity, perhaps a face of unsophisticated infamy. Apparently the body swung naturally enough, in some sort resembling the print in his Calendar, yet the consummation was incomplete. One thing was absent, one blemish spoiled the effect, one absent thing robbed it of unity. He stood hunting for it without success.

With sage frowns he followed the woman into the passage. She walked unsteadily, swaying bulkily to and fro, now and again violently colliding with the wall. "Oh, it was crule, crule," she was muttering.

After her stalked the boy, deep in thought. When she stopped, he stopped; when once more she set forward, as patiently he too set forward with her. Which of them was blind and which leader it would be difficult to say. This dogged search after the one thing wanting was in vain. He decided that it must be looked for in solitude.

"I think you had better go now," he said. "He'll be coming home soon. Jacobs' clock was half-past eleven. My father, you know——" He saw his stepmother, hysterical before her swaying manservant. It faintly, half-sadly tickled his fancy.

He opened the front door. It was still raining, and the smell of the damp earth and ivy leaves came into the house. The woman sat down upon the doorstep. "Where shall I go?" she said. "Where shall I go? There ain't anywhere." The boy scowled at the dripping trees. He could detect foes in every bush, footsteps, and alarums. But the poniard dangled boldly at hip.

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"There ain't anywhere," wept his poor, worn-out confederate. She was scrutinised scornfully from under his yachting cap. "Wait a minute," he said. He ran at full speed up the stairs to his bedroom. Alas! his spurless feet were clean without clank or bravery. The book, the mouse-nibbled piecrust were tossed upon the hearthrug, and a florin dug out of the soot. Down he came again pell mell.

Like a cat venturing upon a busy street, the woman was standing upon the last of three crescent steps. "I've brought you this, you know," said he superciliously.

"Thank you, sir," said the woman.

She paused yet again in an attitude not unfamiliar to the boy—the fingers of her left hand (many-ringed) closely pressed upon mouth and cheek. He wondered momentarily what she was thinking about, and if she had noticed that it was a two-shilling piece which he had given her. He was yet wondering, when she stepped out into the rain.

Soon a shrill shout followed her. "Mind the ditch in the road by the hedge." A brief tenderness lit her thoughts. She came back and lifted the boy in her arms, pressing him tightly to her bosom.

"I don't know w'y or anything. Oh, my lamb, I ain't got anywhere to go." She hid her eyes on his shoulder. "Oh little boy, I miss him so. The Lord God keep you safe. You was very kind to me. But there ain't anywhere for my poor mite."

She set him down, and waddled out again under the cedar tree. The boy rubbed the smarting tears from his neck. He shut the door, feeling not a little pained and indignant. She had said never a word about the two-shilling piece. Had she taken it for a penny?

This tame reaction was mawkish and unpleasing; he paused, uncertain what to be doing. And then suddenly memory rendered up the one thing needful—Jacobs *must* have kicked a chair down. What man can hang himself without a drop? The boy's valour was, after all, but a little shaken by the

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embrace. Into the kitchen he walked victorious. The gas was still singing (so it had sung all the evening, giving light). The puckered face looked stupidly at him with dull, dull-lidded eyes. He bent for the chair too quickly. A light spring-side boot tapped his cheek. The chair was thrown down. The art was masterly. He rose with clenched fists, and whispered over his shoulder to the woman. Only Jacobs was there, tremulously swinging. The martial ancestor had made his exit, the boy making timid raid, for mere meat patty was re-arisen. Uncertain wind and gas and the thousand minute unnecessary things of a familiar kitchen were unchanged. The boy ran to the front door and bawled for the woman. The rain was softly falling on the turf; and here, beneath the porch, in minute drops. Now in the bushes skulked none to molest: nothing, nothing. The flat palms of the cedar tree were unnaturally still. Then he ran back into the house whimpering "Mother!" Then louder; and all the blind things of the house took wooden voices. So up and down the white-shirted raider ran, his poniard clapping against sudden corners, his tongue calling in vain, and at last falling dumb for terror of its own clamour.

But all the world's people were gone out of knowledge. Solitude had swallowed him up. And a child's fear is like a winding staircase that never ends, till sleep—or waking—bring oblivion.

WALTER DE LA MARE.

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ERNEST DOWSON

IN so commercial an age as ours it is scarce astonishing that the extremely delicate work of Ernest Dowson (a few perfect things in prose and verse) should have received little or no recognition. In his brief tragic life he had in truth found time to grow weary of fighting against forces too powerful for his strength, and long before the end the end was already in his soul. Mr. Arthur Symons's subtle and beautiful essay in the *Fortnightly Review* (since reprinted in "Studies in Prose and Verse")—an essay from which I have gathered all I know of Dowson's life—is the sole reminder left to us of that melancholy struggle, is, indeed, I think, though its tone is somewhat apologetic, the only serious appreciation Dowson's genius ever attracted.

Born in 1867, Ernest Dowson died in London on February 23, 1900. The poetry he left is contained in three tiny volumes, all of which are now out of print: "Verses," published in 1896; "The Pierrot of the Minute," a one-act play in verse, published in 1897; and "Decorations," published, after his death, in 1900. His prose—such of it, at least, as really counts as his—is to be found in "Dilemmas" (1895), and in certain numbers of the "Savoy" and the "Yellow Book."

In the outward circumstances of Dowson's life—so far removed as these must always seem from the spirit of his work—in the latter years of that life at any rate, there is little that is pleasant to dwell upon, little that is not sordid. Literary drudgery; a ridiculous impossible love for the daughter of the

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keeper of a restaurant; an at first gradual, and then rapid, descent into the depths of squalor and degradation; an obstinate refusal to appeal to his relatives for help; a passion for drink, to which, in the end, when his life was hopelessly ruined, he utterly abandoned himself. Then, death at last, not wholly unwelcome, perhaps, yet, in the circumstances, pitiful enough, coming just on the eve of a small inheritance upon which he had begun to build many hopes, many plans for the future. The second chance, one wonders? Well, hardly that; for with Dowson there could never have been any chance at all. He died, in fact, not quite unbefriended, but, by the world at large, perfectly unknown.

Yet, if Dowson wrote but little, nearly everything he *did* write was beautiful, had a quite extraordinary and intensely personal charm, had too the very rare and precious quality of conveying in a single verse, sometimes in a single line, an infinity of suggestion, as in the opening of the wonderful "Vesperal":

> Strange grows the river on the sunless evenings!
> The river comforts me, grown spectral, vague and dumb:
> Long was the day; at last the consoling shadows come:
> Sufficient for the day are the day's evil things!

And with what a perfect economy of words, with what a passionate desire for perfection, these little poems are wrought; the innermost light shining out through them in a clear tremulous flame that wavers and bends with every passing breath of the spirit, so that their meaning changes for us with our changing moods, and yet remains, in the deepest sense of the words, ever the same. Here is a poem to a dead child, a poem characteristic of Dowson at his best, and with how restrained and uncomplaining a sorrow the simple words are spoken:

> Sleep on, dear, now
> The last sleep and the best,
> And on thy brow,
> And on thy quiet breast,
> Violets I throw.

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Thy scanty years
  Were mine a little while
Life had no fears
  To trouble thy brief smile
With toil or tears.

Lie still, and be
  For evermore a child:
Not grudgingly,
  Whom life has not defiled,
I render thee.

Slumber so deep
  No man would rashly wake,
I hardly weep,
  Fain only for thy sake
To share thy sleep.

Yea, to be dead,
  Dead, here with thee to-day—
When all is said
  'Twere good by thee to lay
My weary head.

The very best!
  Ah, child, so tired of play,
I stand confessed:
  I want to come thy way,
And share thy rest.

Well, things so delicate and beautiful as this will not, we may be sure, attract many readers; but even the compilers of anthologies know nothing of Ernest Dowson. In that large and by no means exclusive anthology, the "Oxford Book of Verse," you will look for him in vain, though its pages shelter the most minor of poets, and quite a number of writers who are not, in any sense of the word, poets at all. The whole thing is rather curious. It is as if he were the victim of some strange conspiracy of silence. Yet, he would seem to have been acquainted with a good many literary men of one kind and another, and his writings appeared from time to time in

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newspapers. Be all this as it may, the fact remains that his work has never received the recognition it deserves, has been left to drop down too quickly into that dim world of silence and oblivion, which, but for the efforts of two or three poets of our own day, would have swallowed up the work of one who had not a little in common with Ernest—the luckless Gérard de Nerval.

But even if chance had favoured him, even had his constitution been more robust, had his health not given way, and had he been able to continue writing, even had some one been forthcoming to cry his wares in the market-place, it must be confessed that Ernest Dowson's poetry could never have become very popular. To most people it must mean so little, must seem so shadowy, so remote from the world in which they live. It comes from a distance, and with a strange hush about it, as though borne on some quiet wind of death. Very melodious, this music, very sweet and delicate; but the pipe into which it is so faintly blown is, after all, hardly the joyous flute of Pan—a reed rather, a reed plucked somewhere far away "by the pale marge of Acheron."

> Mystiques barcarolles,
> Romances sans paroles . . . .

It is the art of Verlaine, an art grown wonderfully human and tender, shrinking a little from the broad light of day, but blossoming with a strange and perfect beauty in the twilight.

> Car nous voulons la nuance encor,
> Pas la couleur, rien que la nuance.

It is as if a child, entering at dusk a great empty silent room, were to touch, very softly and timidly, the notes of a piano he found there. . . . And Dowson, through everything, and to the end, was in truth half a child—lovable, irresponsible, shy, gentle, sad—sad above all, for he was a child who had been forgotten, passed over, who had been left alone, one might say, alone in the melancholy stillness of a ruined garden. And all life, as he saw it, came in time to be a kind of malady of

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dreaming; and he himself, from boyhood, was half in love with Death. "The viol, the violet, and the vine"—that, of Edgar Poe's, was his favourite line of verse, and the fact is significant. His own a poetry of youth, but faded, you see, a little faded and already drooping—turning, falling, falling very softly.

Mr. Arthur Symons has spoken of his "indebtedness, always obvious, to Mr. Swinburne;" but to my mind nothing could very well be further from Mr. Swinburne's vehemence, redundancy, and lack of restraint, than the exquisite, half-shy, just a little self-conscious art of Ernest Dowson. It is Paul Verlaine who is his real master. Take this translation of one of the best known pieces in "Sagesse":

The sky is up above the roof,
So blue, so soft!
A tree there, up above the roof,
Swayeth aloft.

A bell within that sky we see,
Chimes low and faint:
A bird upon that tree we see,
Maketh complaint.

Dear God! Is not the life up there
Simple and sweet?
How peacefully are borne up there
Sounds of the street!

What hast thou done, who comest here,
To weep alway?
Where hast thou laid, who comest here,
Thy youth away?

Is it not almost as beautiful as the original? Yet with Dowson, resemblance to his master is always an effect of a perfect sympathy, never one of conscious imitation. Whether or no the great French poet had lived, Ernest Dowson could only have written as he did write, and the peculiar quality of his genius is, after all, as apparent in his prose, which is

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certainly far enough removed from the wretched prose of Verlaine, as in his verse.

He writes of love, but it is always of a love purified by renunciation or by death, a passion refined to the last degree; white and visionary—a passion of the spirit. We may think, indeed, that like Poe he loved best those who were passed "beyond the need of weeping," and perhaps they alone could understand him, be with him when he had most need of them, be with him in his most intimate hours. His genius is faint and ghost-like, flitting palely through the old silent streets of Bruges-la-Morte, or through the dreamy quiet of some sunlit Breton village. What matter if his style be now and then a little affected! Be sure that the affectation is there only for some quaint beauty in it, is really only on the surface, and expressive of a vision of life most perfectly sincere. As a matter of fact there never was a more personal writer than the author of "The Diary of a Successful Man." It is of his own loves that he writes, his own dreams, his own sorrows. His little stories, clothed though they be in a studied and deliberate beauty, have about them a grave and simple sweetness which is very human. "Apple-blossom in Brittany," "The Diary of a Successful Man"—it is difficult to see how any one can be indifferent to their tenderness and charm, their most gracious idealism. Take, for instance, the opening sentence of one of the stories in "Dilemmas"; "A Case of Conscience":

> It was in Brittany, and the apples were already acquiring a ruddier, autumnal tint, amid their greens and yellows, though autumn was not yet; and the country lay very still and fair in the sunset which had befallen, softly and suddenly as is the fashion there.

Well, it is easy to see that the author of those lines knew how to write, and Dowson's style has always a delicate and faintly fragrant charm about it—a charm to me, I know not why, suggestive of old bosky gardens, and moss-stained sundials, and dreamy summer afternoons. The stories he tells are, for the most part, of course, but variations upon a single

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theme—a theme of love, but, as I have already remarked, love somehow missed, or deliberately sacrificed, or overtaken by death. Death! Surely no one else has made of it so beautiful a thing. For Dowson it had early lost all strangeness, all terror, and was become, in the end, the very spirit of pity and tenderness, the releaser, the comforter, drawing softly near, "with healing in his wings."

FORREST REID.

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QUAINT MEMORIES

II

I WAS reading the other day Miss Burney's singularly attractive "Evelina," which Dr. Johnson thought so highly of, and Burke sat up all night to read; and their admiration can hardly be said to be misplaced. It is almost hard to realise how such manners and customs could have prevailed little more than a hundred years ago. And yet, carry the date on some fifty years, and you may find ways of going on which would be absolutely impossible at the present day. Conceive something of this kind happening in a parish in 1905:

The brother of a once-famous Dean of Christ Church was rector of a small parish. His eccentricity was somewhat remarkable. He was a famous whip, and drove a splendid team, of which he was very proud. He was fond of showing off how he could flick a fly from either of his leaders' ears without touching the horse. This accomplishment he transferred to a rather unexpected locality; for he always carried his whip up into the pulpit with him, and woe to the unfortunate member of his congregation whom he detected nodding, or otherwise misbehaving. The lash flew round and round in such pretty curls, and finally descended with unerring aim on the head of the delinquent. Doubtless with the best motives, and with no sense of what we should consider

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their strange incongruity as to time and place, such methods *might* have been adopted, but the self-centred unconsciousness of the monarch of all he surveyed, that any other opinion of the appropriateness of his mode of instilling beneficial culture could possibly be entertained inside or outside of his little parochial enclosure, rather moves one's sense of humour.

But those were days when every one did what appeared right in his own eyes, and there were no vigilant and curious and ubiquitous reporters to take steps that each smallest occurrence should be flashed over the world, as Dr. Johnson has it, "from China to Peru," or more fittingly to the point now, "from Britain to Japan."

A propos of singular methods, I remember my father telling me of a noted Nonconformist preacher of that day in London who, in his anxiety to arouse his congregation from their inertness, and to move them to personal activity, trenchantly expressed himself thus: "You won't take any trouble for yourselves, you won't move a finger. In fact, you all think you'll get to heaven by hanging on to my coat-tails. But I'll take care you don't. I'll cheat you, for I'll go in a short jacket." This kind of thing would somewhat astonish a London congregation at the present day.

Another anecdote illustrates clerical oddities of that period.

There was another clergyman who lived near us who had a great fancy for training up the small boys in his village to be good grooms. For this purpose he kept eight donkeys, and used to make the boys clip and groom them and keep them in perfect order, and he would drive them, sometimes in tandem, sometimes a pair, but oftener as a team—four, six, or eight—with the small boys always ready to run to their heads if necessary. And those donkeys *did* know how to go. They could go splendidly; but they also knew how to go backwards or stop dead short, and then no power could move them till they chose; and they always seemed to prefer to show off in this way in the middle of the town, particularly on market days, to the great annoyance of their master and

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the delight of the spectators. I remember once he was in Oxford, and wishing to attend some college meeting, he sent a message to his head groom (a lad of twelve or fourteen), to bring his cap and gown to the "Angel." He happened to be in the inn when the lad arrived, driving the donkeys tandem through the streets, and dressed up in his master's cap and gown! When he thought the boys were sufficiently instructed, he exchanged the donkeys for four horses, but was obliged to buy stools for the boys to stand on to groom them, as they were so small they could not otherwise reach high enough.

This same good clergyman found his parishioners were greatly given to stealing his young rooks. So one night he dressed himself up in a sheet, and waited patiently under the trees till the thieves were well up them, when he suddenly let off a blue light. They screamed out to each other that the devil was after them for stealing "parson's rooks." Down they came helter-skelter as hard as they could. One man fell into a ditch and spent the night there, afraid to move, whilst another rushed home, and finding his wife gone to bed, and the door locked, would not wait for her to open it, but burst it open before she could get downstairs, and tumbled into bed with his clothes on. Unfortunately for the rooks, this ingenious parson enjoyed the joke so much that he could not help telling the tale, and it was not long before the culprits knew who the *somebody* really was!

Thinking of Oxford reminds me of poor old Mr. Short of Trinity, or Tommy Short as he was irreverently called. He was one of the warmest-hearted of men. The numberless kind things he did for undergraduates and others may still be remembered by some old men of the present day; but he was quite a noted character in his time, and many were the practical jokes played at his expense. He used to walk from Oxford to Abingdon every Sunday morning, to take morning service at St. Nicholas. One Sunday the floods were out in the lower part of the town, and some lads were trying to earn an honest penny by carrying or wheeling any one who would

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trust them through the water. They managed to persuade Mr. Short to get into the wheelbarrow, and, having once got him into it, they ran him straight on up to the church door, where they landed him in the midst of his astonished congregation.

But before leaving the Oxford dons I really must relate a rather curious story which Dr. Mansel, the late Dean of St. Paul's, told me, of a meeting he once attended, where a local dissenting preacher got up and addressed the meeting with, "My friends, you've got these learned English clergy here, and I should just like to ask them a few plain questions. You see, my friends, they make a lot of being able to read different languages, but I am thankful to say I have got my own English Bible, and that's enough for me. What, my friends, do you mean to tell me that you suppose St. Paul read all that gibberish? No, no, my friends, you may depend upon it St. Paul talked as good honest English as you and I do. Now I just want to ask them a question out of my English Bible, which I'll trouble them to answer. Now, they are always wanting to baptize the babies. Now, where do they find that in the English Bible? I read, 'Except a *man* be born again.' Now, my friends, it don't say a *boy*, nor a *gal*, nor even a *ooman*, much less a *babby*, but a *man* must be born again. Now answer me that?" Dr. Mansel got up and said he could not congratulate himself upon knowing *only* the English language. On the contrary, he was deeply thankful to feel that he could read the Bible in the languages in which it was originally written. But that was neither here nor there. Now, to answer his friend out of his own English Bible, it is written that a woman "remembereth no more the anguish, for joy that a *man* is born into the world." "Now, my friends, it does *not* say a *boy*, it does *not* say a *girl*, and it *certainly* does *not* say a *baby*, but a *man* that is born into the world."

But I must not let my thoughts linger with Dr. Mansel, delightful as the subject is, for every one who ever knew him has doubtless treasured up some of his wonderfully clever, witty

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sayings, but I must go back still further, for I want you to realise something of the old electioneering days, and the fun that went on and the tricks that were played on both sides. At one election the numbers ran so close that there was only one vote wanted to turn the scale, but the Radicals had caught that vote, and shut him up in a house, placing men to guard the door. Now it happened to be a very narrow street, called Bridge Street, where the house stood, and his friends, finding out where he was, ran a ladder across from the opposite house, through an upper window, and the voter crawled across, and was taken by his friends to the poll, while his captors were still carefully guarding the door, amid the jeers of the mob, who had thoroughly enjoyed watching the performance.

I know one election cost us a very valuable silver inkstand, for it was known that the Member and his lawyer were dining at our house, and thinking they might gain some valuable information, a man was sent by the opposition into the garden, and told to lie on the deep window-sill under the dining-room window, to hear all he could of what was discussed. The weather was very warm, and the windows were wide open, though the blinds were down; and after the gentlemen left the dining-room, the man put his hand in and secured the inkstand in question, which was on a table near the window. It was not missed till the next morning, when it had already been sent to be melted down.

Sir Frederic Thesiger, afterwards Lord Chelmsford, was for many years our Member, and in those old chairing days it was great fun to see him carried about in a chair, decorated with the Conservative colours, and borne on the shoulders of his constituents, bowing right and left, and trying to look as if he liked it and as if he did not feel giddy, whilst he scattered profusion around, in the shape of shillings, sixpences, and fourpences. The struggles and scrambling that went on for this largess was anything but edifying, for the weakest, of course, got nothing, whilst the strongest, and generally the most worthless, filled their pockets, only to empty them at the publics.

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I remember hearing that at a large public meeting the speaker was interrupted by a man shouting out, "Why do you use those long words? Why don't you talk a language we can all understand?" The speaker looked the man steadily in the face for a minute or two, and then said "Ee-awh!" three times, as loud as he could. The man subsided amidst a roar of laughter.

But enough of elections, and now for a word about a singular form of female decoration. Lady Thesiger once showed me a curious bracelet she was wearing. It was made of little bits of sharp-pointed ivory set in gold. If I remember right, she told me she had had fourteen children, and this bracelet was made of the first little tooth of each child. It struck me as such a quaint idea that I never forgot it.

Radley in my young days belonged to the Bowyer family. Sir George Bowyer's father, having been cheated by some scoundrel into the belief that there was coal on the estate, began at once to have a canal dug to take it away; and there the remains of the unfinished canal may be seen to this day.

But alas! all the property was gradually dug into it, and mortgage after mortgage told a ruinous tale, till at last the old man was obliged to end his days in Italy, and there his two sons were educated by the Jesuits till, at their father's death, they returned to England. But the estates were mortgaged past hope, and the new Sir George was thankful to sell the property to the trustees of what is now Radley College.

When Sir George first returned to England he was a frequent visitor at my father's, but after he declared himself a Romanist his visits were discontinued. His brother could hardly speak a word of English when he first returned from Italy, and knew nothing of English ways and customs. We were asked to meet him at dinner at a friend's house, but at the appointed hour no guest appeared, so after waiting for some time, dinner was ordered in. The fish was just removed when the butler whispered something very mysteriously to his master, who at once sent him round with a private

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message to my father, who was a county magistrate, when both gentlemen rose and left the room, followed by the butler. The lady of the house called to one of the servants and insisted on knowing what was the matter. "If you please, ma'am, the cook has found a man in the pantry and she is sure he is after the silver spoons." In a few moments my father and our host returned, convulsed with laughter, and ushered in the expected guest. When they got downstairs they found the cook planted with her back against the door, saying: "It's no use your talking that gibberish. I tell you you shan't come out till master and the men folk come down." Mr. Bowyer explained that it was the custom in Italy to walk straight into a friend's house, and finding a door open he had wandered in till the cook found him in the pantry and locked him in.

I remember reading a very funny letter of condolence Mr. Bowyer sent to a poor clergyman on the death of his wife. I know it began by saying he was so very sorry to hear his friend had lost his wife, but for his own part he only wished he could have the luck to lose one, but he couldn't, for he never could get one, and it was all the fault of the fathers, who would not give him a chance, &c.

The day I read that letter I shall never forget. It was the day after the poor lady had been buried. My father had sent me with a note and a kind message, and, whilst waiting for the answer, the poor widower came in and begged me to wait whilst he wrote, and handed me Mr. Bowyer's letter, amongst others, to read meantime. He was dreadfully cut up, poor man, and could hardly speak to me, and I suppose I felt rather nervous and upset also, for I had known them both from a child. However, I had not read far into the letter before I burst out laughing, and the poor old man caught the infection, and he laughed too, and we both laughed so heartily that we got quite hysterical and I was thankful to get away before his daughters returned, for I felt sure they would think me a most unfeeling wretch.

My stories, I am afraid, tumble one over the other, but I

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must ask my readers to pick them up and make the very best they can of them.

A cousin of mine went to take duty in a remote hamlet in Lincolnshire. He was astonished to find a great part of the west end of the church, under the tower, stacked almost to the roof with faggots. He told the clerk, after service, that he hoped they would be taken away, anything so unseemly could not be allowed in a church. "Lor', sir! Muster A——" (mentioning the farmer's name) "would never hear of they faggots being moved. Why, they do make capital ferreting. There's a wonderful lot of rabbits gets in there, and beautiful sport 'tis too, I can tell you. No, 'twould never do to move they faggots!" In the winter my cousin would often receive a message from the farmer saying it was so cold that nobody wouldn't go to church to-day, but if Muster Paul liked to come, there'd be no objection to his having service in the kitchen.

There was a curate in the neighbouring hamlet who was anxious to make it a model village. But the people thought him too meddlesome in some things, and especially resented his wanting to choose their children's names. So they kept their children back till he went for his holidays, and then brought them all to be christened, and called them the most outlandish names. I remember one called her son Maher-shalal-hash-baz, and the unfortunate youth went by the name of Baz as long as he lived. He may be alive now; I do not know. But that was not so comical as what occurred to Mr. Roberts, a chaplain of Magdalen, who was baptizing a gypsy child at Drayton. When he asked for the name they said: "If the gentleman would be pleased to choose himself, they did not mind as long as it was a Scripture name." But he told them he would prefer their choosing for themselves; so after much consultation they said they had agreed that they wished it called *Beelzebub!* and when he remonstrated that he could not possibly give the child that name, they said, "Why, it's a Bible name, sir, so it must be a good un."

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I wonder whether you will believe the following: When I was a young girl, I was staying with some friends at Burton-on-Trent, and at church in the afternoon a very young curate got up and began trying to preach extempore. He gave out his text, "Remember Lot's wife," and then, evidently in his nervousness, his memory utterly failed him, and after waiting for some time he again repeated, "Remember Lot's wife." But it was no use. "My friends, we are told to 'Remember Lot's wife.' Dearly beloved brethren, the Scripture moveth us in sundry places to—[*aside*] Oh! dear, that's not it—'Remember Lot's wife.'" So again and again the poor fellow tried, and at last gave up in despair. He could *not* remember what he meant to have said. On my return to the house, the old housekeeper met me at the door, and asked me if I had been to church, and on my telling her I had: "Then please tell me what the sermon was about?" I laughed, and asked her why she wanted to know? She said the page told her he had been to church, but she did not believe him, for when she asked him what the sermon was about, he said, "I don't know what sort of a sermon ye call it. It was all about telling a fellow to look after another fellow's wife." I thought it was an excellent *résumé* of the discourse.

I am afraid I have given my readers too many incidents bordering on the ridiculous. I must now wind up this second instalment of my "Quaint Memories" with something of a more serious cast.

There were some friends of my dear father's who often used to visit us when I was a very little child; but I never can forget their history.

Captain Sturt was sailing in his yacht off the coast of Portugal when a sudden calm set in, and for several days they had to cling as close to the rocks as they could, to get a slight land breeze. They were becalmed off Cape St. Vincent, and one day Captain Sturt went ashore to explore. He climbed up the rock, and there on the top, lying a little way back, stood a large convent. He walked up to look at

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it, and was surprised to see a small handkerchief waving from the grating in the gate. On going up to it he found two nuns behind it. One of them spoke to him in English, telling her sad tale. She said her father was an Englishman, and her mother a Portuguese lady of fortune. I believe they lived in England during their married life. On her husband's death the widow returned with her daughter to Portugal to claim her property, and they lived there for some years. On her mother's death the girl's uncle seized on her property and promptly shut his niece up in the convent. She said she was perfectly miserable, and implored Captain Sturt to get her out. She had only one friend, the nun who was with her, who was as anxious as she was to escape. What could he do? Surely he could manage something for them. After a short conversation it was agreed that, on the following evening, when the other nuns went to vespers, she was to plead indisposition and ask leave for her friend to remain in her cell with her. The cell had a window that overlooked the sea. Captain Sturt was to come with some of his men and throw up a rope ladder to the barred window, and they were to try and squeeze through. This she managed to do. But her friend, who was somewhat stouter, stuck fast between the bars of the window, and no efforts could drag her through, neither could she squeeze herself back. At last Captain Sturt was most reluctantly obliged to leave her, poor thing, or, as he said, they would all have been lost.

When they arrived in England Captain Sturt married the lady. But she was so distressed and miserable about the fate of her poor friend that he sailed off again, as soon as he could, to see if there was any possibility of rescuing her. But alas! where the window once was, with its iron grating, there now stood out a large bulge of masonry. They had bricked the poor creature in.

Years after, when I was steaming round the same coast, the captain of the vessel I was in, lent me his telescope to look at the ruins of the once-famous convent; and there, as far as

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we could see, were the long rows of little barred windows; and at the far end, which seemed to correspond exactly to my story, for no sign of any window showed, only, as I said, a bulge in the wall. Poor Mrs. Sturt was so terribly distressed at her husband's report that she could never speak of her friend without tears in her eyes.

But this was not the only curious thing that happened to Captain Sturt. He had a great friend, an old gentleman called Mr. Grenville. On returning from one of his numerous voyages he went to see this old friend, and was greatly troubled to hear that he had gone out of his mind, and had been shut up in a private lunatic asylum.

In those days, as everybody knows, the laws about lunatics were not strict as they are now. I remember when the poor creatures used to be shut up in cellars, and one could see their poor faces mouthing and grinning through the grating; or they were chained to the village pump.

Captain Sturt found out where his friend was shut up, and went to visit him, and was rejoiced to find that the poor old man was not mad at all, but, having been very much displeased with his two nephews, he had threatened to disinherit them. Whereupon they summarily got rid of him by shutting him up in an asylum. Captain Sturt went to law about it, and the poor man was set at liberty. Out of gratitude, Mr. Grenville made a will leaving all his property to him, on condition of his taking the name of Grenville in addition to his own. All the trouble he had been through had shaken the old gentleman so much that he died very shortly after; and when we knew the Captain and his wife they were Captain and Mrs. Sturt Grenville.

E. Hessey.

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THE
HOUSE OF HOHENZOLLERN[1]

THE popularity as well as the influence of the House of Hohenzollern has widened and deepened from generation to generation, and this not merely in the German Empire, but, speaking generally, throughout the civilised world. Naturally enough the history of the progress and development of this illustrious House is of more than usual interest, not only to the historian, but to the public at large. One fact, however, in connection with the study of the history of this ruling House deserves to be particularly emphasised, namely, that its earliest chapters are perhaps more complicated and obscure than is the case with any other European ruling family. For the question as to who was the founder of the House of Hohenzollern cannot be said to have been definitely settled; that is, in so far as accuracy in historic research and the inferences to be drawn from the latter, are concerned. This is indeed so much the case, that on three occasions at least within quite recent times—namely, the hundredth anniversary of the birth of the Emperor William I., the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the accession of Frederick William to the throne, and the bi-centenary of the establishment of the Prussian Crown—has this very interesting and important question been extensively discussed by historians, genealogists, and a host of other

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German writers of repute; but a close examination of the mass of opinions—all of them seemingly correct—then expressed, shows that, in fact, no two writers are in full agreement in regard to this particular point in dispute. Speaking generally, no subject in history has perhaps been more carefully studied and minutely analysed than this question as to the first Hohenzollern ancestor; for in describing and reviewing the romantic history of the Prussian monarchs, this matter of origin of course claimed first attention. Fortunately, this laborious research has so far been attended with excellent results; for, as a matter of fact, new and important light has been thrown on the subject in question quite recently, comparatively speaking. Before examining it, however, it is interesting to note that in the writings, say, of some thirteenth-century historians, there are certain references relating to the Hohenzollern family to be found, but these records are, from the historic point of view, decidedly unreliable. Indeed, it is not until we come to writers of the fifteenth century—that is, about two hundred years later—that we find anything which can justly be described as really authentic. Put briefly, the historians of the fifteenth century—amongst whom Pope Martin V. occupied a prominent position in this respect—traced the records of the House back to the year 144 A.D., and brought it into connection with the old Roman House of Colonna; whilst other writers of somewhat later date, no doubt with the object of complying with the representatives of the House, went even further back into the ages of antiquity. There was, however, one great drawback to any such ancient date—it evidently implied that the members of the House of Hohenzollern were of foreign origin, an idea that was not altogether very pleasing to the mind of Germans in general. So the matter was gone into very deeply once more, especially by two physicians who flourished in the sixteenth century. One of them clearly showed that the House did not spring from an Italian stock, whilst the other, Dr. Wolfgang Lazius, in his famous book—"De Gentium Aliquot Migrationibus,"

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published 1557—was only able to trace the first Hohenzollern to the twelfth century. And to carry the matter still further, at about the same time the Elector Karl I., unsatisfied with this state of uncertainty regarding the genealogy of his House, commanded Johann Basilius, an historian of great repute at that time, to make a thoroughly independent examination of all the records. Owing to the great reputation which that scholar enjoyed, the conclusions he arrived at have been accepted by subsequent historians, as well as the successors of Count Karl I. of Hohenzollern, as established facts. This was indeed so much the case that even Frederick the Great, who, more than any other Hohenzollern ruler before and after him, was particularly interested in this department of history, never questioned their accuracy, as his writings prove beyond doubt. However, in the course of some important recent research it was shown, in a way that admits of no other interpretation, that Karl's confidential historian was guided by one desire, namely, to please his Royal Master by showing that the origin of the Hohenzollern Kings was very ancient indeed. To cut a long story short, as the outcome of "independent and minute investigation into that matter," as he terms it, Basilius brought forward a certain Count—Thassilo, by name—who had never previously been heard of, and whose historical genuineness was in no respect or in any convincing manner proved, and he claimed for him that he was a contemporary of Charles the Great, by whom he was raised to power, and that he was the original founder of the famous and historic House in question. "This Count," so concludes our historian his otherwise very interesting and instructive treatise dealing with that subject, "was the real and historic founder of the House of Hohenzollern." As I have already pointed out, however, recent investigation has shown the Count to be nothing but a figment of the imagination on the part of that ingenious chronicler. However, the bulk of evidence recently brought to light tends to show, and renders it more than probable, that the House of Hohenzollern

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originated from a branch of the Burkard family, and that the latter, whose history can be traced to the times of Charles the Great, lived in the tenth century. In view, therefore, of the historic results thus obtained by trustworthy investigators—those who are interested in this aspect of the question will find a considerable amount of new matter and interesting information in the "Hohenzollern Jahrbücher," ably edited by Prof. P. Seidel, and published by Giesecke and Devrient, Leipzig—there cannot be much doubt that the first Burgrave of Nuremberg who founded the present reigning branch of the Hohenzollern family was a more or less direct descendant of the Burkards in question.

Speaking generally, the actual history of the House of Hohenzollern begins early in the fifteenth century. For it was not until 1415 that the Electorate of Brandenburg came into the hands of that historic House, Frederick I. succeeding at that time the last ruler of the House of Luxembourg as the first Hohenzollern Elector. From that time onward, say, for more than two centuries, the Hohenzollern Electors reigned in a more or less just and satisfactory manner, without, however, there being any remarkable development of statecraft. In 1640 Frederick William, better known as the Great Elector, came to the throne, and so remarkable and rapid was his rise that within a short period of his taking over the reins of power he was successful in founding what may be called a new era. As a matter of fact, both the history and life of the Great Elector form one of the most interesting chapters in the whole history of Prussia, and, indeed, in that of the German Empire. For he was the first sovereign who did so much for Brandenburg—from which sprang the Kingdom of Prussia—in his own time, and, moreover, he may be looked upon, from the historic point of view, as the father of ideas which are still to a considerable extent the guiding lights of his successors. Indeed, this would seem to be so much the case that some of the more notable and recent historians of the Bismarckian period are inclined to ascribe the wonderful policy of the Iron

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Chancellor to his unique and, as it proved, correct interpretation of the objects, aims, and aspirations of the Great Elector and Frederick the Great. But before going any further, it must be mentioned that the history of the Hohenzollern family shows clearly enough that in nearly every case a strong ruler has been followed by one of considerably more modest abilities. The effects of this, however, have not been of nearly such importance as probably would have been the case under other circumstances; for the great and admirable success which the House has enjoyed is due largely to the fact that the weaker of its rulers have always adhered faithfully to the traditions laid down by stronger predecessors, and, further, that they also have been gifted with the family characteristic of being able to place the work of administration into the right hands. As is well known, when the Great Elector came to the throne the country as such was considerably desolated, while the people as a whole were impoverished and indeed famine-stricken to a deplorable degree, partly because of the loose ideas which prevailed on the important matter of State management, that is quite apart from the unhappy consequences of the Thirty Years War. It is to the lasting glory of the Great Elector that he educated his people in regard to a proper understanding of the word State, and imbued in them the spirit of national progress and welfare, and also that he taught them how to combine practical and ideal politics in right measure. The political condition which prevailed at that period in Germany in general and in the province of Brandenburg in particular deserves especially to be emphasised, for hitherto in no other country had there been so little harmonisation between the two forms of politics, and when that is the case it becomes obvious that bad government is inevitable. But the Great Elector knew how to combine the two, and did so with conspicuous and more or less permanent success. A very happy stroke of policy was his establishment of what I may call a permanent council of officials, composed of higher officials established, when on duty, in various parts of the country. This council worked

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with a zeal and a harmony that have never been excelled and seldom equalled, but, what is more, its inception was the birth of that system which exists to-day, which is the backbone of the nation and the strongest bulwark of the reigning House, and which is so greatly admired in many foreign countries—the system of Prussian officialdom. Thus it came about that the Great Elector created in his country a definite idea of State, established a proper balance of parties, and laid the foundation of Prussian officialdom. He also paved the way for the establishment of, comparatively speaking, a large standing army. According to some French publications embodying the results of important recent historic research, it is safe to assume that up to the end of mediæval times no State of Western Europe had possessed a regular army, though one or two Eastern nations had—the great military successes of the Turks, to mention only one instance, having been achieved by an army which existed on a permanent footing. The first records of an Occidental standing army belong to the end of the sixteenth century, though such forces as came into being then could hardly be called anything more than body-guards of different sovereigns, for they consisted only of the immediate military *entourage* attached to the Court. When a war broke out mercenaries were engaged by the contending parties, but, the war over, the army was disbanded, for the State could not bear the burden of supporting "soldiers of fortune" in times of peace. The Great Elector, however, foresaw the advantages, and found ways and means of always having at command a number of regiments prepared for immediate service, and, indeed, he was successful in raising several. They formed, in the first instance, the nucleus of an army, as it were; and, further, he introduced and insisted upon the strict observance of the one golden rule in military discipline, namely, that the leaders had a proper and harmonious understanding with one another on any vital question. No wonder, therefore, that every man in the ranks looked up to the Elector as his war lord. As a matter of fact, but for the unfortunate and deplorable events of 1805, the history of these

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regiments might be directly traced down to the present day. However, most of the regiments have entirely disappeared in the course of the tremendous crisis which Prussia passed through in that year. One or two, however, survived; the First Cuirassiers, for instance, and the Fourth Grenadiers. But if the regiments did for the most part disappear, the idea with which they were imbued lives to-day, having been handed down from generation to generation. The success which even in his own days attended the Great Elector's establishment of an army was seen at Warsaw, where with 4600 infantry, 8600 cavalry, and 37 guns—as has quite recently been ascertained by Herr Lehmann, of the Prussian Ministry of War—he defeated a much larger army of Poles; a victory of enormous importance for the future development of the country over which Frederick William ruled, for it at once led the way to Brandenburg becoming an independent State.

It cannot be said that the Great Elector stands out so boldly in the pages of history as do others of the illustrious dead who, in life, showed similar qualities. But we must remember that the position which a man occupies in the eyes of posterity depends to a very considerable degree upon the success or otherwise of his biographer. Some men have been fortunate in their biographers, others very much the reverse. Carlyle's "Life of Frederick the Great" exalted the character and the abilities of that remarkable historical figure throughout the civilised world; had Carlyle never written such a work Frederick's greatness would, perhaps, not have been nearly so clearly understood as it is. Frederick will remain in his present position for all time, unless, of course, the future brings to light facts which will tend to depreciate him, a contingency which, though by no means likely, is quite possible. Cicero was held in veneration for centuries, but Mommsen showed, after unprecedented labour in research, that he was a man very different from what had been supposed. Time has also brought about changes of views regarding Cæsar and Napoleon, and, indeed, it requires but little demonstration to show that the reputations of men famous in history rise or fall

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not infrequently. If a Carlyle had written a life of the Great Elector the world would have understood and appreciated him far more than is the case. He is known chiefly from the part which he played in the great events of his time, the Swedish-Pole Wars, for instance, and the Coalition Wars against Louis XIV.; he is also known to have possessed strong religious views; but so little is his real character understood that an idea prevails that he was little better than a ruffian who displayed, with remarkable skill and cleverness, a Puritanical turn of mind in order to influence his subjects in his favour. The same was at one time said of Cromwell, but closer investigation has been all in Cromwell's favour, and so it is with the Great Elector.

To understand the Great Elector properly we must follow him, as it were, into his diplomatic laboratory, for there we can gain some real knowledge of the skill and ingenuity with which he combined the different elements and aspirations of his people and of how he brought together into closest harmony and understanding the sovereigns of the other German States. What this latter accomplishment really meant we partly realise when we consider his task of supporting a standing army. As his resources were so very limited he could not maintain this army unsupported, so he made it his business to convince neighbouring and wealthy sovereigns how important it was to maintain the regiments in a state of preparation for war. With an iron will, aided by diplomatic sagacity, he set about this difficult task. Indeed, he soon accomplished it, thus helping to prepare the way for the ultimate union of the German States. He also initiated that tradition of the House of Hohenzollern of furthering marriage between members of Royal Families of States that are not on the best of terms with one another, putting this idea into practice when he married a princess of the House of Orange. Furthermore, he showed that foreigners are amongst the best teachers a nation can have. In reorganising his country he employed many experienced men whom he had brought over specially from other countries, Holland in particular; and his partiality

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for Dutchmen is illustrated by the fact that in the Hohenzollern Museum, in Berlin, nearly all the more important works of art which illustrate notable historic events of that period are executed by Dutch masters. As a matter of fact, to favour foreigners has long been recognised, especially in Germany, as a Hohenzollern trait, a fact much recalled quite recently when the Emperor William commissioned Signor Leoncavallo, the Italian composer, to write the music of *Roland of Berlin*, to the great disappointment of some of the very leading of native artists.

If a nation is destined to become great and powerful it is more often than not found that the weaker rulers did not reign long; and the history of Prussia, taking it as a whole, forms no exception in this respect. One of Prussia's weakest sovereigns was the Great Elector's immediate successor—the Elector Frederick III., better known in history as King Frederick I. He imagined that the condition of the country was all that could be desired, and that internal affairs would develop naturally and spontaneously without any assistance from him. Consequently, he wasted vast sums, with ruinous effect, on outside affairs which he had much better, in the interests of his own State, have left alone. Still, he had a large share in bringing about one great event in the nation's history, namely, the raising of Prussia from a dukedom to a kingdom, thus obtaining for himself and his successors greater representative authority on the stage of European politics. Indeed, it was precisely the latter in which he was, throughout his career, more interested than in the immediate needs and actual welfare of his, comparatively speaking, but newly founded country.

And, further, Frederick William I., his immediate successor, was very different in character from his father, being, indeed, more like his grandfather, the Great Elector. For he also worked very hard indeed for the development of his army, and brought it, within the first year of his reign, to a condition of great efficiency, dispensing thereby entirely with financial support from the other neighbouring and friendly sovereigns, who

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had contributed for its maintenance since the days of the Great Elector. This, of course, necessitated the practice of most rigid economy, as well as many self-denials and sacrifices, on the part of the officers. But the King endeavoured to compensate them for their zeal and hardships by raising their status, from the social point of view, to the highest in the land, and members of the Royal family and of the old nobility became their comrades and shared their lot.

When Frederick the Great came to the throne, after the death of his father, the country was in a settled condition, for Frederick William avoided any interference with European politics, and, as I have already pointed out, devoted himself entirely to the reorganisation of the army and the management of the internal affairs of the Kingdom. He therefore soon realised the fact that the time had come for expansion. From the historic point of view, it is interesting to record that hitherto the Prussian army had been regarded with contempt in foreign countries; but Frederick's victories in Silesia, and the fact that "the whole continent in arms had proved unable to tear Silesia from that iron grasp,"—as Macaulay well depicts Frederick's genius which revealed itself in the famous struggle that occupied some seven years—silenced all critics, and he became feared throughout Europe. Thus the Prussian army came to be looked upon in all parts of the civilised world very much as the Japanese army is at the present time. Indeed, it proved itself to be a far more deadly weapon than had been generally supposed. The rise of Prussia, under the rule of Frederick the Great, and indeed the whole history of that statesman and warrior whose strategy is extolled by Napoleon as a masterpiece of skill, is so far very well known, there is therefore no need for going much into details.

But though Frederick paid so much attention to his policy of expansion, he never lost sight of internal affairs; and in developing the resources of his country he showed as much genius as he did in conducting a military campaign. Not, however, that his statesmanship was without serious fault, for he made a great mistake in not raising the agricultural classes

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from the condition of serfdom in which they lived, and in neglecting to inculcate in his subjects as a whole a greater interest in affairs of State. He relied almost entirely upon the army and officials for support, and took no pains to win over the citizens. This, in the long run, had disastrous consequences. The people became somewhat estranged; though had his successor been a man of strong metal, disaster might have been averted. As it was, however, some twenty years after Frederick's death, the whole structure which he in large measure had raised collapsed, and the country was brought to a state of temporary ruin.

As in the case of the Great Elector's immediate successor, Frederick William II., too—and here we have again a confirmation of the saying that history repeats itself—was extravagant, and made a great display of Court splendour; but at his time these extravagances were more dangerous than they were in previous years, for the general culture of the people was much greater, and there was the inevitable tendency towards imitation. The consequence was that officialdom and the leading members of the nobility became corrupt, and the moral of the people as a whole very considerably lowered. This, in itself, was quite sufficient to undermine the State; but as the King, relying upon his army being unconquerable, plunged headlessly into foreign affairs, the case was made much worse.

It has already been said that the members of the Hohenzollern inherit from one another, almost without an exception, remarkable similarity of certain characteristics, which, however, present themselves in forms both good and bad. In the history of no other House—of Stuart, of Hanover, or of Hapsburg—do we find any prominent trait so persistently recurrent. Frederick William III. was not without the virtues of his race, though he was by no means a good King. Put briefly, he did not possess the strength of character to stem the tide of corruption and disaster that had set in during the reign of his predecessor; things rapidly became worse, and the Kingdom of Prussia tottered and fell. But good often comes out of evil, and

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this case did not form an exception to the general rule. Prussia was so humiliated after the disastrous and tragic events of 1805 that all classes of its inhabitants were drawn together in a common determination to retrieve the national fortunes. Patriotism burst forth as it does but rarely in the history of a people, and the King was accorded a support remarkable in its zeal and determination. The country became without any exaggeration a nation of soldiers, and no Prussian can think of that period of the nation's history without feeling a thrill of patriotic pride. But there arose at the same time a strong desire for a constitutional form of government, which the King promised to grant on the conclusion of the Liberation Wars as a recompense for the enormous sacrifices and self-denials that had been made on the part of the people, a promise which, however, he did not fulfil, and this struggle for constitutional rule lasted right into the reign of his successor. It is a Hohenzollern trait to try to retain as much power as possible in the hands of the sovereign, and there arose a bitter conflict and misunderstanding between King and people which did much to alienate the feelings of the latter.

With the accession of the new King—Frederick William IV.—to the throne hopes were renewed that a Constitution would soon be established, for it was known that when Frederick William was Crown Prince he was in sympathy with the nation in their claim for representative government. But the independence of people is not gained in a day, and the struggle was by no means at an end as yet; for, once the reins of office were in his hands, the new ruler manifested strong absolutist views, and his ideal State was almost mediæval in character. He sought to win over the people by fostering religious views, and strove hard to this end; but though he gained popularity with the Ultramontane party, the bulk of the population were against him. He also caused much exasperation by refusing to listen to the requests of many deputations that waited upon him with that object in view. But Prussia was no longer to be denied representative government. She had advanced greatly in culture and breadth of view; she had accepted many

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of the principles of the French Revolution; and the result of circumstances was the famous March Revolution in 1848. This step was decisive. For it was in no small measure directly responsible for the granting of a Constitution in a complete and satisfactory form two years later; and though the change was dearly bought, its good effects soon became apparent; indeed, it gave to the country a remarkable impetus in development. The Emperor William I., who succeeded his brother, first in the capacity of a Regent, benefited, as it were, by the mistakes of his predecessor, and amongst other things, he learnt not to interfere in religious affairs to the same extent as did Frederick William IV., with disastrous results. He devoted himself to two great objects, namely, the reorganisation of the army and the promotion of education in general, and how well he succeeded is a matter of common knowledge. In the Emperor William I. we find a character which contains a combination of Hohenzollern traits, but his disposition was somewhat milder than that of most of his House. He had been chastened by troubles, trials, and misfortunes in his younger days, and had learnt humility. He was, as is well known, compelled to fly his country at the time of the March Revolution, and sought refuge in England. That experience was of great value to him in after life, for his sojourn in this country made a lasting impression upon him. He had been able to observe foreign customs, measures, and the working of principles at first hand. On returning to Prussia, however, his somewhat foreign ideas, as they were then generally interpreted, together with, later on, his entire agreement with Bismarck, aroused considerable suspicion, but he had not been on the throne long before he had succeeded in winning the lasting and deep love and respect of his people. Finally, as regards his son and successor, the Emperor Frederick III., so much can be said with certainty that he will always remain known to posterity as "Frederick the Noble" and as the great "Crown Prince" of the great conflicts of 1866 and 1870.

LOUIS ELKIND, M.D.

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PSYCHE

WATTS' PICTURE

WITH the gray dawn has thy god-lover fled,
His love outflared, his every oath forsworn,
And flying has he left thee, as in scorn,
For sole memento, those few feathers shed
From his empurpled wings so late dispread
Above thee rustling—feathers frayed, and worn,
And soiled—like thee! who in this lightless morn
Seest thy day stretch forward, drear, and dead!

Soul, breath of higher worlds, that from thy birth
Dwellest expatriate here, 'tis ever thus
The earth-gods speak us fair, and smile on us,
And make us theirs, till, glorious in our love,
They stand transfigured like the gods above—
Then leave us, slain at heart, and smirched with earth.

FRANK T. MARZIALS.

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BEAUJEU

CHAPTER XX

POLITICS AND GILLYFLOWERS

VASTLY pleased with himself, in a measure content with the world, M. de Beaujeu sat at his desk in the sunlight. He beheld all things (under his beneficent guidance) work together for good. At last his debt to Mistress Charlbury was paid: whence satisfaction and the unwonted colour in his thin cheek. That heavier debt to Sunderland and King James—the debt of his own outlawry and his father's death—that also M. de Beaujeu conceived himself paying soon. And swiftly and with zest he wrote his despatch to William of Orange, the little man with a hooknose and a cough waiting at the Hague in masterful patience till King James should offer the chance for a snatch at his kingdom. Above most men in the world M. de Beaujeu admired that asthmatical, adroit diplomatist at the Hague. He could hate (Beaujeu reflected that Louis le Grand would learn yet how "his little cousin of Orange" could hate), he was not in a hurry, he had no childish scruples. Faith, if he had had something of a better body, if he had been a less blundering general, M. de Beaujeu would himself have been happy to become William of Orange. However, he would serve the turn—he would assist Beaujeu to pay his debts to the Stuarts and their creatures. Then in the new England, in the England of

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William III., M. de Beaujeu would be one of those in the seats of the mighty. Since he had handed Little Hooknose to the throne M. de Beaujeu would take care to find a place by its side. Begad, yes, he would have power in the new England—and England would be something when she had a man for her master. M. de Beaujeu saw visions. There would come war. War was Beaujeu's heaven. Then he would have a command—zounds! he would see to it that he had a command. And Europe should perceive that generals were born outside France at times. Condé, Turenne, Luxembourg—behold their successor, their peer, Thomas Dane. Ay, when fame had come, he would take his own name again. Mistress Charlbury should contemplate with tears the glorious destiny she had lost when she sold him. That would be agreeable. Ay, and just: Beaujeu desired no more than justice. *Bien*, he would play his game of check with Luxembourg. Healy would make a quarter-master without reproach. He had energy, the good Healy. And then——

"Pardon. M. Wharton," said his servant Dubois.

Beaujeu slid his despatch swiftly into safety under lock and key and went forth to greet Mr. Wharton.

"And how is our patient?"

"Te-hee," says Mr. Wharton. "From his curst temper I would judge he has a curst head." And the two benevolent gentlemen laughed together. "But damme, Beaujeu, I did not come here to talk about boys with the measles of love. Have you seen that now, you devout soul?" He put into Beaujeu's hand a paper. Beaujeu's eyebrows sprang upward, then his eyes sparkled and he smiled as he read on. It was a royal proclamation ordaining a form of prayer and thanksgiving for the joyful prospect that King James's Queen was like to be a mother.

"You 'ap—appreciate,' as your cousin observes," drawled Wharton. "We shall have no more a Protestant heir to the throne. Here is a son to be reared in the odour of Jesuitry."

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"A son," Beaujeu repeated slowly, looking at Wharton. "A son. They are curst sure of that. For it must be a son or 'tis no service. D'you think, Wharton, this same certain son will be—born?"

"Te-hee," says Mr. Wharton. "'Tis the customary way to arrive." Beaujeu was not mirthful.

"I mean," says he, "born of the Queen. 'Tis curious late in the day for her to give us an heir."

"What?" cried Wharton. "Would they foist a base-born babe on us?"

"For the godly end to ensure us a Papist heir," said Beaujeu, watching him.

Wharton shook his head. "Damme, no. Not even Black James would dare that. No. 'Tis more in your own way, Beaujeu. I do not think that."

"But it might be well to say so," said Beaujeu quietly, and Mr. Wharton broke out laughing. "'Twould excite much loyalty to suggest his Majesty proposed to favour us with a—a butter-woman's babe for our king."

"You have the devil's own skill to find devilry everywhere," said Wharton chuckling. "I like 'butter-woman.' 'Tis a pleasant accurate touch."

"You'll do me the favour to remember it?" said Beaujeu blandly.

Wharton laughed and nodded. "But there is more than this, Beaujeu; Ned Russell brought me a rumour that James is to proclaim an Indulgence. So please you, his kind Majesty is to annul all laws against Catholics by his own sweet will. We are to have them judges and colonels and bishops begad. And the laws may go to hell."

"Unless," said Beaujeu, "his Majesty anticipates their going. Is it true?"

"I was going West myself to pick up the news." He paused and stared at Beaujeu a full minute, then in a lower tone: "And damme, Beaujeu, if 'tis true I am with you at last."

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Beaujeu held out his hand. "*Qui sçait attendre*," said he with a shrug and a smile. "I can tell you now—you will join Devonshire and Bedford—and certain others. Well, let us walk to your full conversion."

"Begad, some are bolder than I," said Wharton, picking up his hat.

"The less valuable, therefore," said Beaujeu politely, and they went out.

As they went through the hall a girl's gay laugh came to them. Wharton looked at Beaujeu and grinned. "Oh, Healy must have his wench," said Beaujeu carelessly.

"That is not a good lie, Beaujeu," drawled Wharton. "For a man he is a damned saint."

"'Tis his one vice," said Beaujeu, and recurred to politics.

Mr. Healy, as he has himself remarked, had "a taste for the pure domestic." So he cultivated the clove gillyflower in a collection of pipkins. The bow window above the river was a mass of vegetable, grey-green leaf and dark crimson flowers heavily fragrant. Over them hovered Mr. Healy, dandling a small jug of water in one hand, with the other nipping off dead leaves. He was saluted by the gay laugh of a girl. Mr. Healy, a large man with a small jug, turned round—daintily, for the sake of his gillyflowers. He beheld cream-white cheeks dimpling and eyes bright as deep sea in the sun.

"I am proud to be the cause," says Mr. Healy.

"Indeed, sir," said Mistress Leigh demurely, "I think it was rather the jug."

"Sure, I have not found it jocose myself"—Mr. Healy regarded it critically—"but there are tastes in humour."

"Nor I had not guessed that herbs were your joy."

"And yet," says Mr. Healy with an air of grief, "and yet you'll have known me profoundly."

"I doubt, sir, 'tis thrilling to hunt for dead leaves?"

"My opinion entirely," says Mr. Healy with solemnity.

Mistress Leigh made him a curtsey: "I give you joy of

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your peaceful tastes, sir, says she, and the little upper lip was trying to sneer.

"'Tis kind in you, my dear," said Mr. Healy simply, and smiled down at her.

"They are becoming to a man," cried the girl sharply—for 'twas vastly irritating in him not to be irritated.

At which Mr. Healy laughed aloud: "And will I be getting angry too?" he inquired.

Mistress Leigh regarded him severely with compressed lips.

"Sure, I was not hoping to quarrel so soon," said Mr. Healy.

The stern little lips relaxed. "I do not believe that you know how," the girl cried.

"But you desire to instruct me?"

"I've no hope of you, sir."

"'Twill be dull for you then, I am fearing."

"Why, sir, there is your friend. Do you know I think one might quarrel with him."

Mr. Healy stiffened. "He is, you see, my friend."

"But he might be a gentleman, even so."

"Did you seek me to tell me that?" said Healy sharply.

Mistress Leigh clapped her hands and laughed. "Bravo! Tis a hot answer at last."

Mr. Healy put his hand on her shoulder and let her feel the weight. "My dear, if you play with fire," says he, "you will have hot words enough."

"La you sir! And how could I tell the French gentleman was god?"

"Sure, no, you could tell no more than that he was my friend—and that would be no guidance for you at all. You'll pardon me, but I see a dead leaf." For the sake of which Mr. Healy then turned his back upon Mistress Leigh, whose cheeks flamed, who stalked off with her little nose held high. She told herself that no man had ever been as rude to her. And they were both utterly detestable. After all, what could one expect of a man that grew gillyflowers in pipkins?

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M. de Beaujeu, at least, was not devoted to horticulture. His keen blue eyes were investigating the psychology of a crowd, his ears alert to the same end. Mr. Wharton and he made their way down Whitehall through a host of sober citizens all a-whispering. M. de Beaujeu remarked to himself that it is a perilous hour when crowds whisper.

All the Bishops were to be burnt in Smithfield—all good Protestants were to be roasted with them—every man was to eat frogs and wear wooden shoes—the Pope and the King of France were coming over together—and England would never endure it! So the wise crowd whispered and Mr. Wharton grinned largely at M. de Beaujeu.

They came to the Horse Guards and there the crowd was packed incomparable tight before two proclamations on the gate-posts. By patience and stiff elbows the two tall gentlemen won near enough to read over lesser heads. Mr Wharton's rumour had not lied. King James declared in fat black print his gracious will to break laws. He informed his good people that he had already dismissed many of his servants who would not assist him in the good work, and hinted not dubiously that in the army, in the great offices of State, nay, in the Church of England there was room only for Papists. In fact it was not so far a cry from the King's own word to the Smithfield fires of the crowd.

Mr. Wharton looked at Beaujeu, who smiled and murmured gently, "When the King is a fool!" But Mr. Wharton was entirely serious.

They pushed out of the thick knot of gasping readers, and in a moment beheld what had brought the crowd westward. His Majesty King James was riding forth from the palace to the camp at Hounslow. His Majesty passed though a gloomy silence. No head was bared for him. His long lean sallow face turned restlessly this way and that, and, as it passed, M. de Beaujeu swept off his hat and made a magnificent bow—to the vast disgust of his sturdy Protestant neighbours.

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"'Tis in fact his due, Wharton," said he with a laugh as they turned away.

Mr. Wharton made no answer. They passed into St. James's Park—Mr. Wharton vastly serious still. Under the trees Mr. Wharton walked Beaujeu swiftly to and fro, and Mr. Wharton studied the turf minutely and his ugly mouth twitched. It was a long time before he looked up, and slowly pausing sometimes, "Well, damme, 'tis hell or glory now," says he. "Bring us your Orange, Beaujeu. But, man, for God's own sake, if you have a God, let us have no Monmouth folly. . . . I want no Bloody Assize for my lads." Mr. Wharton (it is remarkable) appeared moved.

"In fact I am little like Monmouth," said Beaujeu, who was not moved at all.

"You have his disdain for all but your godly self," Wharton snapped. "Well, I have done. I am with you."

Beaujeu nodded recognition. "I shall have another despatch to write for Little Hooknose. Do you know, I think I'll have my cousin Jack take it. I cannot spare Healy now. Also it will be educative for Jack to do some good in the world."

"You are curst used to that yourself," growled Wharton.

Beaujeu laughed and struck an attitude, "*Mordieu!* am I not the benefactor of all England?"

Mr. Wharton stared at him, Mr. Wharton's sunken eyes flashed—then he grinned. "I should find you more comfortable if you were less of a devil," said he.

CHAPTER XXI

MY LORD SUNDERLAND RECEIVES AN EPISTLE

It was later. Mr. Jack Dane, very proud of himself, stood on the deck of a schooner dropping down from Blackwall on the first of the tide. Mr. Dane bore in his bosom the fortunes of England—Wharton and Beaujeu were agreed upon that—and

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in the politest language M. de Beaujeu had invited him to risk his neck by bearing those pregnant despatches to William of Orange. So behold Mr. Dane, quite content with himself. quite other than that hero betrayed of twenty-four full hours ago. Mr. Dane had awarded the traitress a contemptuous pardon. Begad, 'twas only boys whom women amused, boys only whom women could hurt. Regard Mr. Dane, illuminated by the sunset, a man of the world, of affairs.

At the same hour my lord Sunderland received a visitor—my lord Sherborne. Now my lord Sunderland was writhing upon a dilemma. Unless he would consent to persecute the Church, King James his master proposed to dismiss him. My lord had indeed no sentimental objections to persecuting anything, but he was distraught by a conviction that a persecution of the Church would have a mighty ill end for the persecutors. Consent or refuse, my lord foresaw disaster. Wherefore he was most anxious to lose no friends, and my lord Sherborne found him very amiable. My lord Sherborne, who wanted something, was also very amiable, and there was an edifying display of manly affection in my lord Sunderland's cabinet. At the end of which (each gentleman conceiving that he had vastly impressed the other) my lord Sherborne said mysteriously, "But indeed, Sunderland, if I trespass on your time it is with matter of some moment."

"I hope," says Sunderland, his thin lips smiling, "you will give me the occasion to serve you, my dear Sherborne?"

"I know that I could count upon your readiness. But in fact, 'tis to serve the King."

And my lord Sunderland at once opined that it was something more than common base. But he still smiled and said heartily, "Even so, my dear Sherborne, I am scarce the more ready. But I know your admirable zeal, and have remarked on it to his Majesty. Pray let me hear. I will see that the credit of what may be done shall be entirely yours."

My lord Sherborne leant forward across the table, and Sunderland observed that his face was redder than usual.

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"You must know," said Sherborne, "that some time ago there came to town a Frenchman calling himself M. de Beaujeu." Sunderland's uneasy eyes rested a moment on his face.

"I do not think that I have heard of him," Sunderland murmured.

"Then, my lord, it is high time that you should hear! None knows whence he came nor why. But soon he made himself hand and glove with Wharton and Russell and Devonshire—all the scoundrelly Whigs in London. They meet together alone, secretly. The fellow Beaujeu has a house at the back of the Strand with steps down to the river, most apt for secret comings and goings. Now, my lord, I ask you if it is not high time that this Beaujeu were desired to take himself and his secrets and his plots back to his own country!"

"My dear Sherborne!" Sunderland laughed gently. "Your zeal overpowers me. Can we expel a gentleman because he has the bad taste to dine with Whigs?"

"Dine, my lord? I wish dining may be the worst thing they do." He nodded mysteriously.

Sunderland's eyes narrowed. "Almost I should suppose that you did not love the gentleman," he said demurely, then took another tone: "Confess now, my dear Sherborne, 'tis your rival for some white bosom," he cried.

Sherborne's red face darkened, but in a moment, "Begad, I'll not deny that, neither," he cried.

"Ah, *l'amour, l'amour*," sighed Sunderland poetically and shook his head.

"But mark you, my lord," cried Sherborne, "there is something in that to make you think!"

"Oh, I protest—" Sunderland laughed, "I protest I do think ——" at which moment a silent servant brought him an epistle.

"The fellow, my lord, has dared to aspire to the Charlbury, I'll not deny it."

My lord Sunderland, who had been studying his epistle

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with some care, looked up swiftly. "To Mistress Charlbury?" he repeated.

"Ay, my lord; but mark you this fellow, this Beaujeu, Huguenot Frenchman as he calls himself, was no stranger to her."

My lord Sunderland's eyelids flickered. "Is it so, indeed?" he said, and looked down after his manner into his own breast.

"Begad, it is so. And how comes a Frenchman who hath never been in London before to be well known to her? I'ld have you mark, my lord, I doubt this Beaujeu is other than he seems."

Sunderland rose. "Certainly, certainly I will see into this M. de Beaujeu," he said. And again his thin lips produced an affectionate smile. "My dear Sherborne," says he, pressing Sherborne's hand tenderly, "my dear Sherborne, your deeply devoted ——" and with some swiftness he ushered my lord Sherborne out.

CHAPTER XXII

MY LORD SUNDERLAND REPLIES

My lady Sunderland sat in her blue withdrawing-room in an elegant undress of Bruges lace. Over her innocent head hung a childlike Madonna. My lady was sipping her chocolate and turning the pages of Mr. Shadwell's terrible drama, *The Royal Shepherdess*. My lady felt a pleasant drowsiness. Her long jewel-laden fingers hid her mouth and she yawned slowly, luxuriously, lying back on her cushions. Her drapery fell, a cascade of cream, upon violet velvet, and through it shimmered faintly my lady's white grace.

A tap came at the door. My lady let her hand droop and lazily turned her head. A second tap and the door was diffidently opened. In the doorway stood, bobbing bows, a small negro boy in saffron tunic and silver collar, bare of leg, bare-footed.

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"Massa dee Boja, lady," said he in a high treble.

My lady's long eyebrows twisted to cope with this effort at French. Then she smiled. "Good, Nero. Produce the massa." Nero bobbed and went out. My lady, rising a little, took up a mirror set in gold, drew one more brown ringlet down in artistic disarray, put a patch of black taffeta low on her white bosom scarce above the clinging lace—then, smiling, laid the mirror aside and fell back in the sunlight with *The Royal Shepherdess.*

M. de Beaujeu also had taken some pains with himself. Monsieur entered, a tall form in dark blue velvet with rosettes of a paler blue adorning his knees and his ankles. The white lace at his throat was caught with a brooch of sapphires. His sword-knot was cloth of gold. My lady, looking through her eyelashes, appreciated the whole.

"'Howe'er arrayed, still loveliest,'" monsieur quoted out of the last new play and bowed half-way to the ground.

My lady drew her lace about her. "Faith, there might be more of this, monsieur," she murmured, and modestly hid her almond eyes.

"Ah, my lady, but already it is too cruel."

My lady was presumed to blush behind her hand. "Fie, monsieur. And do you so mislike my lace?" She lifted a fold of it, and showed how white was her arm in the sunlight.

"I envy it," sighed Beaujeu.

"Pish," said my lady. "But what brings you to Whitehall at this hour? 'Tis perilous to my good name." Which my lady then fortified by a delicate sniff from her attar of roses.

"But you, my lady, you are happily above all slander. Like the chaste moon."

"Alas, monsieur, 'tis a wicked world ——." My lady turned her eyes to heaven and her Madonna.

"*Pardieu!* I have heard so," monsieur agreed. "But of that, my lady, you can know nothing."

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"I have to listen, monsieur," my lady sighed. "Such stories one hears! For instance, of you."

"Of me? Ah no! One who is your slave has never the happiness to sin."

"You think so?" And my lady looked at him from the corners of her almond eyes. "But then, monsieur, one who is the slave of Mistress Charlbury ——" and she laughed and lifted her white shoulders out of the lace.

But M. de Beaujeu did not appear to understand. "Charlbury? Ah, I recall. The Incomparable Charlbury!" he laughed gently. "Faith, are there many low enough to be slaves of her?"

My lady raised herself in lithe grace on her cushions. Her grey eyes glittered at Beaujeu. In a very soft voice, "I have always despised a man," says she, "that fouls one woman to please another."

"In that as in all else you surpass your sex," says Beaujeu, bowing low.

And my lady murmured, more softly yet: "Nor I never loved a man better for thinking me a fool." She fell back to her cushions and laughed: "Shall we bid farewell on that, M. de Beaujeu?" Her hand went to a golden bell. M. de Beaujeu arrested the hand and kissed it. "La, monsieur! You make me proud," my lady cried, watching him.

"I had in fact something to say."

"M. de Beaujeu is big with a remark! The heavens gasp with anxiety—and I have one minute to spare."

M. de Beaujeu took up his violet hat. "In effect I need more," said he. "*Bien*—it must stay till a more convenient season." His eyes dwelt on my lady and he lingered over the words.

My lady lifted her admirable shoulders once more—then yawned. "Well—your magnificence shall have five. But by your leave I must put off my Lady Powis." She scribbled an epistle, prevented Beaujeu's attempt to ring the bell, blew on a little ivory whistle and gave the paper without a word to the

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demure maid who entered and departed dropping curtseys. "And now, monsieur—to serve you."

"'Tis my own errand—to serve you, my lady."

My lady yawned. "You will be frank finally perhaps?"

"I endeavour. You know, my lady, the past of your lord?"

"Better than he mine, *Dieu merci*."

"I may then," says M. de Beaujeu, and leant a little forward and opened his eyes a little wider and let his voice fall to a whisper, "I may then breathe the name—Monmouth."

"I doubt I'll not shudder." My lady laughed at him. "In fact you are not so vastly terrific, M. de Beaujeu."

"I am your good angel," says monsieur without a smile. "Remembering then my lord's great kindness to Monmouth"—my lady stirred under her drapery—"ah, ah, his so great kindness," cried Beaujeu smiling, "confidently I appeal to his benevolence for another."

"Do you know," my lady drawled yawning, "you weary me with your riddles?"

"For another Monmouth—but this time a Monmouth who will succeed."

"It appears that M. de Beaujeu has a desire to be hanged."

"I do not think that I shall be hanged," Beaujeu said thoughtfully, smiling.

"Ah, then it appears that monsieur is a fool."

"I do not think that I am a fool."

"Haply the more fool you," my lady murmured. "Ah, I doubt you'ld make an impious end."

"Believe me, my lady," Beaujeu's pale eyes glittered, "I should not perish, like your late friend Monmouth, without a cry. Pray consider a moment—I am but a poor Huguenot gentleman, but I am taken, I am perhaps (great is my lord Sunderland) hanged. *Bien*, it would be the peculiar joy of my friends (I have friends) ——."

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"Amazing!"

"To demonstrate to King James that my lord Sunderland had betrayed him to Monmouth. Suppose me rotting at Tyburn then; but suppose also my lord Sunderland in quarters."

"Why suppose so loudly?" said a placid voice behind him. The lean insignificance of my lord Sunderland slid sideways through a door.

"Zounds!—eh, but I might have known." Beaujeu turned in his chair. "My lord, my grateful salutations." He nodded without ceremony. "May I take it that having ears you have heard?"

"I have had that amusement."

"Doubtless I have convinced you?" said Beaujeu carelessly, flicking the bows at his knees.

My lord's wayward eyes dwelt on him an instant. "Unhappily I was not even sure of what you tried to prove, M. de Beaujeu."

"Ah, the obvious merely. That my lord Sunderland might prefer to have M. de Beaujeu his friend."

"How," said my lord Sunderland, "one may be deceived. I was dull enough to suppose that M. de Beaujeu desired to make a friend of my lord Sunderland."

"God forbid!" cried Beaujeu.

My lord and my lady exchanged a swift glance; then my lady leant forward with her little pointed chin in her hand very intent upon Beaujeu's sneering smile. My lord arose, walked to the window and drew back the curtain. M. de Beaujeu's hawk face was flooded with mellow light. My lord's thin lips receded from his teeth. "I have a memory for faces, Mr. Dane," said my lord quietly. "And how do you find Mistress Charlbury?"

"Ah, at last!" and Beaujeu laughed aloud. "Believe me, my lord, I have desired this moment long." Colour came to his thin cheeks, his eyes were gleaming. "Already I have conveyed my thanks to your most worthy ally the Incompar-

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able Charlbury." He paused to laugh again, but the fair sound of it was lost on my lord and my lady, who were exchanging looks of surprise. "*Pardieu*, my gratitude surprised her! But you, my lord, for your kindness in buying my mistress to be my Judas, I have yet to thank you."

"You were born for an orator," said my lord sneering. "May we hope for another thrill, Mr. Dane, before I say two words to the guard in the court?"

"Nay, my dear lord, say them now," said Beaujeu blandly, and leant back and crossed his legs. He watched my lord, sneering, while my lord's eyes looked all ways and his thin cheeks quivered. "Oh fie! Behold me attainted, outlaw; and consider your duty to your King!"

"Why are you here?" Sunderland muttered looking down into his own breast.

"Do you remember, my lord, how our friendship began? I was to betray my King. Now you are to betray yours. I had objections; but then, my lord, I had not your experience in treason."

"Sir!" my lord drew himself up. "Sir, do you dare ——?"

"In effect, my lord, I have dared. Must I remind you of a messenger to his Grace of Monmouth? Of a letter? Of a paper setting out military matters with your own admirable lucidity? How I have admired your lucidity!"

"I think, Mr. Dane, that I now see my way," said Sunderland smiling venomously, and crossed to the door.

Beaujeu sat still. "We shall save much time if you remember that I am not a fool," said he coldly. "You may search my house, you will find nothing." And that was merely true, for there was nothing to find. "You may arrest me. *Bien*, the hour that I am in prison your letter to Monmouth is in the King's hand." And that was not like to be true, unless the letter should come by a miracle. "He is merciful, your King James, is he not?" Beaujeu kindly suggested.

My lord Sunderland turned away from the door. He

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looked over his shoulder at the grim sneering face, then his chin dropped on his chest. He stood by the window in the failing light fingering the curtains and his hand trembled. He appeared to remember that letter. "Go on. Go on. Why do you not go on?" he muttered peevishly.

Beaujeu laughed at him. "Why I was admiring your courage, my lord. But now to the treason. Since you have so much to fear from this King, why not have another King? Since you would do so much for a fool like Monmouth who could not succeed, why not do more for one who is not a fool, who will succeed? I commend, in fact, to your capacity for treason Willelmus van Nassauwe, Prince of Orange. I suggest to you, all unworthy, become the John Baptist of the Dutch Redeemer. Behold an honourable part. I said I was grateful." He laughed, rose and walked over to Sunderland, my lady's eyes watching him still. He tapped Sunderland on the shoulder. "And how should Sunderland be John Baptist! Zounds, by zealous service of his good King James." Sunderland lifted his eyes an instant. "For James is a fool—feed his folly. Bid him go all lengths in persecution. Tell him he has nought to fear. He desires to attack the Bishops—spur him on and spur him again. His Queen is to have an heir—see that there be none but Papists at the birth." Sunderland turned and faced him. "Oh, I would not deceive you, my lord—Papists all, so that Protestants may suspicion the birth, may be convinced 'tis a base-born brat foisted upon us." Beaujeu laughed and Sunderland sucked in his breath. "You perceive, my lord, 'tis little I ask of you. Be just such a servant as King James would desire—agree always, second him always, make no difficulties in his gracious desire to bring us all to heaven by way of Rome. I ask no more."

"You ask me only to ruin my master!" Sunderland cried.

"A trifle—to you, my lord."

"And do you dream that I will do it? Sir, you mistake your man. In me you find only a foe—and since you have kindly told me your plans ——" he smiled a little.

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"After all, you can hang me but once," said Beaujeu shrugging his shoulders. "*Bien*, you will hang me then. I do not know that I care, my lord, for I will have you hanging for company. Pray call the guard." My lady was heard drawing in her breath. Her eyes were intent upon the two. Beaujeu had folded his arms and stood a straight, strong, soldierly figure, very still. My lord Sunderland, lean and stooping, drew away from the window to deeper shadow. My lord eyed him furtively.

"What but hanging should I get from the Orange?" cried my lord peevishly. My lady gave a little gasp. She began to fan herself.

"Ah," said Beaujeu, smiling at her. "We recur now to reality. If you can serve the Orange faithfully, my lord, I will engage for your neck and your estates."

"Bah, what are words?"

"They vary with the speaker, my lord. If you can dare look me in the face for but a moment you may see that mine may serve you."

My lord Sunderland favoured the pale blue eyes with a swift glance and became bland: "Dear sir, you mistake me. Your faith is undoubted. But your acuteness will perceive that I must have something in your master's hand."

"I engage for it. But since one of us must trust the other first, I think you had best trust us. Let the King attack the Bishops, my lord, and I will have a paper for you."

"Mr. Dane," said my lord smiling, "pray let the Prince of Orange know my readiness to serve him."

"He will be, in fact, charmed—if not surprised. My lord, I congratulate you on your—wisdom. I wish you the repose of a good conscience. My lady, I kiss your fair hands." He moved, smiling, to take one. But my lady sprang up, a dim pale form in the gloom, and her eyes were flashing.

"Not mine, sir! I had given you another answer."

"Your courage matches your beauty," Beaujeu laughed, bowing again.

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"Ay, sir, 'tis your hour," cried my lady. "But at least we had ours when we made your love false."

"I think I have thanked you to-night," said Beaujeu sharply, and on that went out.

My lady flashed round on her lord:

"Faith, my lord, that is a man. Before you crossed him he was perhaps a gentleman. You were never either."

My lord Sunderland smiled. "At least, child, I was never a fool," said he. He sat down and laughed long and low.

"Ay, laugh!" said my lady through her teeth.

"I laugh at him, child ——" My lord looked at her in some surprise. "Who could have hoped for a gentleman so obliging? Oh, lud, your heroics!" For her eyes flashed at him, her breath came fast. "I resign him the glory with good will —and keep the spoils. Sure, my lady, you have seen our dangers. Either the fool James would ruin me because I would not have him ruin himself—or ruin us all together. Obey him, deny him, 'twas still disaster for us. I have seen it months past, and found no remedy till to-night. Now I obey his Majesty in all things, and the deluge may come, for we have our ark. 'Tis indeed an obliging gentleman in blue velvet. But confess, child, here"—my lord tapped his narrow chest—"here is his master," and my lord laughed softly.

My lady stared at him for a while—then laughed. "I trust, my lord, I'll not be tied to you in the next world," says she.

CHAPTER XXIII

WOMEN AND MEN

LADY D'ABERNON with her coach and eight and her daughter was come to town, to the common distress of her daughter, the coach, and the eight. For the roads were very grievous in that wet summer, and Mistress Nelly d'Abernon protested that town gentlemen were harder to bear than the dampest countryside.

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Lady d'Abernon, tight clad in crimson, was consoling herself with a sermon by Dr. South; Mistress Nell, in drooping robes of pale blue, embroidered a sampler, till: "La, ma'am, I cannot bear another stitch," she cried, and put down the silk with a bang and sprang up, her brown curls adance in the light. Lady d'Abernon lifted pained eyes from Dr. South and sighed with ostentation. "I wonder that Jack does not come, do not you?" said Nelly with her head on one side to regard her mother.

Lady d'Abernon drew down the corners of her mouth. "Even Mr. Dane would scarce dare do that," said she severely.

"Indeed, are we so ill thought on, ma'am?"

"I mean, child," Lady d'Abernon kindly explained, "that a youth whose vicious courses constrained his father to cut him off ——"

"Oh faith, I have heard 'twas he cut off his father."

"You are foolish and pert, Helen. How could a son cut off his father? Will you never learn that 'tis not witty to be ludicrous?"

"Indeed, ma'am," said Nell with a demure curtsey, "'tis often I tell myself so. I think I have need."

"Persons of breeding," said Lady d'Abernon didactically, "may choose to laugh. But they will despise you."

"Oh nay, I trust, ma'am."

"I say that it is so, child. I think that I am old enough to know. I may tell you that a man in such ill fame as Mr. Dane is not like to dare present himself to a lady of reputation."

"Perhaps, ma'am, he does not know that we are that," said Nell in a small child's voice.

"Helen!" said her mother fiercely.

"He does not know us very well, you know."

"You may be assured that he is not like to know us better. I do not receive Mr. Dane. I have not informed him that we are come to town."

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"I was afraid you'ld forget it, ma'am. So I did."

Lady d'Abernon threw up her plump white hands. "Helen!" she cried and turned her eyes to the ceiling. "You wrote to him?"

"Why, yes, ma'am. I know he can read."

"To write"—Lady d'Abernon gasped in horror—"in the worst fame—a Whig—you, a maid in your teens."

"La, 'tis no fault of mine, that," cried Nell, and went on hastily, "and do you know, I'll not believe all the stories about Jack."

"All the stories?" Lady d'Abernon's voice rose high. "Helen! You have never heard them?"

A faint blush stained Nell's cheek and neck "Indeed, ma'am, if I have 'tis blame to you," she said in a low voice. Lady d'Abernon stammered. "Yes to you. You chose to leave me with my lord Sherborne. Oh, 'tis a gallant gentleman! He thought my ears fit for his stories." Her blush grew darker. "Yes, ma'am, they were horrible—and I choose not believe one word of all. Not one word!" She stamped her foot.

"I had never thought the like of my lord Sherborne," said Lady d'Abernon tearfully. "He is in the best favour at Court. Sure, you must have mistook him, child."

"Am I a fool, ma'am?" said Nell sharply.

"I wish you were more like me." Lady d'Abernon was plaintive and wiping her eyes. "Ah, when I was a girl we had not dared speak so to our mothers nor to think of such things."

Nell's little red mouth quivered; she succumbed to the temptation. "As mothers?" she inquired naïvely. "La, ma'am, they are innocent creatures."

"Helen!" Lady d'Abernon endeavoured to stare her daughter into shame.

But Nell laughed gaily. "Alas, poor Jack! I wonder he dare live with such enemies. I think I will be his friend, ma'am, for charity."

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"You will be what I bid you, Helen," said her mother majestically.

Nell dropped a curtsey. "God bade me be a woman, ma'am—" she hesitated, a quaint little smile dimpling her cheek—"and—why—I think 'tis only men may bid women."

"Helen! 'Tis profane and unseemly ——"

"But alack, ma'am, nature!"

Lady d'Abernon made a curious noise in her chest. "Be silent, child!" she said hoarsely. She was crimson of face.

"I had done, indeed," said Nell, and sat down, and with some ostentation began to write a billet. Lady d'Abernon glared at her over the top of the sermon by Dr. South.

At the same hour my lord Sherborne stood under the passion-flower by the door of the little house beyond St. Martin's. To the garden gate behind him came a light coach. The house door was opened wide enough to display the red face of a maid; from the coach door issued my lady Sunderland in pink.

"Please you, my lord, my mistress will not receive you," said the maid.

"Thou impudent wench!" cried my lord, and put his shoulder against the door. The plump maid withstood him.

And my lady Sunderland was coming through the garden. My lady lifted her ebony staff and tapped my lord on the shoulder from afar. "Holà, rogue," says she. My lord turned hastily, crimson of face, and glared. "Lud, I am abashed," laughed my lady and swept on. "Your mistress will receive me, girl," says she in another tone, and the maid opened the door. My lord was for following her in when my lady swept round upon him. "I leave my lacqueys without, my lord," said she; and then turning again, "Shut the door, girl."

So my lady came alone and magnificent, to the little green room. Mistress Charlbury fell before her in a low curtsey of ceremony. But my lady laughed: "La, child, I am neither the queen nor your grandmother," and put her hand in Rose's

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arm and drew her to a settle. "Sure, you know I have no reverence for reverences."

"You are kind, my lady."

"I am 'my lady' to my enemies, Rose. Let me rest from it here, at least." She looked into the girl's dark eyes. "Faith, tis a respite to find two eyes that will look at me fairly." And with that excuse for staring my lady discovered that the eyes were duller, the dainty features marked in sharper line than of old. "But what is't that dims this, child?" and my lady tapped the pale cheek. "Are you sick of love or other matters?" The pale cheek was swiftly aflame. My lady let her wrist fall on Rose's shoulder; her fingers hung down, and the girl's uneasy bosom beat against them.

"No. I am not ill," said Rose.

"Nay, then, 'tis the pure romantic pallor!" my lady laughed, and she drooped her lashes. Rose was leaning forward a little, looking straight before her. My lady remarked how large, how dark were her eyes. Her bosom still stirred my lady's finger-tips. "I'll engage 'tis a lover's quarrel," my lady drawled.

Rose turned upon her. "Since I have no lover, my lady, I have no quarrel," she cried.

"Now to see my lord Sherborne's face I would say you had both," my lady murmured, unmoved.

"I'll thank you, my lady, not to name my lord Sherborne to me," cried Rose flushing.

"La, you child! Now 'tis a fine gentleman—and they say he has some youthful vigour left yet—and I know he has still a crown or two—and (faith, 'tis the crowning miracle of him) I think he means you honestly."

"And I am to love him for that?" said Rose quietly, and her lip curled.

"Oh, lud, I never bade woman love man yet. So 'tis M. de Beaujeu is the favoured swain, Rose? Who is he, this M. de Beaujeu?" My lady's delicate finger-tips marked the girl's bosom rest still.

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"Faith, my lady, I engage the French gentleman thinks even less of me than I of him."

"It is possible," my lady murmured, looking from under her eyelashes. "But I have an interest in the gentleman, child. Who is he?"

"You, my lady?" cried Rose. "Why, then?"

"Why perhaps he has made his addresses to me, Rose. Who knows?"

Rose turned to stare. My lady met her with a benevolent smile. Then Rose laughed: "Indeed if he had I think you would be alone among women, my lady."

"Is it so chaste a soul, in faith?" my lady drawled. "Lud, are you so sure of him?" and she paused to laugh. "But, faith, 'tis a curst mysterious gentleman, child. Whence did he come, or why?"

"'Tis a Huguenot gentleman of Auvergne, exile for his faith," said Rose glibly.

"You think so? Do you know they have never heard of this exile in Paris?" My lady's finger-tips felt the girl's bosom start. My lady turned a little. "Mark me now, child," says she. "Do you recall an old flame of yours—before you were the talk of the town—a Tom Dane? Ah, I see that you do. 'Twas a rogue that bolted from the tipstaffs ——"

"Sure, I am little like to forget him!" cried Rose. "He called me 'Delila'!"

"A venomous cub, faith! Thinking you had betrayed him?"

"Yes," said Rose blushing, then caught my lady's hand. "But indeed, indeed I had not," she cried.

"La, should I doubt you! But this true lover did, it seems? Cast you off at the first trouble? Reviled you before the tipstaffs? Lud, a dainty fine gentleman!"

"You can guess how I hate him," said Rose in a low voice.

"Poor child," says my lady patting her shoulder, "poor

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child. A mean rogue, faith. 'Twould be my delight to see him hanged. Now child, do you know 'tis whispered this same rascal has dared come back to England in the body of M. de Beaujeu?"

"M. de Beaujeu?" cried Rose. "M. de Beaujeu is Mr. Dane? La, they are no more like than my lord Sherborne and my lord Sunderland, than—than the King and yourself."

"Thank God, 'tis a reasonable unlikeness, that!" cried my lady laughing. "*Bien*, 'tis pity. I would rejoice to hang Mr. Dane for your sake—and not grieve to hang this Beaujeu for his own."

"Faith, I resign you Mr. Dane gladly, my lady. But I protest I have found M. de Beaujeu an honest gentleman."

"Now have you?" said lady Sunderland sharply, and then yawned. "Heigho—give me some tea in charity. I must needs go see Mistress Evelyn, who will give it me with religion—watery both."

So my lady having had her entertainment, had her tea, and departed. Mistress Rose attended her to the door of her coach, and my lady looked at her curiously and long. My lady was reflecting that she had probably met love that day. The acquaintance was novel and interesting.

And at the same hour M. de Beaujeu devoted himself to reflection and tobacco. All was going well and very well. The great gentlemen had been admirably scared by the King, and they suffered themselves to be manœuvred as readily as his own old regiment of Irish. His schemes were fulfilled easily, precisely as if he were playing chess. M. de Beaujeu conceived that Providence—himself—might for a moment turn its gaze aside. He desired to consider his private affairs.

The mind of M. de Beaujeu, if not equal to my lord Sunderland's in subtlety, had a turn for the discovery of motive. That mind was much exercised by the last word of my lady Sunderland: "Ay, sir, 'tis your hour. But at least we had ours when we made your love false."

Why this eagerness to remind him? Sure he had shown

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them well enough (he smiled) that he had not forgotten their kindness. My lady could scarce hope or desire to magnify his hate. But being a woman desiring only to wound, she might strike madly. "In effect she is not so much a woman," muttered Beaujeu with a grin, and then frowned.

There was one way to explain my lady. M. de Beaujeu, seeing it very clearly, for long declined to confess that he saw it at all. At last (he wriggled in his chair) he put it fairly. My lady would have him believe Rose was false because Rose was true. That—that would be entirely like Sunderland or his lady. To lead him of his own sole deed to damn himself to unhappiness (M. de Beaujeu thinking of himself became eloquent) what triumph for them! Suppose for one brief instant that Sunderland had not bought Rose—that the girl (oh, miracle!) was true—that M. de Beaujeu might yet learn it, and so come to content in her embraces. Why, then was there plentiful cause for my lady Sunderland (who must hate him vastly) to do her possible to convince him the girl was false. If false she were indeed, my lady was more like to declare her true. My lady would laugh to see him embrace a wench that had sold him. Also my lady would laugh to see him spurn a girl that loved him truly. My lady had desired him to spurn the girl. Then——?

So M. de Beaujeu, conceiving he had quite sounded the profundity of my lady, who had intended him to think just that.

But, faith, how could man believe the girl was aught but a cheat? Beaujeu lived over again that seven-years-old afternoon, had attained to his final glory, "Delila, good-night," when intruded suddenly an echo of Mr. Healy's voice: "I doubt you were mightily like your cousin."

It was not in the least agreeable to Beaujeu to be mightily like his cub of a cousin. But in fact they had said the same thing. With vastly different cause though, begad! Without the girl's lure he had not been easily taken: without her letter there had been no evidence. No. There was no like-

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ness at all. No man in his place but would have thought her false. Jack was a vain and surly cub, and quite precisely the effects of his vanity and surliness had been calculated. There was the whole world of difference.

But to consider the matter abstractly—to judge it without passion. Slowly—very slowly—M. de Beaujeu (whose pipe went out on the way) came to admit a theoretical possibility that he had been wrong. It was (in theory) to be conceived that Rose had been true. But if so, begad, the chance and change of the afternoon had been most marvellous unlucky. No man could be blamed for judging her false. Sure, if true she was, she was the most unfortunate wench alive—'twas the most damnable appearance of guilt that ever deceived an honest man.

An honest man? Eh, if the honest man had in fact been deceived, he had done some curious things, this same honest man. It must be confessed the wench had cause of complaint, poor soul. Bah, why not be honest? Why not confess that if she were true he had been a knave to her, a very foul ——

There came a tap at the door, and at once the dainty grace of Mistress Leigh. M. de Beaujeu put down his pipe and started up to stand before her stiff and soldierly. Mistress Leigh acknowledged his politeness in a curtsey so long and low that it seemed she was never to rise again.

"I trust I can serve you?" said Beaujeu.

"Oh, faith! I'ld not presume to dare to trouble you," Mistress Leigh murmured, with downcast eyes.

"Pray believe that it will be my pleasure to do whatever you desire of me."

"It will be so, indeed. For I desire nothing of you," and Mistress Leigh exalted her little chin in the air. "I had hoped that I would find Mr. Healy."

"I am reduced to suppose that I have offended you," Beaujeu remarked.

"La, monsieur, does a worm take offence at God?"

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"You will doubtless perceive, mademoiselle, that you are unjust to me."

"Oh, lud, are you greater than God?"

"May I hope to hear what is your quarrel with me?" Beaujeu inquired gravely.

"Would one in your power dare quarrel with you? Oh, monsieur, with you! Nay, indeed, we must crawl before you!"

Beaujeu stood stiffer still. "If I have been discourteous I pray your pardon. With the baseness of your taunt I do not reproach myself."

It was a vastly irritating gentleman who had not a temper to lose. So Mistress Leigh broke out upon him with flashing eyes and flaming cheeks. "Reproach yourself? Did I dream that you would, monsieur? Not with any baseness—till you esteem something besides your own magnificence." Mistress Leigh had the unhoped-for pleasure of seeing a shade of colour pass to his thin cheeks. He stared at her.

The door opened and Mr. Healy entered whistling. Beaujeu glanced round, then bowed to Mistress Leigh, and: "Mademoiselle requires you, Healy," said he, and went out.

"And do you that now?" said Healy, smiling at her red face.

Mistress Leigh tossed her little head. "The French gentleman is pleased to be witty," says she in a small contemptuous voice.

"Why, would he not quarrel with you, neither? Sure we will break your heart between us."

"Quarrel? La no! He'ld but insult me, knowing I dare not answer him lest he should give us up."

Mr. Healy's smile vanished. Mr. Healy approached her, looked into the fierce bright eyes and laid his hand on her shoulder. "My dear lass," says he, "why will you lower yourself to talk so?"

In a moment her eyes fell, a darker blush than anger's flooded her face. "I—I pray your pardon, Mr. Healy," she stammered.

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"I would like your hand on it," said Healy smiling.

It was given timidly, then surrounded by his long sinewy fingers. The girl looked up "I have talked just to hurt," she said, blushing still, but meeting his eyes.

"'Tis a truculent maid that you are, indeed. You should cultivate gillyflowers. 'Tis calming to the passions. Did you ever note the placidity of a pipkin, now?" So Mr. Healy, smiling at her, and the girl pressed his hand.

"I am," said she, "horrible."

At which Mr. Healy burst out laughing. "Sure, you are a Gorgon entirely," says he, and the round cheeks were persuaded to dimple. "Will you come now and look at a pipkin?"

"I doubt I am unworthy, sir." Mr. Healy offered his arm. "Nay, but indeed I had something to say."

"Is it peace, now?" said Mr. Healy laughing.

"I fear 'tis not." Mr. Healy assumed an aspect of great fear. "Nay, sir, pray listen." Her blue eyes were wide and very serious. "For the second day at least I have marked a man watching the house ——"

"My dear," says Mr. Healy, "he may watch till he wears out his two eyes."

But Mistress Leigh, who knew nought of Beaujeu's acquisition of Sunderland, was not satisfied. "But, Mr. Healy, I doubt 'tis for us he watches ——"

"I will cast my eye upon him," said Mr. Healy.

They went out, and Mr. Healy was turning to the stairs when the girl opened the door of her own room. "'Tis only from this window. He lurks behind the buttress," she said over her shoulder. Mr. Healy stood on the threshold a moment, then strode into the little white room. His sharp eyes puckered to peer through the sunlight; then he chuckled.

"Sure, 'tis an ancient acquaintance," says he. "I will go salute him." Mistress Leigh opened the casement.

She beheld Mr. Healy go forth to the street. She heard

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Mr. Healy remark: "Jack, my dear, come out of your box." She saw the spy hurry away up the street. She heard Mr. Healy cry, "Convey my private salutations to Lord Sherborne." And then she came out to meet Mr. Healy on the stairs. "'Tis purely a private friendship of Beaujeu's," said Mr. Healy.

"And no danger?"

Mr. Healy laughed. "'Tis an adequate gentleman, our Beaujeu. Will you come to my pipkins now?"

"All unworthy, sir," says Mistress Leigh, with a little mocking curtsey.

So they came to the fragrant window, and: "'God Almighty first planted a garden,'" says Mr. Healy, after my Lord Bacon.

"But not in pipkins," the girl murmured demurely.

"Sure, there were merits in Eden," Mr. Healy agreed. "Two folks could scarce house in a pipkin."

"But at least they would have no room for the serpent."

"Faith, I doubt if the serpent gentleman visits at all without invitation." Mr. Healy stooped to cut a dark flower.

"And do you think you could keep him out of your Eden, sir?"

Mr. Healy stood up with the flower in his hand. He smiled down at the fair roguish face, at her bright blue eyes. The light was falling, a wonder of glory, on the red gold of her hair, and beneath it her neck was white. Mr. Healy laid his hand gently on her little thin arm where the lace fell away from it. "My dear lass," says he softly, "I would be asking you that. Do you think I could keep the serpent beyond the hedge?"

"I doubt it depends on your Eve, sir," says Mistress Nancy Leigh, laughing at him.

"Faith, 'tis so!" Mr. Healy agreed and bent over her.

"La, sir! And when there are dead leaves to be looked for!" cried the girl starting back. "See now!" and she pointed one fair finger to a leaf garishly yellow, afar.

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"Sure, I was forgetting my duty altogether," says Healy smiling at her, and put down his flower and moved solemnly to the offending leaf.

Mistress Leigh and the flower departed together.

Mr. Healy turned round again: "Oh Eve, Eve!" said he aloud—and heard the ripple of a laugh.

(*To be continued*)

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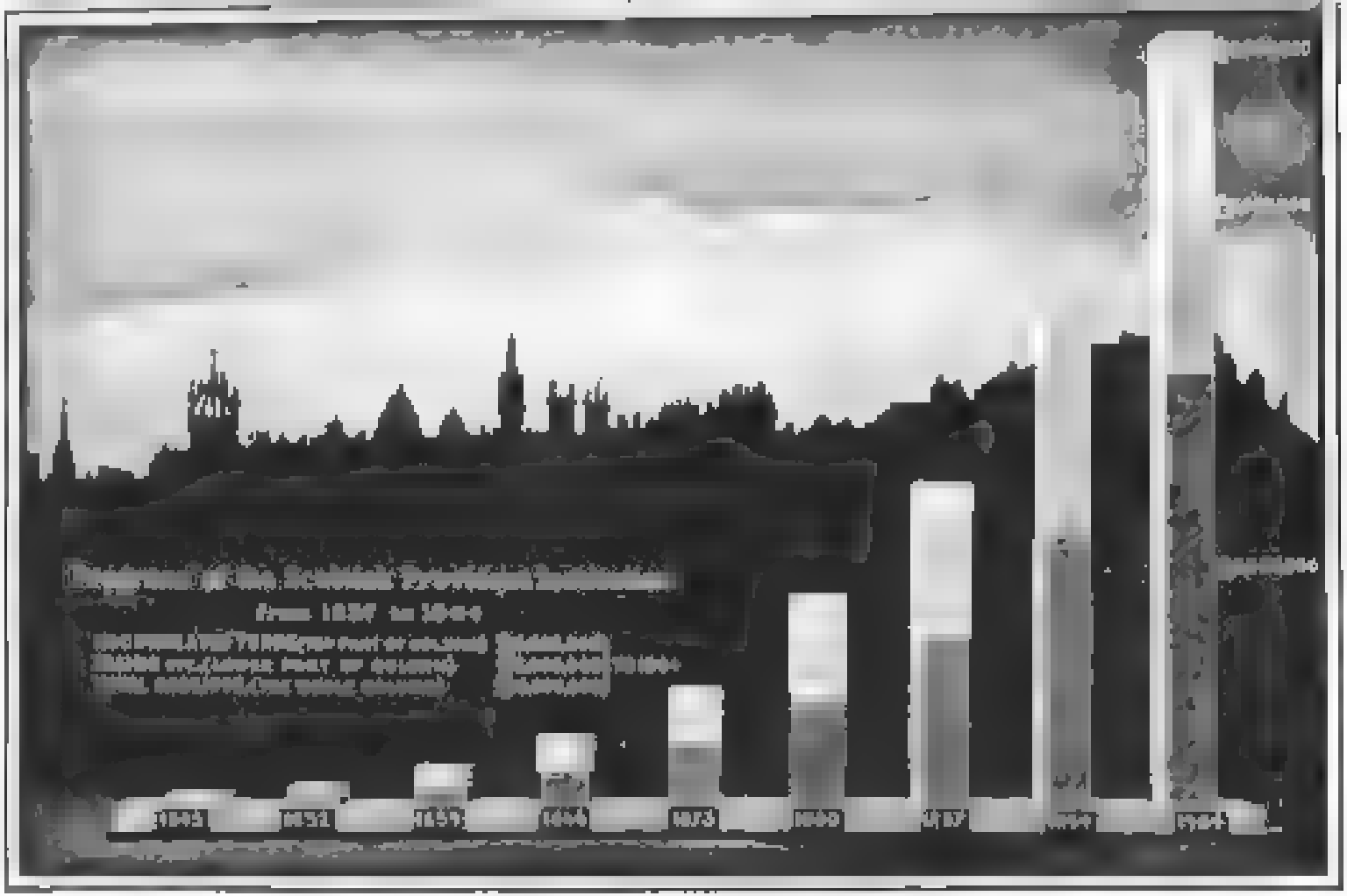

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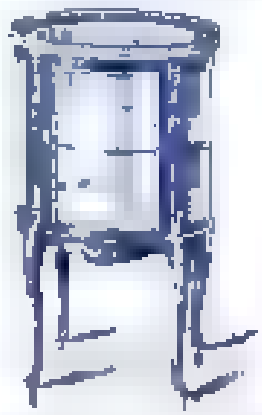

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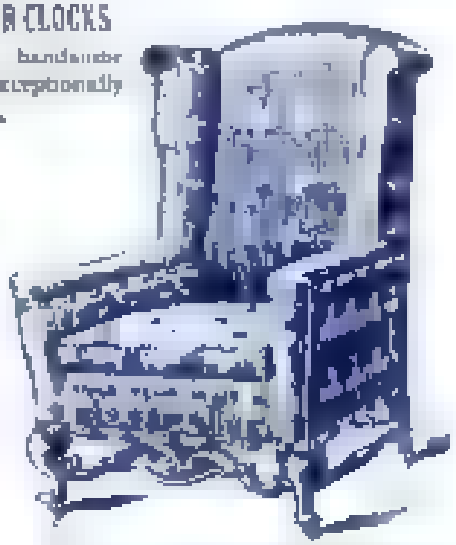

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